

PHOTOPLAY

25¢

FEBRUARY



GINGER ROGERS

THE ROMANCE OF CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S SECOND HON'
Hollywood's Case Against Monogamy By FAITH
Also: LOUELLA O. PARSONS • ERROL FLYNN • GILBERT

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MRS CHAS SLOSBERG
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How healthful Double Mint Gum makes you *Doubly Lovely*

*To be lovely,
charming, attractive
to both men and women
you must look well and
dress well. Now Double
Mint helps you to do
both. Helps make you
doubly lovely.*

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➤ Thus you see how Double Mint Gum makes you doubly lovely. It gives you added charm, sweet breath, beautiful lips, mouth and teeth. It keeps your facial muscles in condition and enhances the loveliness of your face and smile. Enjoy it daily.

Joan Bennett beautiful Hollywood star
now appearing in "I Met My Love Again," a Walter Wanger
production—modeling Double Mint dress . . .

.. designed by *Elizabeth Hawes*, New York

Simplicity Pattern

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*What is so lonely
Sir or Madam,
As Eden without
An Eve or Adam?*

THERE are millions who tread the lonely path; who have never known, and perhaps never will know, the sweetness of love; the tonic of good companions; the warmth of true friendship. You see them in little tearooms, hungering for a dinner partner; sunk in movie chairs drinking in the romance which they cannot share; alone in friendless bedrooms, groping for gaiety through a kindly radio. All have stood at some time, perhaps, on the threshold

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Of all the faults that damn you with others, halitosis (bad breath) ranks first. It is unforgivable because it is inexcusable. Curiously enough, no one is exempt; everybody offends at some time or other, usually due to the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. All you need do to stop this, is to rinse the mouth

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3 WEEKS LATER — AT THE STUDIO



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LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE IS *POWDER* IN THE FORM OF DENTAL CREAM

WATCH your dentist next time he cleans your teeth. Note how he makes his powder into a paste to keep the fine particles from flying off his rapidly revolving brush.

Similarly, for your convenience we "cream" the safest dental powders into a paste, which is easy to put on the brush.

You get the cleansing power of powder... in modern form... when you get Listerine Tooth Paste. It keeps your teeth spar-

king and lustrous. Cleans and polishes them to gleaming whiteness.

The famous formula of this tooth paste contains no soap, pumice, grit, or harmful abrasives.

Get the economical double-size tube of Listerine Tooth Paste at any drug counter. You will be pleased because it works so fast. And you will like that brisk, clean, glad-to-be-alive taste which starts the day right for millions of users every morning.

Shopgirl's Millions . . .

Through the doors of that workshop ceaselessly flowed girls, girls, girls...each with a dream and a hope beyond reaching. Here is one shopgirl who lives a drama so unexpected, so amazing, so rich in deluxe living, that it will fascinate, enthrall and excite you. And Jessie might have been you, or you, or you!



This is Jessie—a shopgirl—just like millions of others...“Some day I’ll wear ermine,” she said.



Fiercely, Jessie grasped at romance—with Eddie, who lives dangerously. Can she win happiness?



The wedding party interrupted by the wealthy Mr. Hennessy. Drama enters her innocent life!



Jessie toils to keep their “three-room heaven”... while Eddie gambles—with their love at stake!



“I’ve only come to you for advice, Mr. Hennessy. Your yacht and pent-house don’t interest me!”

JOAN CRAWFORD SPENCER TRACY

IN

Mannequin

WITH

ALAN CURTIS • RALPH MORGAN

A FRANK BORZAGE Production

Screenplay by LAWRENCE HAZARD • Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Directed by FRANK BORZAGE

Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz



PHOTOPLAY



ERNEST V. HEYN
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BOOS

sonnets



Discouraged, ready to return to New York, Marjorie Weaver was cast in "Second Honeymoon" with Tyrone Power and Loretta Young. Voila! She becomes—Photoplay's discovery of the month

A good consistent actress—that was Frances Dee's reputation. But what she gives to her rôle in "Wells Fargo" is a superb characterization that we call—the surprise performance of the month



FIRST PRIZE \$25.00

THE WINNER!

"THE PRISONER OF ZENDA" captures perfection, thereby squelching all my previous prejudices against costume films. The freshness of the dialogue gave me the exhilarating feeling that every member of the cast, from housewife to hero, was thoroughly enjoying the part he or she played. The choice of settings was picturesque and atmospheric and the photography was so dramatically handled that it intrigued me into seeing the film a second time.

How about Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.? No unpleasant dull menace he, but a delightful villain, unpredictable and unforgettable. Ronald Colman remained the infallible, by giving his character the usual dash and grace of the Colman touch. And the dueling scene! An amazing piece of business. Sharp steel, keen grace and keener wits—no ordinary sword-clanging this. But rather a symbolic sequence that interpreted all the glamour of court intrigue and royal romance.

MRS. CLARENCE HOPPER,
Gardenville, N. Y.

SECOND PRIZE \$10.00

PUBLIC'S PRIDE AND CRITIC'S JOY

Which is my favorite movie star?

Well, I'll let you guess. Her step is demure, her eyes amused and a little mocking. If she spoke, a husky charming voice would probably say "Pull-ease!"

"I want to look like her," sighs Miss America.

"And I want to marry her," echoes Mr. America.

Her nose is pert, her smile is quizzical, her hair is red. She is delightful, delicious and delectable.

"For public's pride and critic's joy," says Ogden Nash, "Is any film where boy meets Loy."

Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you—Myrna Loy!

IRENE M. WILKE,
Lakewood, Ohio.

Miss Loy's most recent advice to American wives—whose perfect screen example she is—was "Keep your chin up and your hair waved. A wife must not allow herself to doubt her own powers of attraction."

THIRD PRIZE \$5.00

THE JURY IS FOR ACQUITTAL

Katharine Hepburn has been accused of being a tempestuous show-off, incapable of turning out really fine acting.

Ginger Rogers has been accused of being just a song-and-dance girl, dependent upon Fred Astaire for much of her success.

In "Stage Door," the Misses Hepburn and Rogers set out to prove the absurdity of these charges, and, boy, how they do it! Hepburn incapable of fine acting? Her "Stage Door" performance dashes to earth that silly rumor. Her work has taken on a fine humanness, a richness and poignancy that reach a climax in her speech to the audience on opening night.

And Ginger! The lesser half of the Astaire-Rogers team, forsooth! Ginger does a spot of dancing, to be sure, but it is her capable acting, not her dancing, about which one thinks after seeing "Stage Door." Ginger is a real solo star, dependent upon no

(Continued on page 86)

Photoplay awards the following prizes for the best contributions each month: \$25 first prize, \$10 second, \$5 third, and \$1 for every other letter published. Contributors receive the prize in the form of a check or in cash. Letters published in whole or in part. Contributors are notified by return mail. Contributions are subject to the right of the publisher to use them in any way. Letters submitted to this magazine should be accompanied by a return address. Address: Photoplay Magazine, 1230 Broadway, New York City.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN
PRESENTS
THE HURRICANE

... the hunt for happiness ... relentless pursuit by an avenging law ... the merciless tropics—the glamour, the fragrant magic, the ecstatic beauty of star-strewn South Sea nights ... 'Midst this glorious setting, the exciting action of "THE HURRICANE" whirls to its tempestuous climax ... its vivid romance is lived by primitive children of nature unfettered by the chains of civilization ... a world of dreams is brought to life ...



C. Aubrey Smith, who portrays the role of Father Paul, the priest who aided the sweethearts to escape.



Mary Astor, at her brilliant dramatic best, as the compassionate wife of the Governor of Manukura Island.



Raymond Massey, as the relentless Governor, who pursued Terangi and Marama to their secret refuge.

Samuel Goldwyn has endowed "THE HURRICANE" with a magnificent cast including Dorothy Lamour, Jon Hall, Mary Astor, C. Aubrey Smith, Thomas Mitchell, Raymond Massey, John Carradine, Jerome Cowan...and Mamo Clark, the Hawaiian beauty who played Clark Gable's sweetheart in "Mutiny on the Bounty"...Movita Castaneda, the beautiful young Mexican, who played Franchot Tone's sweetheart in the same picture...and Reri, the Tahitian who starred in "Tabu". Directed by John Ford, who won the Academy Award for "The Informer". Screenplay by Dudley Nichols. Released thru United Artists.

In "THE HURRICANE", Charles Nordhoff and James Hall, authors of "Mutiny on the Bounty", have created a vivid, stirring tale of love and adventure in the South Seas—and from it, Samuel Goldwyn—after expending an almost unbelievable fortune and two years of effort—has produced a motion picture that takes high rank with the screen's most brilliant offerings.



BRIEF REVIEWS



★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

PICTURES REVIEWED IN SHADOW STAGE THIS ISSUE

ADVENTUROUS BLONDE—Warners

A breezy edition of the *Torchy Blane* series with forthright Glenda Farrell as a newspaper gal out to get her man in the person of Barton MacLane, a busy, bustling police lieutenant. Anne Nagel and Bill Hopper join the chase. If you like adventurous comic strips. (Nov.)

★ ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN—20th Century-Fox

A pointed satire on the present Administration, this is a rollicking well-staged, and very funny piece if you have a sense of humor. Falling asleep, Eddie Cantor dreams of ancient Bagdad, which is in dreadful shape. He suggests to Sultan Roland Young a few New Dealish measures which might be taken. Thereupon the film becomes a frantic and magnificently impossible hash. You'll like Tony Martin, Raymond Scott's band, June Lang and all the songs (Jan.)

ALL OVER TOWN—Republic

Olsen and Johnson fans will love this bit of bright hysteria wrapped around two "angels" who back a Broadway show, find themselves with a murder mystery on their hands. Franklin Pangborn is a panic as a swish designer. (Nov.)

★ ANGEL—Paramount

The languid Miss Dietrich in a velvety mixture of romance and European politics surrounded by Lubitsch's direction, sparkling dialogue, perfect photography and a splendid supporting cast. Herbert Marshall is the preoccupied husband, Melvyn Douglas rounds out the triangle. Better not miss it. (Nov.)

ANNAPOLIS SALUTE—RKO-Radio

Here is a worthwhile, simply presented story of rival muddies at the Naval Academy. James Ellison and Van Heflin are in love with Marsha Hunt whose father objects to her marrying. When scandal rears its ugly head, the rivals become friends. The background is refreshingly authentic, as the scenes were actually taken at Annapolis. (Nov.)

ATLANTIC FLIGHT—Monogram

Outside of the fact that this allows Young America a good look at Captain Dick Merrill, famed crack pilot, this dull story has little to offer. Paula Stone is giddily inept as the heiress-aviatrix who uses Dick's ability to save the life of Weldon Heyburn. Captain Merrill himself does a swell job. (Dec.)

★ AWFUL TRUTH, THE—Columbia

The happy combination of Irene Dunne and Cary Grant, plus a delightfully gay and romantic story, make this one of the best pictures this year. Married, very much in love, but stubborn, they find divorce rearing its ugly head, but finally solve their domestic relations in a merry, mad and very modern way. Irene and Grant are delicious, Ralph Bellamy and the supporting cast equally splendid. A command performance. (Dec.)

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BACK IN CIRCULATION—Warners

A better than usual newspaper yarn dealing with the part journalists play in railroad innocent persons to death. Joan Blondell is remarkably good as the lady of the press, Pat O'Brien is her editor and Margaret Lindsay is the unfortunate victim of their go-getting zeal for sensationalism. (Nov.)

BAD GUY—M-G-M

"Bad Guy" equals bad picture. Bruce Cabot plays the unholy fellow who gets into scrape after scrape, finally comes to grief. Edward Norris is the good boy who reaps his reward in the love of Virginia Grey. Don't give it another thought. (Nov.)

★ BARRIER, THE—Paramount

Rex Beach's story of men who went to Alaska during the gold rush to escape sins committed in the States, and of the romances which flourished in the wilderness, retains considerable interest in this latest screening. Jean Parker is the supposed half-breed who marries army lieutenant James Ellison. Leo Carrillo steals the show as Polson, the trapper. (Jan.)

BIG CITY—M-G-M

Rough and ready drama of the taxi war in New York, combined with an immigrant girl's problems in a new world, tangles Spencer Tracy and Luise Rainer in many romantic though exaggerated situations. Tracy is a bit ponderous, Luise a bit coy, but it's a clever production and there is a fine supporting cast. (Nov.)

BORROWING TROUBLE—20th Century-Fox

The familiar Jones family's homely tribulations this time involve the adoption of a wayward boy who is promptly suspected of robbing the Jones drugstore. This is like sugar-candy hearts with mottoes on them. (Jan.)

★ BREAKFAST FOR TWO—RKO-Radio

Barbara Stanwyck, leaving her tears behind her, emerges as a smartly dressed, gay and dominant Texan who works wonders with playboy Herbert Marshall's life, home and Wall Street business. Eric Blore plays assistant to Cupid, Donald Meek is a justice of the peace, and Glenda Farrell is a gold-digging show girl. You'll like it. (Dec.)

BRIDE FOR HENRY, A—Monogram

A lively comedy with a novel triangle idea, this has Anne Nagel marrying Warren Hull to spite Henry Mollison who forgot to show up at the altar. Then Mollison joins Anne and Warren on their honeymoon. It's light and frothy. (Dec.)

BRIDE WORE RED, THE—M-G-M

In a Viennese version of the Cinderella tale, Joan Crawford impersonates a cabaret girl chosen by an impish count to pose as a (Continued on page 94)

It took 1,000 ARTISTS THREE YEARS to make it!

The most anticipated picture in 20 years will be the show sensation of 1938—and for years to come!.. The most amazing advance in screen entertainment since the advent of sound!.. You'll gasp, marvel, cheer at its wonders as you thrill to an experience you've never lived through before!.. Without a human actor, it's more human than all the dramas that ever came out of Hollywood!.. Power to make you laugh, cry, throb with excitement!.. Music to fill your soul—8 big songs, several as good as "The Big Bad Wolf"!.. Romance, adventure, mystery, pathos, tragedy, laughter and beauty such as you must actually see and feel to believe!.. Truly the miracle in motion pictures—the new wonder of the world!

WALT DISNEY'S

first full-length

FEATURE PRODUCTION



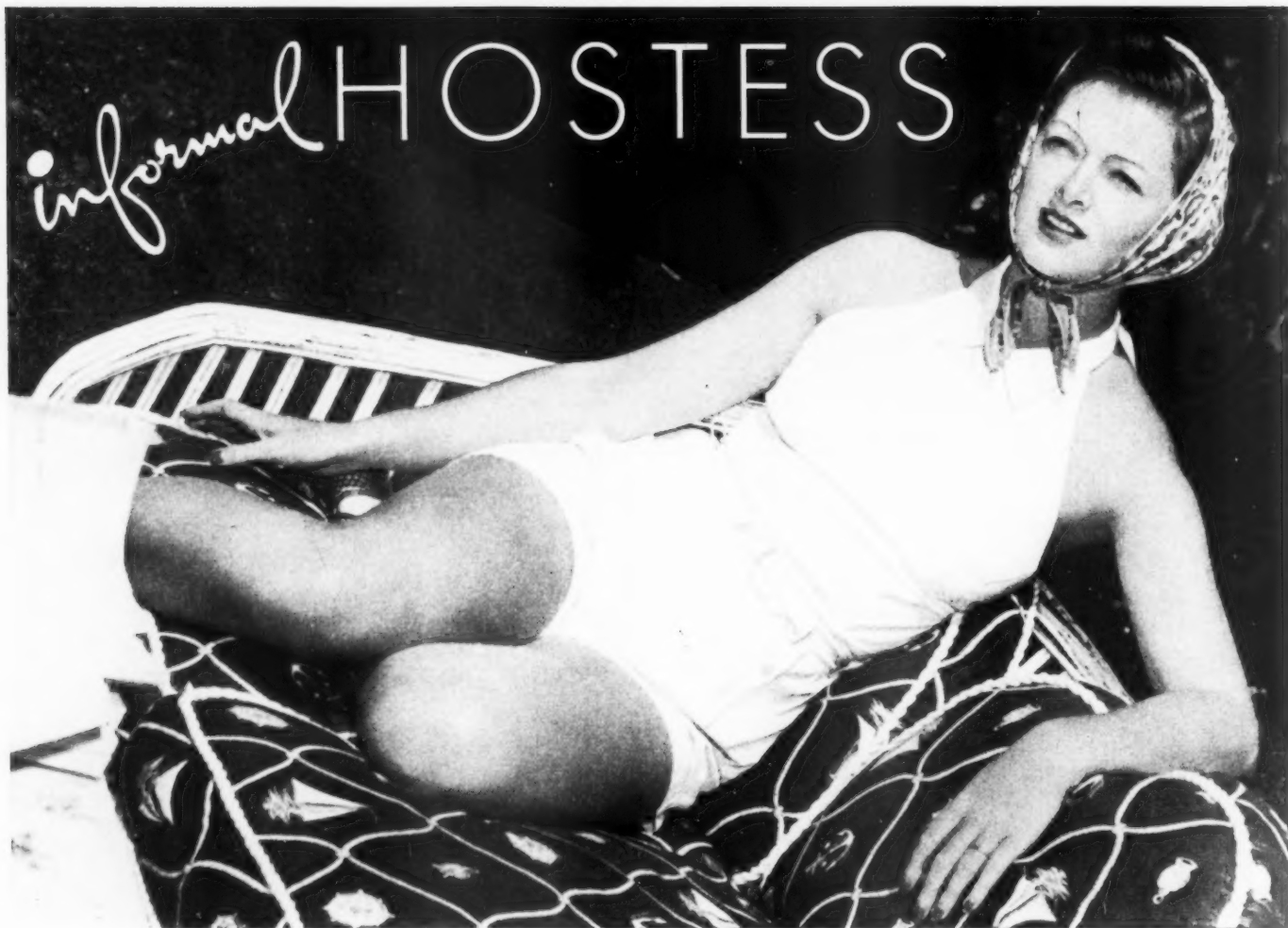
and the Seven Dwarfs



in the marvelous

MULTIPLANE TECHNICOLOR

Distributed by RKO RADIO PICTURES, Inc.



The mistress of the new House of Hornblow is no taffeta-cushion girl

BY MOLLY CASTLE

A YOUNG man and a girl stood looking down on a small, secluded valley. The valley was white with wild lilac. Tall spears of yucca cut through the lilac bushes, shaking their delicate bells clear of the thick underbrush. In the distance the tree-covered hills folded one inside the other like a misty pack of cards.

"It seems more beautiful every year, our little valley," said the girl.

"I must have painted half a dozen springs here already," mused her brother, "but every year when the lilacs bloom I want to paint it again."

The young man set up his easel and started to sketch. The girl wandered off down a little dirt track, dreaming dreams.

SOME years later a famous film star and her brand-new husband went looking for a site on which to build their home. After a while they came to this same Hidden Valley, newly opened for building. It was midsummer and the hills had lost some of their greenness, the lilac had faded, and on the yuccas there were only black seed husks. Nevertheless, the valley was beautiful.

"This is the place for us," said Arthur Hornblow, decisively.

"Why, I've been here before," discovered Mrs. Hornblow. (She is known to a few million people as Myrna Loy.)

So then and there the Hornblows started to plan their home.

It took time to build the house. For one thing, it had foundations, which also matched up to the life that was to be lived in it. And while the house grew up, the garden grew round it. The tangle of brambles which had wandered over the little stream was cut down. Lime trees that were planted gave their name to the house. A vegetable garden was started with a corner for herbs.

"We'll have tarragon," said Mrs. Hornblow. "It's so good in salads. And rosemary and thyme and sage and bay for stews."

Some time, many years before, a Spanish farmer must have lived in the valley. It must have been he who planted the eucalyptus trees. There were old grapevines, too, and fruit trees, which had survived years of neglect. The Hornblows planted many other trees; olives to blend in with the hillside, willows to weep over the stream, peppers to dance in the sunshine; and a row of poplars to hide from view another house which had made a mushroom growth at the end of their garden.

They built, too, a swimming pool, curved and irregular like a small natural lake. "I hate those tiled swimming pools," Myrna told the architect. "They look like a bathtub."

They also had an outdoor grill, so that they could broil thick steaks over mahogany charcoal, the way it should be done.

THE architect went over the house with them once more. The Hornblows' bedroom was not a large room: there was just space

in it for a bed and maybe an armchair. Though, at one side of it, there were well-fitted dressing rooms for each of them. "There isn't a room in the house which you can deck out with taffeta and cushions," said the architect regretfully.

"But then I'm not a taffeta cushion sort of a girl," said Myrna.

Meanwhile, during the house-building process, they lived an informal sort of life down at the beach. Because, at the studio, Myrna is entirely surrounded by hired help and because Mr. Hornblow, being a Big Producer for Paramount, is also subject to a certain clutter around his office, they had a lot of fun down at the beach being just by themselves. It didn't happen always, not even very often; say every other Sunday afternoon.

NOW Arthur Hornblow knows good food. But he didn't know much about the practical side of cooking until he started to dabble around with a cookbook of all nations. Delving through its 800 odd pages (you should see the page marked Eastern Asia: very odd indeed) he discovered a neat trick with kidneys.

One evening Myrna heard loud protests from the kitchen—and there was Arthur burning his fingers. He'd made a good start, removing the fat and skin from six lamb kidneys and had cut them up into thin slices. He'd melted butter in a frying pan and put in the slices of kidneys, a bay leaf and salt and pepper. It was then that the fun began.

He'd tried tasting with a metal spoon, left the spoon in the pan, burned his fingers removing it. He'd tried shaking the pan over the flame, too, which the book said was necessary, burned himself again, on the handle.

After that Myrna hovered around protectively like a trained nurse at an operation, handing out tools, doing the more unspectacular jobs, and giving every evidence of counting the implements afterwards to see if any had been left inside the kidneys.

When Mr. Hornblow had got himself a pan holder, shaken the kidneys for eight or ten minutes over a hot flame, sprinkled them with flour and stirred it in well, he added most of a bottle of white wine (you know how extravagant male cooks can be), put the whole lot back on the fire and stirred long enough to make the dish very hot.

EVENTUALLY the house was finished. The red bricks outside were painted white. Bamboo furniture was put out on the terrace and covered with emerald-green canvas cushions.

The idea of the dining room is provincial farmhouse: French, mostly. That's why the shelves are filled with old hand-painted pottery, the buttercup yellow rug and drapes hand-woven, and the armchairs (there are eight of them and they never need more) covered with a small-patterned, quilted chintz made from material used in the aprons of Breton peasant women. Each chair has a different pattern.

French Provincial or not, one of the first dinners the Hornblows gave in their dining room was Russian: that is to say, two important courses were Russian, the borsch soup and the lamb shasslik.

The salad which followed the meat was American, except for its French dressing and its Swiss cheese accompaniment.

The dessert, crêpes Suzette, was French, too.

Still, the dinner was Russian in essence—partly in honor of two of the guests who had just returned from the Soviet Union. This was convenient of them because at the time the Hornblows had not only a Russian butler but also a Russian cook.

The cook was named Serge, pronounced as if he were a gentleman named Gay who had been knighted. He kept bobbing in in his white coat to find out what the guests thought of his cooking and the Siberian rail-

way. He'd worked on both, whereas they'd merely been passengers on one.

The shasslik was made from small rounds of lamb cut from the thick part of the loin. These had been marinated overnight in half and half red wine and salt water, in which there soaked a generous bunch of fresh garden herbs. Then he had stuck the meat on a skewer, with alternating slices of onion, and broiled it. The real way to make shasslik is on a revolving spit, said Serge, which no modern kitchen has.

But finally, perhaps to prove that the dining room really was French, it was the crêpes Suzette which made the party. To be any good, crêpes Suzette must be made in the dining room after the servants have gone back into the kitchen and shut themselves in, said Arthur Hornblow. They need a certain mood, and this mood is apt to be disturbed if the cook is still hovering around protectively, or is apt to burst in any minute. Nor is it any use to order the cook to make them. At best they will turn out to be ordinary pancakes, and at the worst you may have to dispose of them secretly, burying them in the garden or feeding them to the dog.

ARTHUR made the crêpes Suzette with all the right kind of flourish. Myrna, the good wife that she is, didn't even tell of the hard work she had put in in the kitchen, before dinner, collecting the ingredients.

There is, though, not much hardship attached to working in the Hornblow kitchen, which has bright Dutch-blue linoleum on the floor and an electric stove dyed to match.

Arthur began, as you should, with the sauce. He ground three lumps of sugar against an orange, one against a lemon, strenuously. It was strenuous, too, after a long day at the studio. He cracked them up and put them in a small pan and added a chunk of butter, a small measure of cointreau, another small one of curaçao. The sugar had to melt slowly into the liquid so that it wouldn't burn or stick to the pan.

Myrna made the batter. She put 2 cups of flour, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar and a pinch of salt into a deep bowl, dropped 5 eggs in, one at a time, mixing them into the flour carefully and smoothly with a wooden spoon. Melting 3 tablespoonfuls of butter and adding it gradually to 1 cup of milk, she beat this well into the flour mixture.

This batter was especially made before

dinner so that it could stand at least an hour.

She added to her collection a bottle of cognac, a couple of small pans well wiped with butter, a portable electric stove and a metal dish to go on it. All had been made ready to appear in public at the end of the dinner, when everyone was feeling mellow.

At this point, with just the right amount of formality, Arthur warmed the first buttered pan on a low heat, poured in a little of the batter so that it barely covered the bottom of the pan, tipping the pan from side to side so that there was a thin and even layer all over the pan, and then cooked the batter very slowly. When it grew dry and a little bubbly on the topside, the underneath was then a golden brown and ready for turning—accomplished gingerly with a palette knife, or by tossing with a brave flick of the wrist. When the other side was also golden brown, the crêpe was stacked on a warm plate, the second buttered pan used in the same way. Meanwhile, Myrna was buttering the first pan over again.

By the time there was a goodish stack of pancakes it was necessary to heat the metal dish and pour the sauce into it. Then Arthur twisted the crêpe around in the sauce, moved each one to the side, and so on until all the crêpes were in the dish. He then sifted sugar on them and poured a little cognac over the lot. He waited until it was heated and then set fire. The best taste, he said, was obtained by letting the cognac burn itself out.

After that, coffee and conversation.

"It is a pity," regretted Arthur Hornblow, "that we can't have café diable. But it doesn't go with crêpes Suzette. Come again another night and I'll make you some."

"There is a man who likes to play with fire," teased his wife. "Except, of course, when he burns his fingers!"

N.B. There are probably more ways of cooking borsch than any other dish. Serge, the Hornblows' cook, has two ways: a party borsch which is very special, and one just for every day. If you would like to know how to prepare either or both of them, or if you would like Myrna Loy's recipe for bouillabaisse, hot lobster, or café diable, write to Molly Castle, in care of PHOTOPLAY magazine, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal., stating your request and accompanying it with a self-addressed stamped envelope.

The master of the white brick home in Hidden Valley likes to play with fire, and dinner guests profit by his habit





Screen play by Jerry Wald, Maurice Leo and Richard Macauley • Original Story by Jerry Wald and

**THE RODEO OF RADIO! THE TEN-
RING CIRCUS OF PICTURES!**



**IT'S STARS,
IT'S TUNES, IT'S LOVE, IT'S GIRLS,
IT'S THRILLS, IT'S FUN, IT'S GREAT!**

WARNER BROS. present

HOLLYWOOD HOTEL

**with DICK POWELL • ROSEMARY LANE
HUGH HERBERT • TED HEALY**

GLEND A FARRELL • LOLA LANE • JOHNNIE DAVIS • ALAN MOWBRAY

MABEL TODD • ALLYN JOSLYN • EDGAR KENNEDY

and Direct from the Orchid Room of the Air

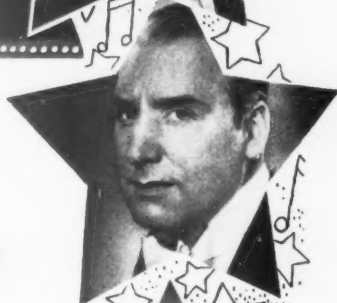
**THE HOLLYWOOD HOTEL PROGRAM
with LOUELLA PARSONS**

FRANCES LANGFORD • JERRY COOPER • KEN NILES • DUANE THOMPSON • RAYMOND PAIGE & HIS ORCHESTRA

and

BENNY GOODMAN & HIS ORCHESTRA

**Directed by
BUSBY BERKELEY**



Maurice Leo • Music and Lyrics by Dick Whiting and Johnny Mercer • A First National Picture



THE NEW-IDEA
MUSICAL FROM
HIT-MAKING 20th
CENTURY-FOX
...and it's got that
New Year ummph!



Ben
WINCHELL • BERNIE
She sings! She sings!
SIMONE SIMON

LOVE AND HISSES

and LAUGHS AND KISSES!
and MUSIC AND MISSES!

BERT LAHR • JOAN DAVIS
DICK BALDWIN
RAYMOND SCOTT QUINTET
RUTH TERRY • DOUGLAS FOWLEY

Directed by Sidney Lanfield
who directed "Sing, Baby, Sing", "One In A
Million", "Thin Ice", "Wake Up and Live"

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Screen Play by Curtis Kenyon and Art Arthur
From a story by Art Arthur

Seven
hot-and-hissing
songs including
GORDON & REVEL'S
LATEST HITS:
"Sweet Someone"
"Be A Good Sport"
"Broadway's Gone
Hawaii"
"I Wanna Be In
Winchell's Column"



Darryl F. Zanuck, in charge of production and the
maker of your biggest musical hits, gives you
THE GREATEST 20th CENTURY-FOX MUSICAL YET!



BY RUTH WATERBURY

WELL, back behind the scenes in Hollywood there has long been a most important man whose name you have probably never heard . . . Eddie Mannix . . . a modest, hard-working Irishman of very great ability. . . .

When a few weeks ago his wife was instantly killed in an automobile accident Hollywood insiders began murmuring all over again about the curse that seems to have fallen on M-G-M in the sixteen months that have passed since Irving Thalberg's death. . . .

For it was Mannix who in the last few months had been whispered as the man who could most help Metro . . . and now this crushing blow falls which must inevitably keep him saddened and retarded for many months to come. . . .

What has been happening to Metro lately is symptomatic of what has been going on in the entire movie business . . . yet people believe that had Thalberg lived all the turmoil . . . all the output of expensive bad pictures . . . might have been avoided . . . at least by Leo the Lion. . . .

THE truth is that pictures today are costing too much . . . that you and I . . . the public . . . have been educated to get too much for our money . . . that there is too much overhead expense anyhow and not enough amusement. . . .

A year ago theater attendance was so good . . . we went so gladly to see almost anything . . . that box-office figures were fantastic . . . producers began pouring gold into productions . . . the million-dollar picture ceased to be anything remarkable and was surpassed by the two-million-dollar affair . . . and that in turn—as witness “Conquest”—was overlooked for the three-million-dollar product . . . and along about this time we, the public, stopped liking everything we saw . . . we became in fact as choosy as all get out . . . very good pictures are still making money but big expensive bad pictures are being left to die. . . .

And the reason that one big flop after the other has been put out to us is that inside the movie firms politics have been going on . . . the creators who should have had their minds on their work have been preoccupied with the need for saving their jobs. . . .

Metro . . . Paramount . . . Universal . . . RKO-Radio . . . Columbia . . . all have been involved in the most violent internal quarrels . . . the United Artists faction has been busy trying to find out if Selznick would go with Metro and Goldwyn with Korda . . . Harry Cohn has been battling with his greatest director, Frank Capra . . . the actors have a guild . . . the directors have a guild . . . the writers have a guild . . . and what those guilds have wanted to do generally has been quite different from what the producers have wanted done. . . .

An agreeable guy like Gable who up to date has always played in whatever was given him got badly frightened by “Parnell” (and certainly no one could blame him) and now refuses to act until he gets just the rôle he believes is suited to him. . . .

Bill Powell is holding up signing until he is sure of the type of picture he will get . . .

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS



Miss Waterbury says—knowing the brickbats she's letting herself in for—that she believes she has an answer to avoiding some of the distracting elements producers face

Fred Astaire wanted to try it without Ginger Rogers and did, and the box-office results on “Damsel in Distress” are not too forte . . . the whole of these distracting elements adding up to impossible confusion. . . .

OF course I believe in my own simple dumb way that I know a means by which much of this could be avoided . . . or in other words I am now doing what is elegantly known as sticking my neck out. . . .

A few weeks ago Sam Goldwyn was nice enough to run off some four reels of his forthcoming “Goldwyn Follies” for me, and I will flatly go on record here as saying that it is far and away the best musical-comedy material I have ever seen. . . .

It has beauty and charm and originality and marvelous comedy . . . the ballet, photographed in the most dramatic use of color yet to reach the screen, is the most thrilling sight since the first time you beheld Sonja Henie in action . . . Charlie McCarthy will captivate you completely . . . it all has that final essence of chic and showmanship that Goldwyn always manages . . . but . . . and there is a big catch in all this, too big a one, I feel . . . the “Follies” cost more than two million dollars to produce. . . .

I do not for a moment doubt that the "Goldwyn Follies" will bring back three times that amount . . . it will forever more make it difficult for any other musical film to surpass its box-office receipts . . . but just the same that is too much to invest in a single picture . . . that is literally giving us too much for our money when you consider that in a good many theaters those selfsame two-million-dollar "Follies" will play on a double bill with some other producer's million-dollar production. . . .

AND another little item I'll never understand is why Hollywood overlooks its Westerns the way it does . . . with "B" pictures (those "and also" productions you find on your theater programs) costing today between \$250,000 and \$400,000 . . . and after all "B's" are only imitation "A's" and like all imitations pretty weak . . . the best Westerns which are a distinctive form of entertainment are still costing at most \$75,000 each . . . and a majority of these cost even less . . . their box-office value has been proven since the very first year of picture making. . . .

That saucy little Republic is backing its whole success on the money that Gene Autry is earning for them in musical Westerns . . . and on that success climbing very steadily up in the world . . . whenever Westerns have had the benefit of the writing and production brains that are lavished on the sex dramas . . . as witnessed "The Covered Wagon" and "Cimarron" and more recently, "The Plainsman" . . . they have made the most outstanding success . . . the figures are right there on the books for the entire industry to read and yet for some goofy reason the producers continue to overlook them . . . while the money that must have gone into a production such as "Blossoms on Broadway" . . . is staggering to contemplate. . . .

It isn't so much that I disapprove of our getting all we can for our cash at the box office . . . that always has been the way of commerce . . . but there is such a thing as so much icing on the cake that you get sick of the entire dish. . . .

THE motion-picture producers have the example of the Broadway stage by which they could profit if they only would . . . the great musical-comedy producers, the Ziegfelds and the Dillinghams did just this same trick . . . they put forth shows so opulent that even with the greatest public response they couldn't afford to keep them running . . . with the result that they put themselves out of business and killed musical revues in the legitimate theater. . . .

So here is my argument . . . please give us simpler and better pictures . . . people like caviar for parties but for daily fare they stick much more to beefsteak and potatoes for dinner and ham sandwiches for lunch . . . not fancy but just plain enjoyable. . . .

Hollywood with its unbelievable money . . . with its pursuit of glamour . . . its preoccupation with sex . . . rather naturally forgets how simple in our tastes the rest of us are . . . for some reason hard to understand it will overlook the success of the *Jones Family* and *Charlie Chan* and the Jane Withers pictures and never figure out why they are so popular . . . and concentrate to its own loss on a very expensive star like



Pictures like "The Jones Family" prove one of Miss Waterbury's arguments

Dietrich in fabulously costly productions that have no following at all. . . .

IF I sound a bit gloomy on this I really do not mean to . . . the experimental group is coming up and getting constantly stronger. . . . Frances Marion, the writer, has gone to Metro as a producer and is intent upon getting American history on the screen in terms of entertainment . . . her first production will be a picturization of Kenneth Roberts' fine story, "Northwest Passage" . . . Frank Lloyd this month has turned out a very great re-enactment of our history in "Wells Fargo" . . . Disney has launched his elaborate experiment "Snow White" for the first full-length cartoon feature. . . .

David Selznick, the mighty, has been signed by Metro . . . I doubt that any amount of politics or pressure will ever keep him from being original . . . so, too, has Mervyn Le Roy . . . I don't mean to indicate that Metro is grabbing all the production brains, though with the addition of these two stalwarts they have a good start at it . . . Mervyn did some very fine things at Warners . . . daring things like "They Won't Forget" . . . he is a man of quick, worldly talent, of charm and keen intelligence, and it will be interesting to watch him . . . Warners who have always possessed the best ability to get out inexpensive compelling pictures (take a picture like "Slim," for example, which I enjoyed as much as any I've seen all season though it has almost no money in it at all) are now giving more attention to their special productions, encouraged possibly by the success of their great "Zola" . . . to be able to compete with the colossal efforts of Paramount and Metro . . . all these things are working to make pictures better. . . .

Still and all, the chaos of the motion-picture business today is a fact . . . my favorite

crack of the season was published in my friend Irving Hoffman's column in "The Hollywood Reporter" and credited to Jack White, the entertainer whom Walter Wanger hired for "52nd Street." Said Mr. White, "So much of my stuff is on the cutting-room floor that the only fan mail I expect to get will probably be from the mice" . . . take that and the story of the smart critic who asked how anybody expected Jon Hall (he pronounces it John) to give a good performance if he wasn't even able to spell his own name. . . .

Behind such cracks there is a lot of truth . . . about the extravagance and the over-shooting and the miscalculation. . . .

And also behind it all is the influence of Hollywood on the world . . . I know that the garment trade in New York is now seriously watching Hollywood's effect on sports clothes . . . that hundreds of little girls all over the world now want long hair since Miss Temple has put back her curls . . . that Hollywood's insistence on modern furnishings in settings for its drama is making the "second" set of furniture purchased by housewives today go toward modern lines, particularly in bedroom suites. . . .

To my mind the answer to the whole thing is for the producers to get back to simplicity . . . for their own sakes and ours . . . to give us, straightforwardly and without elaborateness, the dramatic stories of love and faith and home . . . those eternal problems in which we are forever interested. . . .

TO do that, of course, they will have to understand themselves . . . and us, too . . . and that was where Irving Thalberg's greatness came in . . . he loved people and understood them . . . and that great gift he translated to the screen in terms of our happiness . . . and his success. . . .

GENTLEMEN obviously prefer...



A BLONDE?

A BRUNETTE?

SURE, if she is
MAE WEST
in
"EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY"
A Paramount Picture with
EDMUND LOWE
CHARLES BUTTERWORTH
CHARLES WINNINGER
WALTER CATLETT
LLOYD NOLAN
HERMAN BING
CHESTER CONKLIN
and
LOUIS ARMSTRONG
Screen play by Mae West
An Emanuel Cohen Production
Directed by A. Edward Sutherland

"Every Day's a Holiday" all right when you can see the one and only Mae West herself in a roaring comedy-romance-with-music set in the hale and hearty days of New York's Gay 90's—a gala and

glittering picture featuring the antics of five of the greatest screen comics of our time...a picture with the dash of Mae's Schiaparelli gowns—it'll have your boy-friend in hysterics and you in a gale of giggles.





Bright idea for after dark—a jacket fashioned of many FEDERAL Silver Foxes. Brilliantly silvered on a pure black background . . . deep, yet wonderfully light and pliable . . . most flattering of furs. A bright idea for daytime, too—nothing is smarter over wool frocks and suits. Look for the FEDERAL name, sealed to an ear and stamped on the leather side of the pelt; it is your assurance of *lasting* loveliness. FEDERAL Silver Foxes are sold in fine stores from coast to coast.



HOLLYWOOD'S CASE AGAINST MONOGAMY

Why must love and marriage be different in Hollywood? Only a brilliant novelist could write this daring and candid analysis

BY FAITH BALDWIN

IT has become a fixed idea with the vast motion-picture audiences all over the world that Hollywood marriages are like Hollywood sets—elaborate and short-lived; changed as often as a star's mind. When a Hollywood star marries for the first time, there is always a great to-do about it. "The first time? Not really!!" It seems almost as if the poor bride or bridegroom had broken some strange code in confessing that since reaching Hollywood he or she decided to enter into the bonds of matrimony for the first time.

It is true that many of the screen stars have been married more than once, and it will continue to be true, I suppose, as long as there are screen stars.

It is equally true that the ladies and gentlemen of our social register and of what Cholly Knickerbocker has named Cafe Society are equally apt to change husbands and wives with the climate and modes, but they are more or less scattered about the globe—New York, London, Paris, the Riviera, Chicago, Philadelphia, Baltimore—while the stars are concentrated under the fierce white arc light of publicity in a little place called Hollywood, which hasn't a post office, I understand, and is merely a state of mind—and part of Los Angeles.

It would be, I think, interesting to inquire why the stars marry so often, and there are, I believe, any number of reasons. In these very reasons you will find Hollywood's case against monogamy—a case built up by the peculiar problems of Hollywood people.

Take some of the girls, for instance—the majority of them come to Hollywood very young; some have had stage experience, most of them have not. Some have won beauty contests, or been models, or danced or sung in night clubs. Some have had practically no professional experience. Extremely youthful, lovely and talented, they are flung into this little exciting artificial world . . . and, when one considers the superficiality of Hollywood life, one wonders how they keep their heads at all. (Continued on page 88)



Fantasy: Dick Powell and Rosemary Lane. Reality: with wife Joan Blondell



Clark Gable, the great lover of the screen; Allan Jones and Joan Crawford—all three examples of why Hollywood has a definite case against monogamy

I GET IN- AND OUT OF-THE

BY LOVELLA O. PARSONS



Famous film paragrapher finds that a column a day and two on Sunday is a rest cure compared with the life of a glamour girl in the movies

AFTER six weeks, four days, seven hours and sixteen minutes (overtime) of being a glamour girl in the movies, it is really anticlimactic to find myself back at my typewriter, a working girl again, as though nothing had happened. Now all I have to do is write a column a day, a Sunday article or two, and be on the "Hollywood Hotel" radio hour—practically a rest cure.

Maybe I am self-conscious or plain embarrassed but I have a feeling when I meet my friends, these days, that they are looking at me with a quizzical eye. You really can't blame Carole Lombard for greeting me with, "Hello, Garbo"; or Claudette Colbert for looking at me with amusement and saying, "How's the star today?" My own husband, if I take a fraction of a second longer to powder my nose, says, "Oh, you look all right. You're not facing the camera now."

I brought it all on myself, of course. After some twenty odd years of praising or paning or being just plain indifferent to other people's screen performances, I *would* turn actress at my time of life.

Maybe it's retribution or an avenging fate that put me before the all-seeing eye of the camera, gowned by Orry Kelly, coiffed by Joan St. Oger and made up with a new face by Perc Westmore.

But I claim all this expert attention does something to a movie columnist who usually works in old pajamas, has to be dug out from behind a typewriter and six telephones, and gets a wave in her hair when and if it's possible.

It took me a long time to be convinced a girl's place was in a studio and not behind her typewriter. But Jack Warner and Hal Wallis pictured the life of a movie star so glowingly, with a dressing room and real "jools" to wear in the picture, to say nothing of a slight case of salary, I couldn't turn it down. Besides, the idea of anyone else's trying to play me stirred waves of compassion in my breast and I felt since Warner Brothers were making a motion picture of "Hollywood Hotel," the radio program which I have hosted for over three years, it was better for me (bad as I probably would be as an actress) to play myself along with Raymond Paige, Frances Langford, Jerry Cooper, Ken Niles and our original master of ceremonies, Dick Powell, the star of the picture.

So, on September 20th, in the year of our Lord 1937, accompanied by a secretary who was scornful of the whole idea, a bottle of aspirin and some homemade broth, I timidly reported for duty on the firing line.

"You go to Perc Westmore's first for

make-up," said Bob Fellowes, the good-looking company manager on "Hollywood Hotel." And believe me, of that make-up department too much cannot be said. Why, it's the very key to every actress' and would-be actress' fate. There, by a few simple twists of the wrist, the plainest face is converted into a raving beauty and before you know it you find yourself something you just "ain't."

Word passed around like wildfire that Perc was doing Parsons and one by one the clan gathered to wish me well—or maybe to satisfy a morbid curiosity. Kay Francis, one of my dearest friends, looked so-o-o beautiful in her glamour make-up that it made me wish I hadn't come. But when Basil Rathbone breezed in with a Buster Brown bob for "Robin Hood," I began to feel maybe there was some hope.

Bette Davis drifted by, a vision in her "Jezebel" hoop skirts, while Olivia De Havilland came in for Perc's final okay on her *Maid Marian* make-up.

But hectic as all these greetings and interruptions were, and self-conscious as the

MOVIES

I HURRIED out on the set to report to Busby Berkeley, the director, realizing that although I had left home at the crack of dawn, I was late on the set. The lights were already set up and the company was assembled. Dick Powell, Lola and Rosemary Lane, Alan Mowbray, Hugh Herbert, Glenda Farrell and Ted Healy were all there, ready to start. With all these "column names" rallied around, I forgot for a moment I was an actress and started digging for news.

Seeing Dick reminded me I'd heard that day that Joan Blondell was "expecting," so I put the question right up to the prospective father—who promptly denied it and added, "Now look here, Louella, you're here as an actress. So put away the notebook."

seemed little and thin and far away. I began to wonder if I was really talking—or if Edgar Bergen had sneaked onto the set and was doing a Charlie McCarthy for me.

As usual, they were not shooting the script in sequence. One of the first scenes I made was with Lola Lane in which we tear into a little number portraying a newspaper scribe (that's me) and a temperamental movie star (Lola). My introduction in the picture came later—with none other than my old friend, Ted Healy, as a partner. I was supposed to meet Ted in an elevator and because they probably didn't want to give the cameramen, George Barnes and Charles Rosher, too much of a shock, the scene was shot with my back to the camera.

TED was supposed to slap me on the back and I was to register surprise. For some reason, Ted, whom I have known for many a year, suddenly went coy on me and gave me a gentle tap.

"Hit harder," I begged. "I can't be surprised or annoyed with such a ladylike slap."

Ted took me at my word and in the next take almost knocked the fillings out of my teeth. After it was over, he gave me a wor-

Real "jools" to wear in the picture and a slight case of salary were the bribes that got Lolly into the movies. But after that first scene with Lola Lane (left) it was her dressing-room office and typewriter that offered solace



victim in the barber chair was becoming, Perc paid no attention and went right on with his facial landscaping.

He stepped back, put his head on one side, and looked at me in the critical manner with which an entomologist regards a squirming new bug.

"Hmm. The chin could be taken up," he said as if talking to himself. "The nose can be toned down, the cheeks high-lighted to look thinner—but the eyes aren't bad and the hair is okay."

Well, it was a relief that the eyes and hair passed the master's scrutiny. Taking up the face meant putting tiny plasters of fishskin at each temple and pulling up the face by means of invisible rubber strings which were tied on top of my head. A very "uplifting" experience.

Then came the transformation. What Perc does is amazing—especially to a woman who is no longer in her giddy youth. Defects disappear as if by magic and a new face looks out upon you. You hope fervently that the camera will see as much difference as you do.

Thinking back on the experience now, I don't have a very clear recollection of my reactions to the first scenes we made—I was too numb. There's a terror that grips your heart about this motion-picture work that is beyond description; "mike fright," stage fright" and every other kind of fright are as nothing compared to it.

Firstly, there is that awful silence that descends on the entire stage like a fog when they call "Camera."

I was conscious that every eye in the place was on me. When I finally heard my voice, it

ried look and said,

"There goes my last notice in Parsons' column."

Believe it or not, that little scene took all morning to shoot and by lunch time I was ready to drop in my tracks. Talk about movie stars earning their salaries. I think they are *underpaid*.

When the welcome word "Lunch" was called I looked around for an easy chair and carpet slippers to rest my weary bones. I felt a little hurt that there was no chair with
(Continued on page 93)



THE ROMANCE OF CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S

BY HOWARD SHARPE



Exclusive to Photoplay—the story of two people who are gambling their careers for this first vacation together away from Hollywood

It will be no five-day honeymoon this time for the Jack Pressmans

THAT distant but piercing shriek you hear as you begin reading this is Claudette Colbert, diving headfirst into a snowbank at the foot of the Swiss Alps.

She should be there by now, if Jack Pressman's car didn't get stuck in a ditch somewhere in the Italian countryside miles from any village; or if the colored patch of a small inn's garden didn't intrigue them too much one afternoon, so that they delayed in the sun; or if they didn't decide quite suddenly one evening to pause at Venice, and ride a gondola among the palazzos. I don't know. They may even be sitting in the sands outside of Cairo, making faces at the Sphinx.

This is both the Pressmans' second honeymoon, and behind it lies as romantic and

gallant a story as ever came out of madcap Hollywood.

You remember—the many times you've lifted hazy eyes slowly from a travel folder, transported, on the instant, to a bazaar in Hindustan or to the Casino at Monte Carlo; you could hear the click of the roulette ball, smell the unwashed natives, see the glitter of silks and filigrees for sale. You've thought: if I had a lot of money—if Junior were a little older—if John could get away from that office for a while—now, we'd go, we'd go now. Now, while we're still young, before it's too late.

Claudette Colbert, motion-picture star, also dreamed that dream, even as you and I. Ever since she married Jack Pressman a

little more than two years ago and came back from a five-day honeymoon to Yosemite—which was not enough—she's said, "Someday the Pressmans are going to take time out from the routine of living and see the world together."

That time has come and the Pressmans are setting forth now together, now while they are young, and glamorously in love.

They haven't any doubts about their love; nevertheless, this trip involves a risk—and they are quite aware of it—to each of their careers. It is dangerous for a doctor to leave his practice. It is just as dangerous for a star to leave her public. But the Pressmans are risking that—because their real honeymoon is so important to them.

SECOND HONEYMOON



Claudette had more than the impetus of travelogue publicity and her own imagination to make her want to travel; eight years ago, with Norman Foster who then was her husband, she explored the earth in a tramp steamer. Outside edges, and the more obvious points, and the most apparent humps she touched and noticed—enough to make her say, "I'll come again, and next time I'll skip these places, hesitate in these, live for awhile in these." But "next time" was never to come for her and Norman. It has come for her with another man—and a greater love.

While the public shouts its praise of Claudette's performance with Charles Boyer in Warners' "Tovarich," the little star, herself, jaunts around the world—with fingers crossed. There's a reason



CLAUDETTE was having her nails done in bright coral for a scene when I talked with her last, about the trip, and she was outrageously happy. In another three weeks "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" would be finished and then she could pack her fourteen trunks and with them and her husband and his Packard coupé board a fast train and be off, at last.

This she would do, knowing full well that after "Bluebeard" had been released and had had its run, she would be away from the screen for a period of almost eight months.

"But it's worth it," she said, waggling her glittering fingers to dry the polish. "I've worked as long as I can remember. I've had a good time doing it, but there has always been the feeling that after all—my life was before me; that someday I'd take time out and have freedom of movement, do all the things I'd always wanted to.

"Most people think the same thing, and keep on thinking it, and then when they're a hundred and ten they creak off on a trip somewhere, watching for draughts, all bundled up in shawls, luggage packed with rheumatism cures, and quite unable to dash around to cabarets or to go skiing or tramp through a jungle, of course.

"Well, I'm young now. So's Jack. In another ten years we'll forget how to be mad and impromptu about things. Careers or no careers, we'll go now while we can enjoy it."

Thus when Claudette steps finally aboard that streamliner, gives one last shrug for Hollywood and its affairs, and reaches for her Baedeker, Claudette will have begun not only a three months' vacation but a new era for herself and for Jack (and she will be doing all of that just about as you read these lines). Behind her stretch seven years, during which a life begun on one tangent was forced, by circumstances, to shift to another; during which she lost one great love and pulled a shaky career out of the hot Hollywood fire and found a finer love and a greater happiness.

This, then, is a kind of triumphant celebration, a laughing salute to that other time when she left California with the world before her. She remembers it well.

"The Lady Lies," her first starring picture, was still showing in the theaters of a nation that did not yet know what 1930 would bring. America, as a public, was just beginning to clamor for this new actress named Claudette Colbert and her studio, appreciative, had promised them Colbert until further notice.

France liked her, too; so much so that during the six weeks between the time she decided to go with Norman around the world and the date of departure they shot two pictures—one for the United States, made by day, and one in French for foreign markets, made by night.

Her chauffeur drove her, still in make-up, onto the steamer just as it was weighing anchor; and when she awakened the next morning the wallowing old freight-tramp was far out to sea.

Then, for three months, (until in Cairo
(Continued on page 92)



The back-to-the-soil and gain-a-fortune bugs hit star Ann Dvorak simultaneously

Shirley Temple, the minx, can drive as shrewd a deal as anyone

DIAMOND PIN MONEY

Night and day they worked—all two hundred and fifty of Photoplay's spies—gathering data for this amusing article on high finances

BY GILBERT SELDES

A SHORT time ago the script on which Shirley Temple was working called for a pony. In Hollywood you can get a pony at least as easily as a rhinoceros, but the director was in a hurry—and there was a pony on the set. Miss Temple's own pony. And she let him use her pony—at ten cents a day.

That's a pleasing thing to know and gives you a warm feeling about the little girl. Older — but not necessarily better — actors and actresses earn larger sums in other ways, sometimes without showing as much business sense as Miss Temple did. They earn their pin money—diamond pin money—in a thousand enterprises. There is hardly a business, from canned goods to the prize ring, in which some player is not represented.

In fact, when you see how much money they make when they are not working, you sometimes wonder why moving-picture stars trouble to act at all. This is not an invitation to any nasty remark that most of them can't act. You, and I, and the gentlemen in the Income Tax Bureau know that Shirley Temple earns about fifteen times as much money on by-products as she gets from Twentieth Century-Fox and that Bob Burns made an additional eighty-five thousand dollars last year, not because of playing the bazooka, but by putting his name on it and letting other people sell it.

Yet, without the movies, little Miss Temple might have put her name on the manna from heaven, or on the original waters of the Fountain of Youth for a face lotion, and she would not have received a cent in return. And this goes for all the others.

To put it another way, the stars have to stick to the movies in order to have by-prod-

ucts, even if the by-products make the movie salaries look trivial—that is, look trivial to them, not to us.

Any time a star wants to kick about his or her movie salary and dares to mention the profitable by-products, the producer has an excellent argument with which to reply: it is that nobody has ever yet given a movie contract to a prominent endorser of breakfast foods and cosmetics—it all works the other way. And the boys and girls who want to make pin money out of radio or personal appearances or newspaper columns or endorsements have to stick very close to the studios and, what's more, be top figures at the box office.

When they are at the top, the movie stars move in the only un-vicious circle in history. Like this: the more they get in the movies, the more they get on the air; and the more they get on the air, the more they get in the movies. (Until the bubble bursts and someone else grabs off top place.)

Right now a radio contract is being held up because a star insists that she wants to lose money, in order to keep up her prestige. Let us call her Miss ABC—so she can't sue us if she doesn't get her contract. Miss ABC earns five thousand dollars a week at her studio. Another actress, Miss XYZ, a rival for certain parts they both play very well, gets thirty-five hundred dollars. Now Miss XYZ has been on the air at three thousand dollars a shot. (Not a week, just for one performance.)



Virginia-born Randy Scott shares a mutual interest with all gentlemen of the South

When socialite Veronica Balfe married Gary Cooper, she found her husband was more than just an actor



Those Wupperman boys (better known to you as cinemactors Frank and Ralph Morgan) take up another sideline that pays and pays



Out of retirement into the limelight came Clara Bow and her husband Rex Bell from their quiet Nevada ranch. For what? For money. They greet the Bow père at the new cafe where Clara is doing a Texas Guinan

Miss ABC, therefore, insists on four thousand for her appearance. Her business manager points out that at four thousand dollars a show, she will move into a higher income tax bracket and her net gain will be about fifteen hundred; whereas, if she takes three thousand dollars, her net gain will be over two thousand dollars per broadcast.

But Miss ABC is obstinate. She gets more at the studios than Miss XYZ, so she'll get more on the air—even if she loses by it.

THERE is another group of players who seems really determined to lose as much of their own money as possible. You look through the list and you find that Stuart Erwin owns a vineyard; Louise Fazenda has a walnut grove and an apricot ranch. (These movie people seem to have a passionate yearning for the soil.) Edmund Lowe owns a hothouse and it is said that he has crossed a pepper and a tomato, so you can guess what the name of the new vegetable is going to be.

It can't be with any great expectation of immediate profits that these highly speculative gardening enterprises are undertaken. Even a moving-picture player must know that the farmer always is in trouble. The spectacle of Ann Dvorak appealing for help to the AAA (or one of its successors) because her crop of orchids was a failure is funny rather than pathetic.

Half a dozen men, including Gary Cooper,
(Continued on page 84)



Bill Fields and Eddie Cantor have one great talent in common

You're wrong if you think the Bob Burns' bazooka merely makes music—it does much, much more



SECOND CHANCE AT LOVE

Happy? Of course. If you'll forgive Virginia for analyzing Jack Ruben, she'll tell you why

A kiss on a "dare" started it—this romance between Virginia Bruce and the man who could make her forget

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

THE train crept reluctantly into the Los Angeles railroad yards, while two of its passengers, in empty silence, stared out of the window. One was a gold-haired woman, a beautiful woman with soft blue eyes and a wistful something about her mouth. The other was a trim, intelligent-looking man with tan cheeks and an athletic build.

Both were weighted by their return to reality, after the vaguely sad, apprehensive

twilight of a perfect holiday. The wheel trucks, rattling over switches, beat a dismal tattoo; whistles sighed distantly and crossing bells swelled and faded.

The man broke the silence. "I don't want it to end like this," he said. "I want to marry you, to live with you, to grow old with you, to die with you. Will you, Virginia?"

"Yes," she said.

The woman was Virginia Bruce. The man, J. Walter Ruben, scholar, writer, motion-picture director, athlete, and all-around good fellow.

They were married, of course, before this story reached you—a regular wedding with all the trimmings, with a honeymoon in Europe thrown in (weather and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer permitting). Plans will have been completed for the new house to be set on a high bluff overlooking Sunset Boulevard as it winds to the sea—and they'll live happily ever after, of course. For that is the happiness that has come again to Virginia Bruce—the happiness that Hollywood can give—and Hollywood can take away.

Virginia's new happiness came suddenly—as suddenly as it had come the first time. It came romantically—even more romantically than it did the first time—and it was spun of silver moonbeams and star dust from a Utah mountain sky, of two alone on a remote picture location, of loneliness—and loveliness.

But it came more maturely, more securely, more even and firm and sound this time.

THE last time I talked to Virginia Bruce was a day or two after she had left Jack Gilbert. It was in the long drawing room of the Toluca Lake home Jack had built for Virginia's folks. Outside, their daughter Susan Ann, a tanned little mite, played in the sun.

Virginia Bruce was twenty-two then. Twenty-two. An age when most girls are having themselves a whirl, dancing adoring men at the end of their heartstrings.

That was all over for Virginia. In fact, most of it had never happened to her. But other things had. At twenty-two she had known fame, the exhilaration of a career, and a love so fiercely possessive that it swept all that aside.

She had known a tempestuous marriage that bewildered her, and motherhood. She had known the tragedy of watching the man she loved crack up under the weight of his own defeated spirit. She had known also the empty confusion of separation.

And so, at twenty-two, she said, "I won't get married again—certainly not for five years, anyway." She said it and believed it, for she couldn't imagine anyone else's ever making her forget Jack Gilbert.

VIRGINIA BRUCE never has regretted her marriage with Gilbert, tragic as it was. Indeed, she has been profoundly grateful for it. It brought her depth and understanding and character—and her daughter. In fact, meeting John Gilbert at a Hollywood party one night not long after she had divorced him, she made an unusual and self-sacrificial gesture. She took Gilbert aside and told him what he had meant to her. She told him how much happiness their baby had brought to her and thanked him for the wonderful way he had acted about the child. She told him, too, of the soft spot she would always carry in her heart for him. And she has ever since been profoundly thankful that she did what she did that night. For two weeks later John Gilbert died.

There was never anyone else in Virginia's heart, never anyone who really meant anything to her so long as Jack lived, although their romance was as dead as oak leaves in December.

There was a second reason why Virginia Bruce shut out a possible marriage from her

(Continued on page 74)

THE REFORMATION OF JANE WITHERS

The Problem Child takes a turn for the better—with mixed results

BY KENT BAILEY

EVERY Sunday a little girl in pious black vestments and a holy white collar clambers into the choir stall of a Hollywood church. Raising her bright eyes heavenward in angelic countenance she carols of eternal glories. There is no doubt about it—she makes a very sweet and saintly picture, though there is sometimes a minor bulge in her robe. That can be laid to a hidden sling-shot or a treasured item from her collection of bowie knives.

Jane Ruth Withers wants very badly to be good. Jane Ruth is eleven now; coincidentally she is also eleventh in the hearts of her movie-going countrymen. The responsibility of this standing and the consciousness of approaching maturity have troubled her in no small measure lately. "Brat" is a horrid word to be applied to a budding young lady, even though its piquant stamp has done all right for Jane, to the tune of making her the idol of many millions of people who delight in juvenile wickedness.

Three years ago, when the Atlanta terror swept out of the South to spread consternation among the ranks of the Mama's Darlings cluttering up the casting offices, her tastes were frankly—er—outré, I suppose is the word for it. "I want a machine gun," declared Jane Ruth, and she didn't mean maybe.

At that time, I risked life and limb to find out something about the deadly little devil who had dared sneak scenes from Shirley Temple in "Bright Eyes." What I found, from Jane's own artless self, included this list of preferences: blood vows, Chinamen with knives, pirates, cops, slot machines, gambling ships, horse races, murder pictures and marbles for keeps. She was rough and tough and hard to bluff.

Today, I must reluctantly report, Jane simply and genuinely overflows with the milk of human kindness.

Only most of the time it turns to hot water and Jane finds herself in it—up to her neck.

On the screen, of course, Gentle Jane can relax and let nature take its course. Fans like her a little—er—boisterous. It's her private life that's bothering her.

Like what happened one day not so long ago on a purely social excursion to March Field, the big army air base near Los Angeles. Among the forty or fifty odd juvenile Post population (officers' offspring) Jane is something of a heroine. Doubtless the



commandant thinks he runs the post, but doubtless, again, the gang of tykes say what's what. At any rate, Jane was officially bidden to spend a day looking things over as an honored guest of the squadron.

It was a very nice party. They gave her a commission as an honorary sergeant major, and she rode with all the kids on the fire wagon, to the disgust of the Fire Sergeant. Then someone had a very cute idea. Why not put Jane in the radio control booth and let her direct maneuvers of the planes when they went aloft?

Why not indeed? Jane herself glowed, because it was a wonderful chance to pay back her pals, the aviators. She had had so much fun; now she would let them have fun—fun measured, of course, by her own standards. Her heart expanded in altruistic warmth.

"Do something desperate and daring!" commanded Jane.

Now it so happens that acrobatic maneuvers are what Uncle Sam's war birds consider "desperate and daring." It also hap-

(Continued on page 81)



The Army, the Church, and Willie, the Withers' cook, each can testify to the fact that, today, Jane's a small devil with wings—or an angel with horns;—not just "Brat"

Ensenada THE LAND OF



ILLUSTRATION BY
VINCENTINI

BY ERROL FLYNN

*Our Young Man About Hollywood
takes you, for new adventures, to
this picturesque haven of the stars*

THE fact that Ensenada is fast becoming the most popular resort of the West Coast, especially among that crazy gang of rather pleasant idiots known as the "picture people," is the truth.

Of course, you will always have your lads and lassies going to Arrowhead in the mountains and Palm Springs in the desert, there to be photographed and be made much of, but we are speaking now of the so-called hideaway groups.

Mexico is thoroughly delightful and the people more so. Naturally, that doesn't mean the border towns. They are no more Mexican than they are typical small towns of the United States. It is not until you penetrate nearly a hundred miles below the border that you find the real, the genuine people of Mexico.

Not long ago Dick Powell and Joan Blondell were a-wearying of onyx swimming

pools, crystal goblets and orchid-bedizened premières. They wanted a rest, far from photographers flashing light bulbs, far away from police escorts. They wanted to be just people.

We met at lunch in the studio commissary and they asked me if I knew how they could manage it. I'd just come back from Ensenada so, of course, that was my answer.

"Now, wait," said Dick Powell. "Are you sure it's safe? I mean bandits—Pancho Villa and all that."

"Mexico safe? Don't be silly! You run a bigger chance of being held up in any city in the United States than you do down there. The Mexicans are quite sensitive about it nowadays—so sensitive that one of the few crimes calling for capital punishment is any form of banditry—and they mean it!"

"How about kidnapping?"

"Hasn't been a real case in a dozen years—which is more than you can say for California!" I answered. "Go on—you'll love it. They'll turn the town upside down—and when Mexicans really start paying homage to the honored guest, it's something to see. If you're not careful, they'll start having an annual Ricardo Powell Day!"

SO the Powells took the stars off their dressing-room doors and packed them in with the toothbrushes and cold cream and started for a week in Old May'hico. They were both new to the country—and its tongue, and so when they saw the big sign by the Aduano

TAMALES AND TEQUILA

Station just outside of Ensenada that read both "Alto" and "Stop," they stopped—in both languages. That proved they were greenhorns.

The *soldado* on duty leapt to his feet, stood at attention, saluted and rattled on brightly in his mother tongue.

"Bienvenida gran Señor y Señora!" This remark was followed by a garrulous and colorful flow of incomprehensible—to the Powells—Spanish.

"Well!" commented Mr. Powell to Mrs. Powell at the conclusion of it.

The *soldado* showed all his teeth, bowed graciously and jumped on the running board, a display of activity reserved for matters of international importance only. Barking important commands to pedestrians and sleeping dogs, he piloted the startled Powells down La Avenida Ruiz as though it were a tortuous channel and thence over the bridge to the famous La Playa.

The hotel was in a state. People were darting about in barely suppressed excitement. Red, white and green bunting festooned

duct the Señor y Señora!"

Well, this was sure pretty swell, thought the Powells; turning the town out was right! Not many places where foreign picture stars were treated with such naïve courtesy. Quite humanly, the Powells began to develop a hidden affection for Mexico and its quaint people.

THROUGHOUT the dinner that night they were even more impressed by the feeling that at any moment the curtain was to be raised on some climactic act, amateurish perhaps, but sincere. After a couple of champagnes, Dick and Joan were at the point of giving the simple little town a new library.

After dinner they went out on the balcony to gaze at the glorious moonlit bay and the Todos Santos Islands that had inspired Robert Louis Stevenson to write "Treasure Island."

Almost as if their appearance were a cue, a loud (and exceptionally military) town band struck up a march and, with torches and flags, started down the road that

Just then the torchlight procession took a sharp turn off the road and marched bravely out along the pier to where the *soldados* were proudly puffing from their labors. They drew up to attention, facing the bay, where, barely discernible as it approached on the dark water, a small tender was putting in from a battle cruiser, screened from view by the point.

Vociferous in the impressive stillness after the music and gunfire came the massed voices of the 200 inhabitants and 2000 dogs of Ensenada giving vent to three hearty cheers for the Governor of Baja California who had just arrived for an official visit!

It is reliably stated that Mr. and Mrs. Powell repaired quickly to the bar, there to meditate and take stock.

THE presiding genius of Ensenada is Arturo Barreda. Officially, he runs the hotel; actually, he is known far and wide as El Rey toda Ensenada. Son of a Sonora *haciendado*, heir to a two-hundred-thousand-acre *rancho*, he is a man to be reckoned with. In him is a strange combination of the blood of the Conquistadores and modern Mexico. On duty he has the natural suavity of a Continental diplomat; off duty he is a *caballero* on the loose. The well-banked fires in his eyes break into flame and Ensenada sits back in watchful admiration to see what Arturo will do next . . . he usually does it.

One of Arturo's best friends is Jimmy Dunn—and Dunn has the same love of Mexico that you will find in anyone who has lived there and known the people intimately. Together they have bought three hundred acres just south of Ensenada upon which they plan to build a ranch. They will grow horses and cattle (from Arturo's Sonora estate), beans (indigenous) and dudes (imported). They will also lease certain choice lots to a few Hollywoodians who like the country for something other than a place in which to get cockeyed, so that they, too, may build.

One of the first of these lots went to Grace Moore and her husband Valentin Parera. Between pictures it has been the wont of the songstress to hie herself and husband down to the Ensenada Bay in a trailer and pitch camp among the *tacos* and *frijoles*. She and your humble correspondent, along with several others, would long since be property owners in Baja California were it not for the fact that Mexico has passed laws forbidding the owning of property by foreigners. And for very good reason, when you consider the land and mineral grabbing propensities of certain of our wealthier men.

WHEN the screen's "favorite wife" decided to find out for herself what all this marriage business was really like and stepped into the bonds of holy wedlock, she did it in Ensenada. In case you have ever married Myrna Loy in the dark of a theater, you probably felt a certain jealousy toward Pro-

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Lili poses with "Robin Hood" Errol on location but in their across-the-border hideaway pictures are taboo

every available cornice; flowers were banked in profusion throughout the lobby; a stringed orchestra was tuning up in the patio.

The Powells were touched.

At the desk of the hotel, they were welcomed by a gentleman of beaming countenance and a warm handshake.

"Bienvenida a La Playa Ensenada! This is indeed an auspicious occasion! Your rooms are ready. Guererro! José! Con-

stretches between the little town and the hotel grounds.

Joan was ready to cry, she was so moved.

A little group of *soldados* down on the wharf started firing a salute on the town cannon—slowly, sweating enthusiastically and making a great noise. Twenty-one guns!

"Gosh. . . !" goshed Dick. "Twenty-one guns! The tops! You know, they shouldn't have done that. That's—that's for royalty!"

IN THE PALM OF YOUR HAND



TYRONE POWER

SKIN: elastic, or medium.
NAILS: very broad. This shows that Tyrone is frank, honest, and the possessor of good health and a great amount of youthful vitality.
FINGERS: short. Tyrone is an impulsive, quick-witted, impatient person, who dislikes details unless he is especially interested.
KNUCKLES: knotty. These knuckles cause Tyrone to look before he leaps, think before he speaks, analyze others' actions carefully.

JOAN CRAWFORD

SKIN: elastic.
NAILS: long and narrow. Indicates honesty and frankness combined with tact. Will give honest opinion even though uncomplimentary.
FINGERS: short. Joan is mentally alert, acts quickly, a good organizer, not a good follower unless teacher knows more than she does.
KNUCKLES: knotty. Serve as brake and make Joan stop and think before she speaks. She's safe in trusting her intuition.

*It's fun to learn about yourself, learn about your friends!
 Here is the first in a series of articles which explains away
 those mysterious markings on your hand, by the authority—*

MATILDA U. TROTTER

WOULD you like to be able to read your own hands and the hands of your friends? Well, with the aid of the hands of some of your favorite moving-picture stars, I am going to show you how you can do it.

Begin with the backs of the hands. You can tell all about a person's character from the backs of his hands. Be sure you have a good light; then place the hands, palms down, on a flat surface. Now note the following things: color and texture of skin; flexibility—how the hands and fingers fall; length of fingers and if finger joints are smooth or knotty; fingertips—spatulate, conic, square or pointed; nails—shape and size—and color.

To illustrate what I mean, look at the pic-

ture on this page of the backs of Joan Crawford's hands. Then study the deductions I have made regarding them.

SKIN:—elastic. This shows originality, activity and versatility.

Miss Crawford's hands do not bend easily. This shows that she has force and determination, can not be easily swayed or led, prefers people to adapt themselves to her rather than adapting herself to others.

NAILS:—long and rather narrow. This indicates honesty and frankness, combined with tact. In other words, if you ask Joan Crawford's opinion she will give you an honest opinion, but will try not to hurt your feelings even though the opinion is not complimentary.

FINGERS:—fall apart with the two middle fingers together. The middle fingers hugging

together tell of a person who is always aware that the future must be faced. This person is never caught without a good alibi, either.

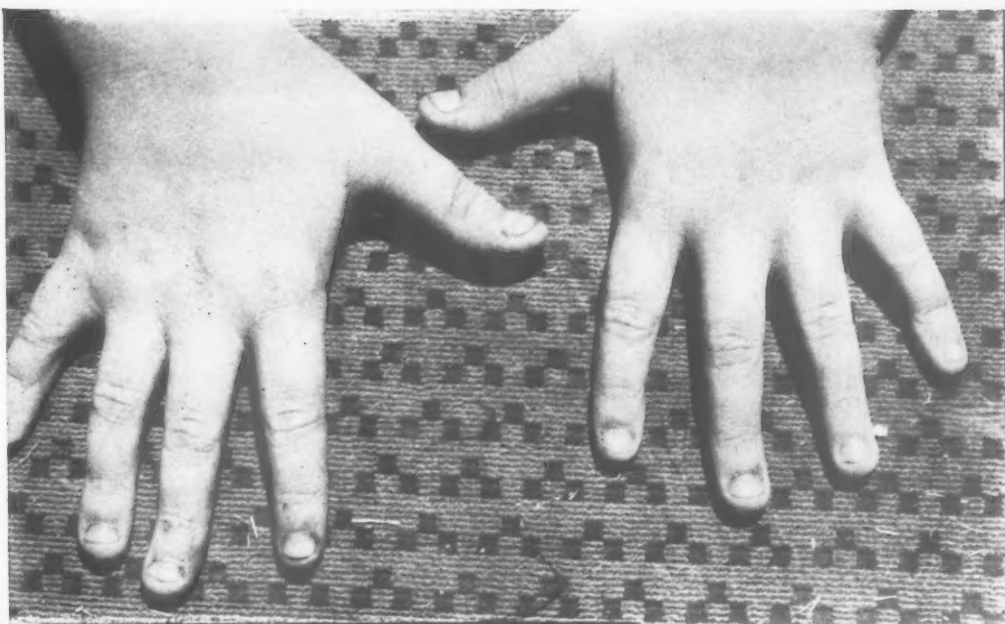
The other fingers, spaced apart, show generosity, versatility, an open mind, a modern viewpoint and an interest in and the ability to do many things well.

Miss Crawford's fingers are short. She is impatient, impulsive, dislikes details, thinks and acts quickly and wants her associates to do the same. She is quick-witted, mentally alert. She is a good organizer, a good leader but not a good follower unless she is positive that her teacher knows more than she does. Then she will listen, in order to study and absorb all that the other person has to impart.

Her little finger is crooked. This shows shrewdness and the ability to judge people.

KNUCKLES:—knotty. These knuckles serve as a brake and make Joan Crawford stop and think before she speaks and acts. Short fingers need knotty knuckles. These knuckles also cause her to analyze and consider the deeds and actions of others.

Because Miss Crawford's fingertips are conic and her knuckles are knotty, she is safe in trusting both her intuition and her powers of analysis. They will not fail her, even in a crisis or catastrophe.



JANE WITHERS

SKIN: elastic. This shows great originality.
NAILS: perfect example of short wide finger nails. These nails make Jane a quick, argumentative and extremely clever child.
FINGERS: medium length. Jane's well balanced and compatible if you will listen to her arguments and give in if her idea is right.
FINGERTIPS: perfect example of spatulate tips, showing originality, activity and sacrificial love of all animals as pets.

ANITA LOUISE

SKIN: fine-textured and white.
NAILS: white. This indicates that, although Anita is a very honest and frank person, she never goes to extremes.
FINGERS: long, close together—the fingers of a conventional, reserved and extremely cautious person who shies at showiness.
KNUCKLES: knobby. Increases her caution and causes her to analyze everything with extreme care before coming to a decision.



ALICE FAYE

COLOR: white.
FLEXIBILITY: extremely flexible. Alice is easygoing and adaptable, prone to sacrifice her own desires to those of others.
FINGERS: medium length with conic tips. Indicates Miss Faye is well-balanced, though a lover of pleasure and romance.
KNUCKLES: smooth. This characteristic of knuckles shows Alice to be a person endowed with intuition and inspiration.



THE color of your skin tells about your temperament and your general health. Pink skin indicates good health, vitality, and a well-balanced temperament.

Red magnifies all the other characteristics and lines of a hand. It suggests a lusty nature, one apt to go to extremes in all things, a person violent both in love and in anger.

This person should learn to control himself early in life or nature will force him to pay for his excesses in later years.

White skin (that is, dead-white skin) implies a lack of vitality and, as a result, lack of ardor, generosity and sympathy. But, just as red accentuates, white tones down all the other hand characteristics and lines.

The person with yellow skin is often moody, depressed and cranky. If he has a sense of humor it is apt to be an acid one. He likes to be alone and often his outlook on life is so morbid that people elect to leave him alone.

When you are studying the color of hands,
 (Continued on page 82)

ZE NAME EEZ

SPOOKS

ON the set they call her Leelee, as in French. Or they call her Spooks. Spooks is a creation of Jack Oakie's. "She comes and goes like a spook," he said of the little opera singer who popped in and out of the lives of the four musicians in "That Girl from Paris."

With Lily Pons standing plain before him, Oakie would get down on his knees and peer under sofas for her. She'd laugh at his antics, but the people on the set weren't quite sure how she was taking it, or whether the laugh was just politeness.

Till one day, having removed her make-up at the dressing table, she covered her face with a soothing layer of rice powder. Then she looked at herself in the mirror. "Booh! Such a Spooks!" she said; and thereafter, when a more formal mode of address was used, "Ze name eez Spooks," she'd say. The name has stuck.

Except for her voice, there's nothing of the diva about Lily Pons. She doesn't dramatize herself. Her own unaffectedness dispels the awe in which opera singers are traditionally held. That sense of "Sh! Sh! Here comes the prima donna" is conspicuous by its absence. She scorns the solitary grandeur of her dressing room. "Eet eez lonely zere. 'Ere I 'ave fun." So you'll find her out in the open, sitting with the gang, learning American slang from them, delighting in their foolery.

In them she stirs something warmer than awe—something of the protective tenderness stirred by a child. This is partly because she's tiny. More essentially, it's because she has certain qualities we associate with children—she's natural, she's openhearted and she loves to laugh.

One constant source of hilarity is her way with the English language. She works hard at mastering it, but, if it provides a little gayety on the side, so much the better. She knows that her fellow workers mean well by her. In fact, they're a corps of self-appointed tutors. Therefore, if they laugh, it must be because there's something to laugh at. And Lily joins wholeheartedly in the sport.

She's rehearsing a scene for "Hitting a New High,"

A teasing Hollywood gave her the name, but Lily Pons, by a clever trick, walked off chuckling with the game

BY IDA ZEITLIN



and she says, "Don't ee-vaire speak to me again."

"Ever," a prop man, a grip and her official teacher correct her in chorus.

"Don't e-vaire speak to me again," she repeats, and looks from one to the other for approval.

"Bon," says the prop man, for, while they teach her English, she teaches them

all the finer points of French.

In this scene she is called upon to pummel and slap John Howard, her fiancé. "You're choking me," he cries.

"Choking eez too much good for you," she retorts, and knows from the answering shout that her tongue has tripped. Hands still on John's throat, she lifts her head. "Too much bad for me," she chuckles.

HER jester-in-chief is Jack Oakie. Things are fast reaching a point where he has only to put in an appearance to make Lily giggle. Half the time she has only the vaguest notion of what he's talking about. But her faith in him is such that she laughs, regardless.

"Excuse me, Jack," she apologizes, "but I sink you will be funny."

"She sinks I will be funny," declaims Jack bitterly, hissing his sibilants. "Ze great aw-pay-rah star laughs at ze movie clown." He breaks into a stream of pig Gallic, gesticulating meanwhile with the violence of a comedy Frenchman. Then he jumps to a box, finger tips on his heart.

"Ridi, Pagliaccio," he bellows, pulling out all the tremolo stops, sobbing into his handkerchief, pausing to wring it dry and

Lily smashed the prima donna bugaboo in Hollywood, by posing with zeal for "leg art," and, when the pictures weren't used, by putting a startling query to her chiefs



Slacks are Lily's daytime outfit, a fitting one for a diva who dares to admit she likes popcorn and practical jokes



Right: Lily with Andre Kostelanetz, her constant escort. Her only comment: "So much I tell you—some day I marry."



Far right: on the set of "Hitting a New High." Jack Oakie is jester-in-chief; Lily, his main and most appreciative foil



wink at his audience, who by this time has collapsed in the final stages of mirth.

"Jack," she chokes, wiping the tears away, "you are—you are scream."

"My public," beams Jack, and kisses her hand with a flourish.

From the first, she recognized in the American spirit something to which she felt herself akin. A fundamental simplicity in her responded to the informal in us. She revels, she glories in what we, who were born to this freedom, take for granted.

Nor has custom staled it for her. Her secretary, Margherita Tirindelli, known as Tiri, for short, is still likely to find her in gales of merriment over the morning papers.

"See, Tiri," she gasps, and points to some such headline as "Citizen Takes a Rap at Senator." "In Europe we say 'Ze Sen-ah-tor' and we bow four times. 'Ere zey rap on 'eem." She turns impishly solemn for a moment. "I tell you what 'appens tomorrow, Tiri. Tomorrow 'e geeves zem back ze rap, your Sen-ah-tor."

Tiri tells, too, of a letter Miss Pons once received from a young man. He enclosed a snapshot of himself in aviator's uniform; he told her what college he'd gone to, what clubs he belonged to, what work he did, how long he'd been married. He ended by expressing his admiration for her and inviting her to lunch.

An invitation to lunch with a strange young man made Lily's day. But through her amusement ran understanding, too. An
(Continued on page 76)



White tie and tails, a trailing evening gown identified the Ian Hunters of London—but life changed when these casual, happy people discovered the Pacific; because Ian has the sea in his blood and Casha remembered gay days off England's coast

THE night before Ian Hunter and his wife left England on the Big Adventure that took them to Hollywood for the first time, we sat in Scott's, at the top of the Haymarket in London, eating oysters and drinking champagne. Four of us occupied the square table; Ian, Casha, who is Mrs. Hunter, an English actor who has known Ian for many years, and myself.

The trunks were locked. The household goods were stored. The tickets for the *Paris* were on a desk at the furnished apartment in Berkeley Square that was the Hunters' final home before they left London. It was mid-December, 1934; and with flags flying Ian and Casha Hunter were starting off on yet another of the adventures they face with so much gay bravado. That last evening "at home" was quite an occasion, with more than a suggestion of tears behind its smiles, for the Hunters were leaving their two small sons behind, until it seemed wise for them to

travel 6,000 miles to far-off Hollywood.

White tie and tails, for Ian; one of the originally distinctive frocks she loves, for Casha. Oysters and champagne. Orchestra seats for a show—it was John Gielgud, in "Hamlet," if I remember correctly—and finally supper at the famous Savoy Grill, where it seemed that every second person who entered stopped to say "Bon Voyage" to the Hunters. Then a few hours' sleep, a scurry for the boat train, a sheaf of telegrams—and off to Hollywood.

The next time I saw Ian and Cash—nobody ever calls her Casha—was in Hollywood, in a cottage at the edge of the sea at Santa Monica. No white tie or tails or trailing evening frock, that time. Just a swimming suit for Ian; slacks, a jumper, and sandals for Cash. And upstairs two small boys chattering and clattering, while their would-be stern parent shouted to "the blokes" to hurry up and get dressed, if they wanted to drive to

HOLLYWOOD, HUNTER-

AND THE HIGH SEAS

BY MARGARET CHUTE

Hollywood and collect some much coveted ice cream. The Hunters had settled down, in no uncertain fashion.

NEARLY all the two and a half years since they have been in Hollywood, Ian and his wife have made their home by the sea. When they first arrived they lived in an apartment; then one adventurous afternoon they discovered the ocean. Now Ian has the sea in his blood. To him, there is nothing that can beat a boat, some sails, and a fishing line. So this vision of the sea was a joy beyond all telling.

There, stretched in front of their eyes, was a long, jagged line of houses, assorted as to size, decorating a curved sandy beach, with the Pacific breakers booming ceaselessly in the background.

"That's a nice little settlement!" said Ian to Cash. "Let's see what we can do about getting one of those houses."

The "nice little settlement" was Malibu Beach, no less! Malibu, playtime-home of the stars, where even the smallest house costs a large chunk of bank roll. But Ian did not know this when he interviewed Art Jones, who more or less runs and manages the place. Having remarked airily that he had an idea he would like to get hold of a house along the beach, Ian was almost stunned at the price that was mentioned. In the end, however, he took a house; and then began one of the happiest stretches of his life in California. Accompanied by his wife and "the blokes," he spent the days that were not occupied at the studio fishing, swimming, sailing. Today, the Hunters live in a lovely, highly modern house that once belonged to Anna Sten, with a swimming pool, a garden banked with flowers, and a view of the ocean from every window.

THE Hunter household consists of Ian, Casha, their eldest son, ten-year-old Jolyon (always called Jo), and their youngest son, seven-year-old Robin (always called Wamps, or something that sounds rather like the way I have written that word). The two boys are attending the Hollywood Military Academy, and think a suit of dungaree is the grandest kind of costume ever invented.

The rest of the household is important, too,
(Continued on page 78)

The CAMERA *Speaks*



When a movie actor turns his back to a camera, that's news. When Gable does, it's tragic. The compensation? Our close-up of a true-blue sportsman

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY
BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST



SHIRLEY KNEADS THE DOUGH





With her usual verve and vitality little Miss T. tackles the higher complications of the culinary arts. She gets flour in her eyes, but that doesn't floor her for there's Pekingese Ching-Ching, her all-time friend, to blink in absolute approval. Determination, self-reliance, persistence give her, in the kitchen as before the camera—perfection

YOU'RE
A
SWEETHEART





A new dance combine is formed—torch-singing Alice Faye and the versatile George Murphy are out to make history. When the spectacular dance sequences of "You're a Sweetheart" were filmed, Photoplay's own cameraman grabbed these actual performance shots of the dancers, while five studio cameras followed the breath-taking routine which took the couple from a stage, up a flight of silver stairs, around the gallery and back onto the stage, over audience and orchestra, via a giant swing. Along with their dancing, Alice and George do romancing while Ken Murray and his stooge, Andy Devine and Charles Winninger humorize

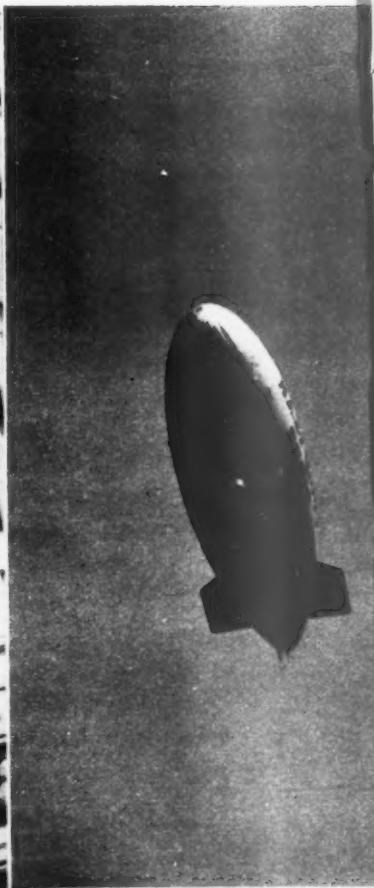


KNOW HOLLYWOOD

CROSSROADS. Where stars are made, debts are paid and actors are a dime a dozen. The Times Square of Cinematown—Vine Street crosses Hollywood Boulevard. Left: Ken starts his camera cruise by a shot of Alice Faye, his co-actor in Universal's "You're a Sweetheart"



Taken especially for Photoplay by actor Ken Murray were these pictures of that fabulous town where a chariot race or Lady Godiva is a commonplace occurrence



LANDMARK. The original Brown Derby on Wilshire Boulevard dozes placidly in the afternoon sun. Started by Herb Somborn (ex-husband of Gloria Swanson), it was an outgrowth of his desire for bigger and better strawberry shortcake and hamburgers. It gained rapid popularity, is now the scene of many big off-record deals

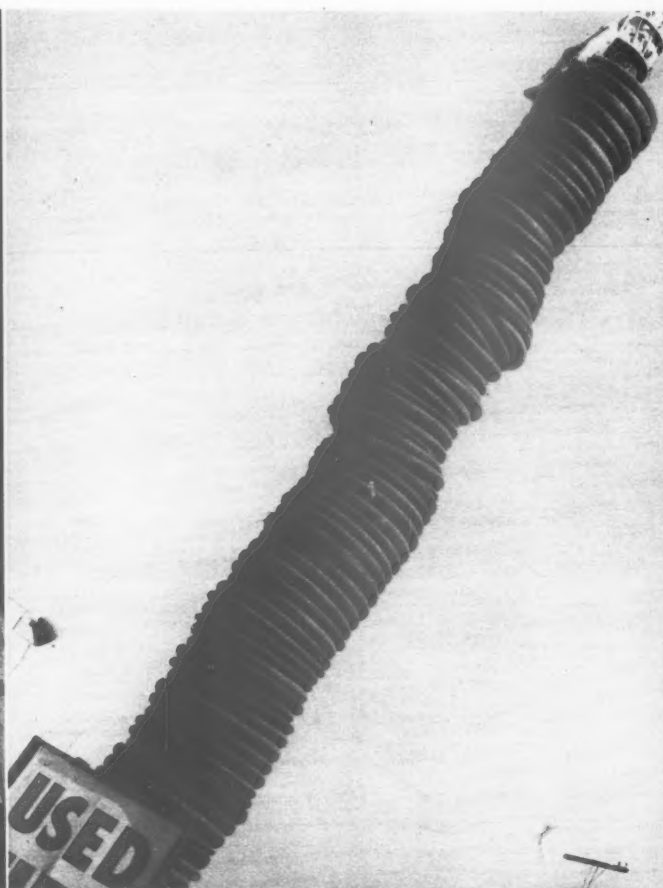


CUPBEARERS OF THE STARS. Starched efficiency, pride in profession—those are the signs of the Brown Derby waitress. Here is a mother training her tiny daughter in the art of serving Miss Temple ten years hence. And this could happen only in Hollywood

SKY TOUR. The Goodyear blimp with its sight-seeing cargo circles the spire of the famous Church of the Blessed Sacrament on Sunset. Night and day, over Santa Monica's beaches, Pasadena's Rose Bowl, Hollywood high spots, this sky tour goes on

HOLLYWOOD PISA. Many an unsuspecting tourist gapes at the brave man atop this wavering pile of old tires. A competent come-on for this particular business, his job holds no terrors for him: he is the dummy the movie hero used to throw over the cliff

MODERN CONVENIENCE. In the Farmer's Market, where many of the stars do their own domestic shopping, is this novel wheeled wicker receptacle for a tagging Junior who rebels at staying home



STRICTLY BUSINESS. Inside this monumental Sphinx goes the wondering tourist, finds therein a thriving real-estate office, often emerges the proud possessor of a "hilltop home" or a dozen orange groves

TEXAS IN TOWN. In the midst of the bustle of busy LaBrea Boulevard is this working oil well. Traffic darts deftly right and left around it, the tourist stands amazed, the native gives it not a glance—for of such modern miracles is this Hollywood made

COMEBACK TRAIL From a Nevada ranch, Clara Bow, with husband Rex Bell, comes back to Hollywood to hang her restaurant shingle among Vine Street bright lights. There she mingles with those friends she used to know, meets as guests the stars of new-found fame

"DIME-AND" DEMOCRACY. Rich star, poor star, beggarman, extra, the five-thousand-a-week headliner, the fifteen-a-week prop boy—all snatch their "between-shots" lunches at these drive-in stands that sprinkle the byways of Hollywood

GAY DECEIVERS. These professionals in the art of fictionizing deal out glamour wholesale—they can show you where Garbo bathes every morning at sunset, the glade where Mickey Mouse met Minnie, and the spot where Ken hides his salary



SANDS OF TIME. The fabulous forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theater, the locale of previews, where, in cement, is the engraved roster of the great. A tiny tourist compares her handprints with those of Janet Gaynor, dreaming who knows what dreams—just as Janet herself, as the Vicki Lester of "A Star is Born," came to stand in awe at Grauman's

DESERT SPOILS. The mecca of the businessman is in Hollywood. Even as the gold rush era brought the hopeful from near and far, so today do prospectors come West—and sometimes, as this businessman above, find gold. Discoverer of a desert gold mine, this man is soliciting a partner

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OLIVIA De HAVILLAND

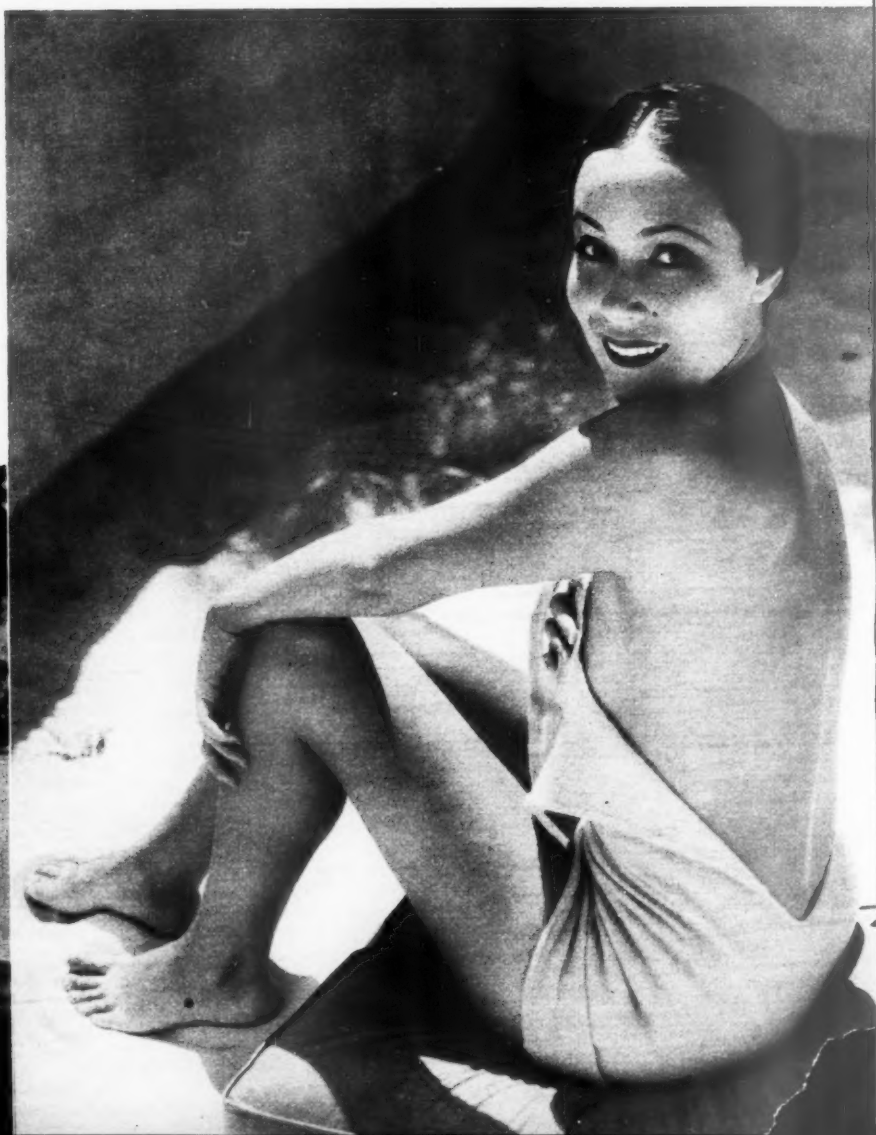
Sugar, with a dash of spice, is this twenty-one-year-old star whose penchant for overalls and extraordinary hours of sleep is a byword. "Discovered" by the great Reinhardt himself, she justifies his faith by her ability to laugh at herself, to wrinkle her nose at all absurdities, to act with simplicity



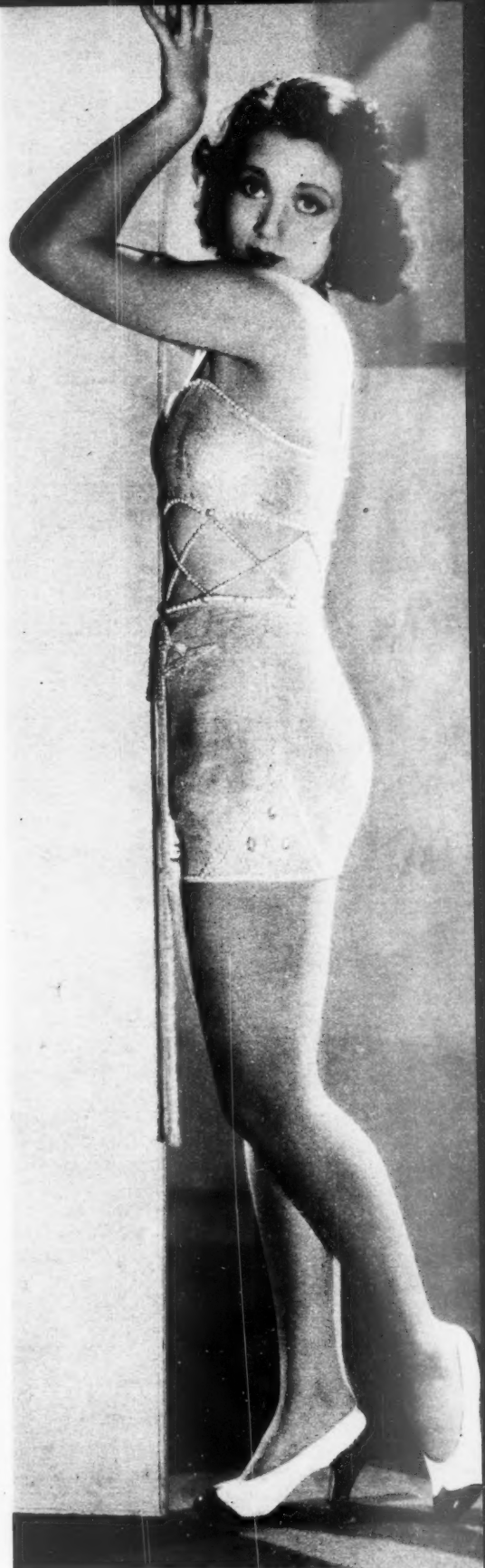
In the bad old days a new star was handed the credo—"Less clothes, more fame," and the poor gal just had to grin and bare it. Thus our Kay boomed the bead and feather market long before she was Fashion's "First Lady"

Demure Miss Bruce went from Hollywood to Broadway to become America's Most Beautiful Chorus Girl. When she returned, her publicity man advised she throw out her Ziegfeld modesty to pose alluringly as above (upper right)

Dolores Del Rio's wily press agent knew a perfect back when he saw one—thought the world would, too. Result was the lovely star didn't take her sun baths just for health's sake. But today she suns in private, wears slacks in public



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The title donated to a certain Miss Lombard was Carole of the Curves. But—her hey-day was later when sex walked out. Then she covered herself with glory and gowns to win fame as a comedienne



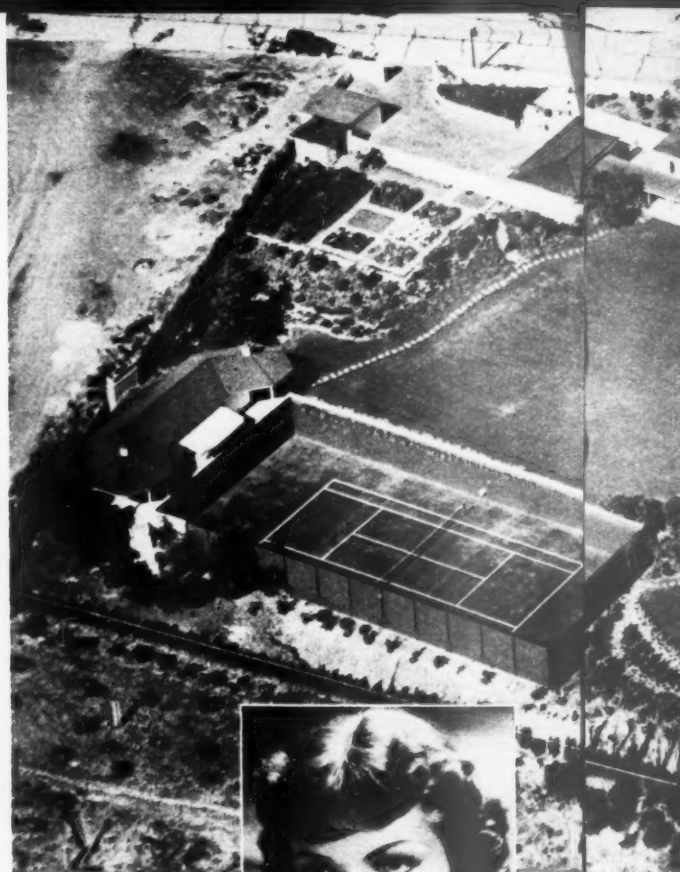
THEN- AND NOW



They dolled up Myrna Loy as a slinky siren, but at that she wasn't such a smash hit . . . Came a brave new world and Mrs. Thin Man. Whereupon, as the "Perfect Wife" (left), she's the ideal of every girl with a wedding ring

In sport shoes and the very latest thing in beads, P.O.P.A. (per orders press agent) Ann Sothorn (upper right), made her debut. Today she shuins such scanty garb, and smothers herself from head to feet in furs





A resort hotel? No, just the little nest that provides shelter for the Fredric Marches and their two children

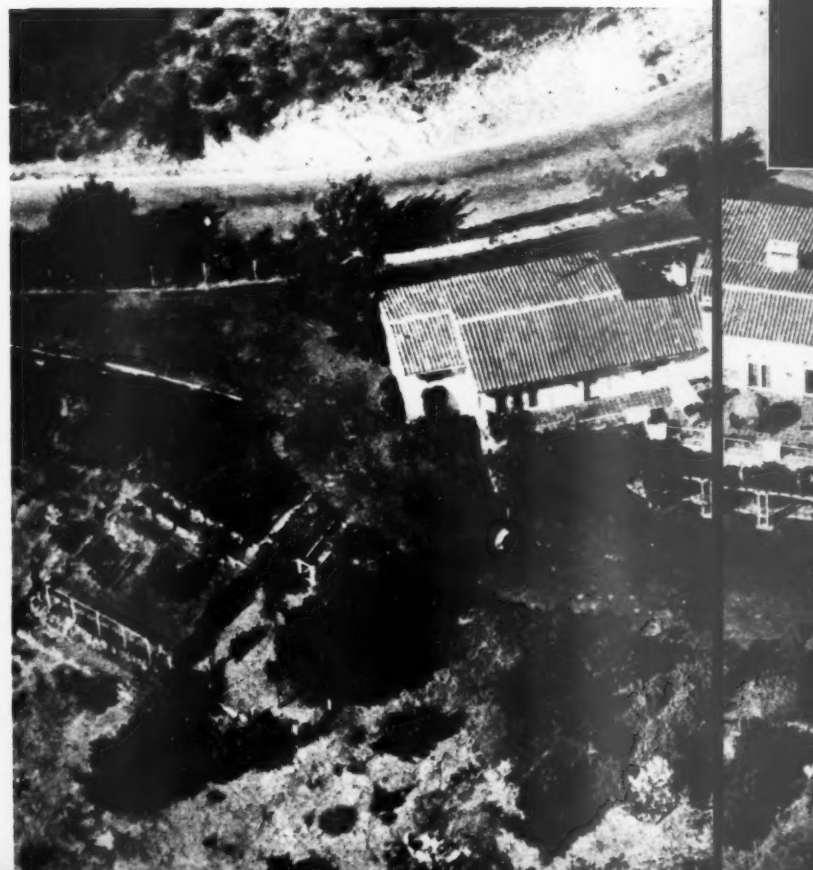
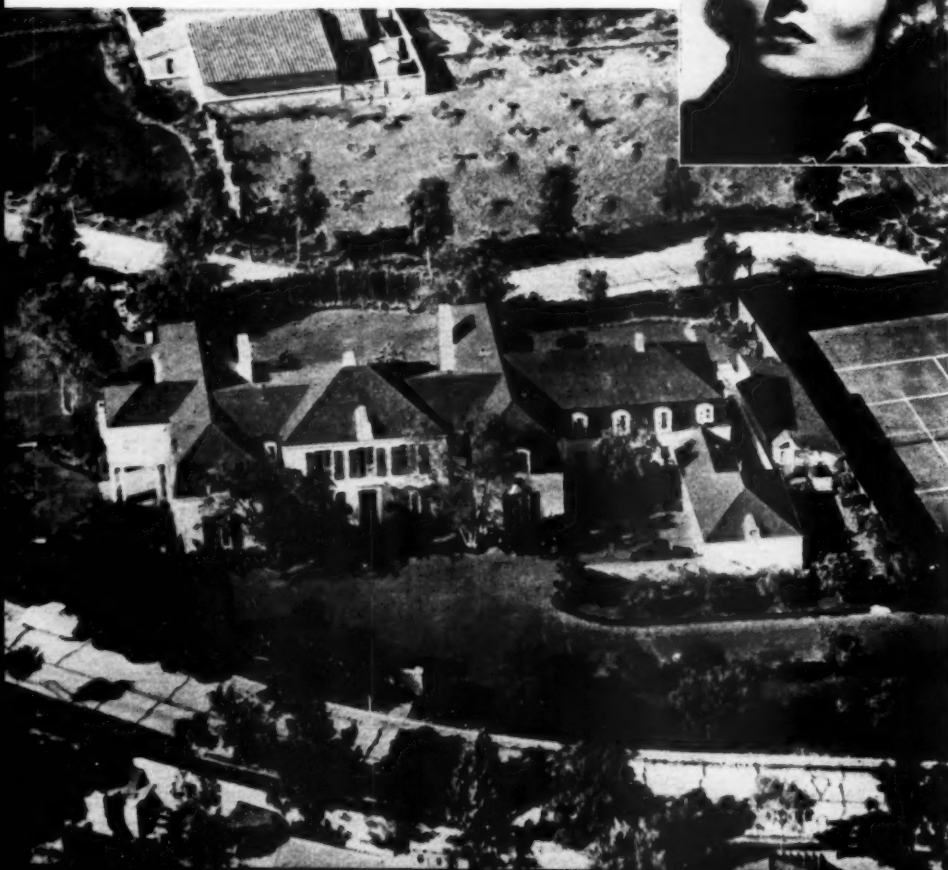


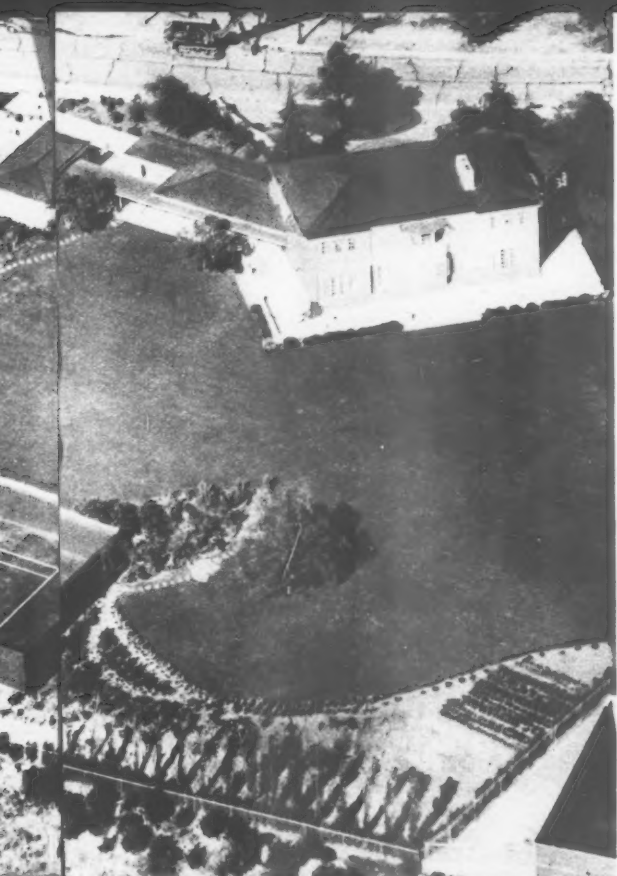
HOME IS WHERE THE

A Holmby Hillbilly—this showplace houses Constance Bennett and her young son, Peter



The house that radio built belongs to incorrigible Andy (Charles Correll) of "Amos 'n' Andy"





Breathing space is what Claudette Colbert wanted when she planned her charming home



High on a hilltop overlooking Beverly Hills is the magnificent establishment of Sam Goldwyn



HEART IS

EXCLUSIVE PICTURES TAKEN FROM
THE AIR BY CAPTAIN C. W. EHRLMAN



Nestled in a heavily wooded section of Bel-Air is Warner Baxter's English country home



LENS-EYE VIEW OF

ROS



Clowning in the commissary—the
"new Eddy" with a "Rosalie" dancer



F
S

ALIE

Eleanor Powell and Nelson Eddy
costar, for the first time, in this
musical comedy (a love story
of a West Point cadet and the
princess of a mythical kingdom)
made famous on the Broadway
stage by the late Marilyn Miller



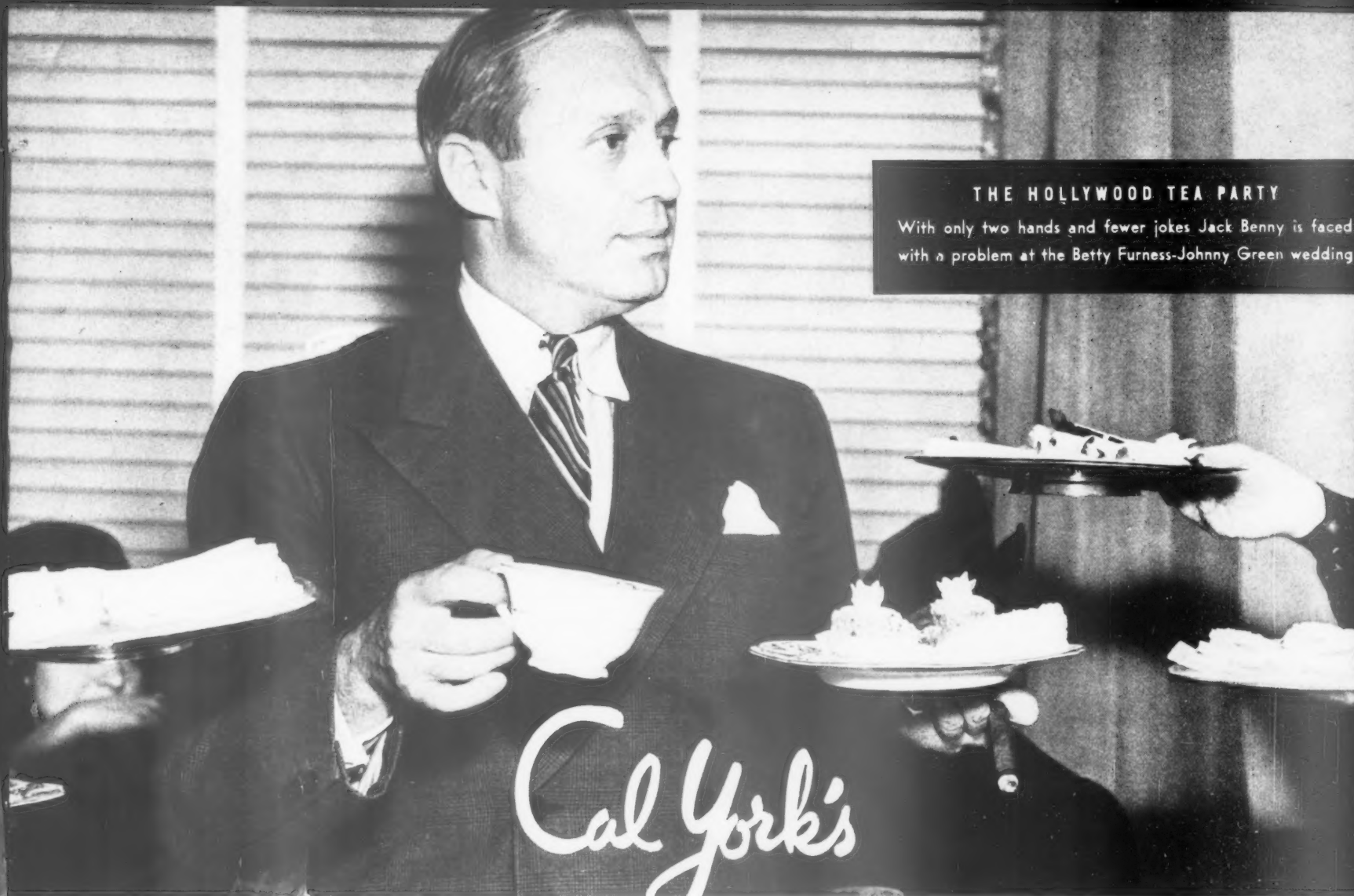
All the allure of "behind the scenes" Hollywood is glimpsed on the sixty-acre set where the dancing spectacle of "Rosalie" is being shot. Extras, workmen, make-up artists, dancers and stars congregate as the camera travels from group to group for, perhaps, a look-in at Eleanor and Nelson in a star-to-star checkup; to a make-up man dabbing at Ilona Massey before she faces the camera; on to Albertina Rasch patiently coaching a few of the 500 dancers in the picture; or to Ray Bolger and Eleanor rehearsing a snappy tap routine; then again it catches Eleanor in confab with make-up aides Peggy MacDonald and George Lane. In other words—it's 9 o'clock, Hollywood time

SHADES OF SCARLETT O'HARA



—but she's not Scarlett. She's "Jezebel," screen heroine of the stage play Warners bought long before "Gone with the Wind" appeared. While her contemporary Scarlett still languishes on paper, belle Bette Davis slyly makes her own bid for fame





THE HOLLYWOOD TEA PARTY

With only two hands and fewer jokes Jack Benny is faced with a problem at the Betty Furness-Johnny Green wedding

Cal York's

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

Topical tales about those Pacific Coast cliff dwellers whose amusing hi-jinks make for delightful reading

BARTHOLOMEW ARMS FOR COURT

OUT of all the heartbreaking court battles recently endured by Freddie Bartholomew, comes this one amusing thing. Freddie now totes around a monstrous brief case, larger and fatter than any lawyer's, and literally crammed with legal-looking documents.

Freddie believes in preparedness.

YARN ABOUT THE "B.F."

THEY say it's only the most unfortunate of stars who believe their own publicity. We're not so sure. Take that gift sweater Warner Brothers publicity department said Marie Wilson was knitting for her boy friend, Nick Grinde. When Marie heard about the dreamed-up yarn Warners had concocted as publicity, she really bought yarn and did make a ducky little number for the b.f.

Of course, it may be just a little baggy here and there, some of the stitches may have dropped out of their own accord, but Nick Grinde won't part with that sweater for anything. You see, it was Marie's first encounter with a pair of knitting needles.

HELLO BUT NOT GOOD-BY

ONE evening a telephone call from Providence, R. I. was put through to Shirley Temple's home. Before the little girl on the Rhode Island end could say more than "Hello, Shirley," the R. I. line was cut off.

Shirley put down her telephone and observed, "I'll bet that little girl's mama came home sooner than she expected."

TEMPER OR TEMPERAMENT

FRANKLY, we've always missed those colorful old days when Gloria Swanson and Lilyan Tashman used to stage their fashion wars. Seems like the present crop of Hollywood stars is afraid to step right out into the open and challenge all comers to a dress battle. That's why we are so proud of little Edith Fellows, Columbia's child star.

When she read in the papers that Deanna Durbin was to have seven changes of costume in "Mad About Music," she made a

hurried mental check-up; she was wearing only six in her picture. The next morning she told the director about it. He wasn't interested. She told the cast about it. They gave her more encouragement. So she braved the front-office executives with a "shame on you for letting Deanna's studio get ahead of you" attitude. And now Edith Fellows will have ten changes of costume in her next picture.

LONG-SUFFERING FEMALE

HELEN BRODERICK has suffered two disappointments in one month and feels that's plenty for one woman.

First, the little green things all over Helen's trees turned out not to be little green oranges, as she had supposed, but avocados. There seemed to have been a slip-up somewhere in the planting.

Second disappointment came when Helen could not get away from work to witness her son's debut on the New York stage in "Of Mice and Men."

Then, right in the most dramatic scene of her new picture, Victor Moore accidentally pulled off the lovely wig Helen was wearing.

But Helen doesn't count that as a major disappointment. She'd honestly be extremely disappointed if Victor didn't make a mistake somewhere.



Hollywood's a sort of railroad station—people coming and going. Prime departure this month: Miriam Hopkins. Arrival: Annabella



This goes on eternally—but watch which girls get together—here are Sally Eilers, Myrna Loy and Loretta Young and see how differently they dress



There are always big broadcasts going out of Hollywood but our favorite of the month was this of Miss Crawford with Spencer Tracy very close by and Producer Joe Mankiewicz looking on

COME 7, COME "21"

LUCKY Jean Muir! Let out by Warners after several years on that lot, Jeanie came East to try her luck on the Broadway stage.

Being a frugal soul, she took a modest walk-up apartment on East Forty-eighth Street and resigned herself to the task of job hunting in what she knew was the poorest theatrical season in years.

Then came the unexpected break. A chance meeting with J. B. Priestley, noted British dramatist, one evening in the famous "21" Club resulted in an offer to star on the London stage in his latest play. Two days later a jubilant Jean was on her way across the ocean to what promises to be her greatest success. Once there, she was bombarded with offers from Hollywood at which she politely, but firmly, turned up her nose.

REALLY!

M-G-M isn't happy, it seems, without a serious romance amongst its obliging workers. For instance, just as J. Walter Ruben and Virginia Bruce up and marry, along come James Stewart and Rosalind Russell to provide the thrills and publicity blurbs. Only it isn't all publicity, please remember. Jimmie really seems smitten with the lovely Miss Russell.

PARTY IN THE DARK

If you want to stay in the swim of social things in Hollywood, you must forever keep thinking up new and bizarre ways of throwing an ordinary party.

Claire Dodd fancied up a honey to celebrate the completion of her latest picture, "Romance in the Dark." Her invited guests were ushered into a totally dark house. What's more, they had to fumble around until the whole party was present. But when Claire turned on the lights—ooh! On the floor lay a broken porcelain vase she valued at \$1,500.

MY HEART BE STILL DEPARTMENT

LANA TURNER has forgotten her fervent young love for Wayne Morris and all because of Tim Holt, handsome young son of Jack Holt.

However, Nan Grey hasn't forgotten Wayne and seems slightly bewildered at the young man's sudden switch to Eleanor Powell.

Janet Gaynor still holds the affections of Tyrone Power right in the palm of her little white hand. And Tyrone loves it.

Joe Mankiewicz is still the current head



That was this month—sometimes it's bike races, sometimes circuses. But Norma Shearer (here with David Niven and the Johnny Mack Browns) makes this the thing to do

The perfect excuse for a party—Back row: Natalie Draper, Diana Lewis, Lucie Kaye. Front row: Paula Stone, Dixie Dunbar, Carol Stone, Anne Shirley, bride-elect Betty Grable, Sue Carol, the hostess, Mrs. Grant Garrett, Sally Haines

man in the life of Loretta Young. And need we tell you about June Lang and A. C. Blumenthal, New York millionaire—or have you heard?

LOVE BEGINS AT 14

CHARLES PECK (the poor little rich boy in "Dead End") is now working at Metro in "Benefits Forgot." The first little girl he met on the lot was Leatrice Joy Gilbert who took him for her own, refusing to introduce him to anyone—particularly Judy Garland.

Judy, however, sized Charles up and then, when he was alone for a minute, went over and introduced herself. She invited him over to her set to see her work and now the

Wayne Morris ("Kid Galahad" himself) proved as worthy a judge of the Golden Gloves matches as of the numerous girls he romances

feud between Leatrice and Judy seems to be more serious than that old feud between Hepburn and Rogers.

TRIVIA

SHIRLEY TEMPLE is being particularly proud and pleased this month, because her own special police force has been recognized at last. There are about five hundred people enrolled as members, now; Shirley gave them all badges and whenever she catches anyone without his button she fines him—then gives the money to a milk fund. George Reyer of New Orleans, President of International Chiefs of Police, sent her a notice making her a member and official mascot of his organization. . . .

Clark Gable has kept in constant touch with the police department of Los Angeles, by the way, ever since his pet pearl-handled revolver was stolen by a prowler. He'd
(Continued on page 72)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK



WE



Her first costume picture—Bette Davis is a perfect "Jezebel" with the aid of Henry Fonda, a new coiffure and a Southern accent

It's a marvelous place—this Hollywood—where

a billy goat turns into a problem child, and a big

star stages a sitdown without creating a strike

BY JAMES REID

MARVELOUS place, this Hollywood. We open the door of a sound stage at Warners—and, presto, we step from a Twentieth Century street into a great hallway in a Twelfth Century castle. Nottingham Castle, to be exact. Part and parcel of "The Adventures of Robin Hood."

It has been fifteen years since *Robin Hood* last adventured on the screen. That was during the reign of Douglas Fairbanks, the First. People still remember Doug as *Robin*, remember him so well that, for fifteen years, no producer has dared to risk competition with the memory. Now Warners are daring. They have sound to help them, Technicolor, and—Errol Flynn.

Warners' specialist in derring-do isn't working today. But his costar—Olivia

(*Maid Marian*) De Havilland—is. She is playing a scene with Basil Rathbone and Claude Rains, as fine a pair of conspirators as any heroine could hope to foil.

Olivia tells us, "I've always wanted to slink along a spooky hallway in a billowing dress—here's my chance."

The three men are in the foreground, in front of a great fireplace. Blazing logs give a flickering, eerie light to the vast barren room. Through one window, far to the right, streams a beam of blue light (moonlight, to you). The rear wall is about forty feet away. Down this wall, at a steep angle, goes a long, narrow flight of stone steps without a guardrail.

Olivia, at the top of these steps, hears the conspirators plotting; tries to steal down, un-

observed, to warn *Robin Hood*; is trapped. This descent is an acid test of Olivia's nerves and poise.

On the first "take," she is about halfway to the bottom—and realistically clinging to the wall, we might add—when she gives Director William Keighley a bad moment. She suddenly sits down. He thinks the constant looking-down has dizzied her. In a flash, he is beside her.

He learns what really happened: she had stepped on her long skirt and had been pulled off balance. He beams with relief that her nerves are intact. But he says, with mock sorrow, "And I had visions of carrying you to safety! Why is it directors can never be heroes?"

WE go on down the studio street, pull open another door, and are in a New Orleans mansion of a century ago.

This is the set of "Jezebel," in which Bette Davis is behaving in a *Scarlett O'Hara* manner.

As man to man: director Ernst Lubitsch shows Gary Cooper how to buy a necktie in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"



COVER THE STUDIOS

"Tush, tush!" says Bette to the rumors. "The only similarity is that the girl I portray, like *Scarlett*, is a hundred years ahead of her time. 'Jezebel' was a play on Broadway two and a half years before 'Gone with the Wind' ever appeared."

Bette's costar, in a name-studded cast, is Henry Fonda. The director is William Wyler, second husband of Henry's first wife, Margaret Sullivan. And everything on the set is harmonious. That's Hollywood.

For the first time in pictures, Bette is in costume—and very devastating, too, with her coiffure of brief curls and her Southern accent. It seems Bette, too, has long had an urge to glide across a room in a billowing dress. So here is her chance, also in a hallway.

She is alone in the scene. She steals into the hallway; takes off her cloak, folding it over her arms; pauses; turns on that Southern belle charm; then glides, chin up, toward the next room. Without looking down, Bette must pause at a certain mark on the floor. She will be out of focus if she doesn't hit it. Even an expert like Bette needs three tries to do the trick.

We go on to a third Warner sound-stage door, and are in a café in Montmartre; time, the present. We are on the set of "Food for Scandal," costarring Fernand Gravet and Carole Lombard, directed by Mervyn LeRoy.

This is Carole's last comedy before she does a drama "for a change."

It is a spicy tale about an American movie star on a trip abroad who meets a young, handsome, but penniless French nobleman

whose principal assets are suavity and a talent for cooking. He insists on becoming first her chef, then her suitor.

They meet, in the script, in this café. Carole is dining alone, incognito, in a brunette wig. Two college boys walk up to her table, beg her pardon, then ask her to settle a bet. Isn't she Miss—, the American movie star? She fingers a tress of her wig and asks, with a heavy and phony French accent, "But isn't she blonde?"

The two boys have the same problem as Bette Davis. Without looking down, they have to hit certain marks on the floor. Time after time, in quick succession, they do the scene over.

As they begin, Carole has just lighted a cigarette. As they finish, she crushes the stub in an ash tray.

FROM there, we head for Universal, to see Deanna Durbin and Herbert Marshall in "Mad About Music." We step on the set and are in a Swiss girls' school. We see the Alps, on a backdrop, through the windows.

Deanna plays the offspring of a Hollywood glamour queen, whose public mustn't think she's old enough to have a fourteen-year-old child. Hidden away in this Swiss school, lonely, Deanna invents a tale of a loving father who is coming to see her. By amusing ruses, she persuades Marshall, who is visiting the town, to play the rôle of her father.

This time, Deanna is singing no operatic arias. She sings "Ave Maria" and four modern numbers. For the first time in a picture, she knows the pangs of puppy love. Jackie

Moran is the boy (and, as far as he is concerned, it's a real romance). For the first time, too, Deanna is not being directed by Henry Koster. Her director is Norman Taurog—famous both for musicals and for pictures starring children. This is the first combination of the two that he has directed. He likes it. "Deanna," he says, "is what I like a child to be: natural, unaffected, happy."

We ask him the secret of his handling of children. "I talk their language; I don't expect them to talk mine. I remember what unconscious mimics children are. I never act out a scene for them. I go over their lines with them, tell them what I'd like them to do, then say, 'Now do it your own way.' I also try to surprise them into emotions. Watch this!"

Deanna is talking with Marshall. Suddenly, she is to be conscious of a door opening, one of her teachers entering. She is to turn, startled. Taurog rehearses her until he knows she has her turn timed perfectly. He doesn't tell her to look startled, as we expect. Instead, he calls for a "take." The scene goes along to the point where Deanna is to turn her head. Suddenly, Taurog bellows, "Look!" Everybody on the set is startled—including Deanna. Taurog has what he wants, in one try.

AT Columbia, which we visit next, we see a clever fourteen-year-old in action—Edith Fellows in "Little Miss Roughneck." It is her first starring picture, and in it Producer Harry Cohn is revealing a carefully guarded secret: Edith has an operatic voice.

She plays, as usual, a youngster with a flair for getting into scrapes. This time she is a child wonder intent on getting into the movies.

But today she is all sweetness and light. In a glamorous silk floor-length gown, she is singing "Cara Nome" from "Rigoletto," against a background of trees in bloom. Edith, in this scene, has long hair. Her grandmother-guardian assures us that it is Edith's own: "I cut it when she was little and saved it, and they've made it into a wig."

Next we get in on a Christmas Eve party on the set of "No Time to Marry," from Paul Gallico's story, "The Night Before Christmas," in which Richard Arlen, Mary Astor and Lionel Stander, among others, are having themselves a time.

There's always something new in Hollywood. Here, for example, we come upon a problem goat—Elmer, by name. Elmer, acquired by some inebriate member of the party, is supposed to eat the ornaments on the tree, the gifts, and part of a sofa. The script says so. But Elmer is reneging.

We see how a prop department can fool even a discerning billy goat. The gifts are unwrapped, the boxes are loaded with empty ice-cream cones, then rewrapped. The ornaments are dipped in a tasty syrup. Essence of garlic is rubbed on the sofa. Elmer is allowed a sniff of all the aromas, then turned loose on the set. Elmer acts as if he has been

(Continued on page 91)

"Little Miss Roughneck" (Edith Fellows), paradoxically, sings grand opera





★ A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS—RKO-Radio

FRED ASTAIRE'S dancing once again proves him a better man than any of his tapping fellows. On his slender shoulders he carries almost the entire burden of entertainment, aided somewhat by George Burns and Gracie Allen.

P. G. Wodehouse's funny yarn about a titled English heiress who falls in love with a famous dancer does not make superior screen material; too much of the dialogue and action is shoved off on minor characters who are badly cast. Joan Fontaine, as the girl, is rather restrained. Burns and Allen join in Fred's various numbers and together make amusing substitution for Ginger Rogers. You will be delighted with Astaire's rhythmic gymnastics, and his swing drum finale is the best he has ever done. George Gershwin's last score enlivens the piece.



★ SUBMARINE D-1—Warners

AN accurate revelation of the dramatic thrills of the submarine service plus an elaborate production make this a stirring cinema and easily one of the finest navy pictures on record. The story means little, but the experiences of a new submarine's crew on their maiden voyage and the subsequent war maneuvers make spectacular entertainment. Particularly for the masculine audience.

George Brent as the submarine commander turns in his best performance in months. Ditto for Pat O'Brien who seems born to his rôle. Wayne (Kid Galahad) Morris is back with a part that will do much to make him an independent star. Frank McHugh and a new player, Dennie Moore, furnish the comedy relief and the entire Pacific fleet makes notable contributions. Definitely a hit.

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures



★ HITTING A NEW HIGH—RKO-Radio

WITHOUT the voice and enchanting personality of Lily Pons, this would be only a minor comedy starring Edward Everett Horton and Jack Oakie. Lovelier than ever, Lily lifts the none too brilliant story to a high level. As a cabaret singer with operatic ambitions, she hoaxes eccentric art patron Horton into thinking she is a bird girl from Africa; while he readies her for a great singing debut she warbles songs in a night club because she loves bandleader John Howard. This setup allows Miss Pons to wear bizarre feather costumes, most flattering, and to get into eventual trouble.

It may seem a little incongruous to see Diva Pons in tights, singing popular tunes, but her delightful operatic sequences, including the mad scene from "Lucia," are in keeping with her reputation.



★ MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND—Republic

WHEN a gangster buys a recording company and is torn between his own passion for jazz and his mother's demand that he record operas, much that is funny, exciting and entertaining should happen. It certainly does in this. With fine acting performances by Leo Carrillo, Gene Autry, Ann Dvorak, Tamara Geva, Phil Regan, Henry Armetta, Luis Alberni and contributions by such musical hot shots as Ted Lewis, Cab Calloway, Jack Jenny and Kay Thompson, the whole film goes to town in rollicking rhythm.

Phil Regan's romantic songs pack a punch and Miss Geva makes a most impressive bid for movie fame. Gene Autry is a two-fisted songaroo. Carrillo, ideally cast, has a field day in his rôle. For sheer entertainment and enjoyment, A-No. 1.



★ WELLS FARGO—Paramount

MAGNIFICENTLY staged and produced against a panoramic background of American history, this is the highly romantic and human story of a young couple fighting for happiness against the dangers of a growing nation. Marriage here is glorified dramatically, but with humor; and no two stars in Hollywood could have done a better job of it than have Joel McCrea and his wife, Frances Dee. Their superlative performances, plus the masterly direction of Frank Lloyd, the photography and production, make this one of those pictures which gives Hollywood its deserved claim to artistic greatness.

The story is an episodic, rather long—but fascinating—account of the establishment of communication facilities in the early West. McCrea, an express messenger between New York and the then frontier town of St. Louis, meets and loves the exquisite, cultured Frances; when he is sent further into the wilderness she goes with him as his wife. Then begins the eternal fight between Joel's integrity in his work which keeps him constantly traveling and his desire to make a home for his wife. Poignant scenes arise from this conflict in loyalties. Frances is steadfast while he weathers the gold rush and stops a run on the San Francisco banks; then a misunderstanding separates them.

Finale here is a triumph of married love and of the American spirit as personified in these two splendid characters. Bob Burns and Porter Hall are outstanding, but every cast member is superior.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Goldwyn Follies, The

Nothing Sacred

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs

Tovarich

Wells Fargo

Damsel in Distress, A

Submarine D-1

Manhattan Merry-Go-Round

Hitting a New High

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Claudette Colbert in "Tovarich"

Charles Boyer in "Tovarich"

Carole Lombard in "Nothing Sacred"

Fred Astaire in "Damsel in Distress"

Lily Pons in "Hitting a New High"

Frances Dee in "Wells Fargo"

Joel McCrea in "Wells Fargo"



★ SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS—Disney-RKO-Radio

HERE, truly, is something absolutely new in the amusement world. That Walt Disney is a genius in fantasy and drawing needs no restatement here, but in "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" he has attempted his most ambitious achievement and succeeds as marvelously as he has in the past with *Mickey Mouse* and *Donald Duck* and all the Silly Symphonies.

This is the first time that he has turned his great gift to the depiction of human characters. He gives us here *Snow White*, *The Prince* and the *Queen Witch*. He is still greatest when he deals with animals and dwarfs, yet never once does the happy make-believe mood of this seven-reel production fail to beguile you.

Disney has been working on this film for three years. Mechanically it has many innovations. There is in it the first use of the multiplane camera, which gives the picture a third-dimensional quality unknown to films before. The color reproduction couldn't be lovelier and the symphonic score is truly distinguished. That story is very brief, the usual fairy-tale setup of beauty under a spell, the enamored prince and the wicked villainess.

Disney has brought forth spectacular scenes like that of *Snow White's* frightful trip through the woods when she is pursued by weird growing images, and other phenomenal transformations.

Go see "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Enchanting is the word for it.



★ TOVARICH—Warners

BRILLIANTLY devised from the famous play, and with many additions from the inventive Hollywood mind, this combines the suavest sort of dramatic story with comedy in the new padded-cell school.

Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer, appreciative of each other's talents and superbly matched, create together the characters of basically simple design, despite the direction of Anatole Litvak who often is inclined to the rococo.

With a leisurely beginning but without a perceptible flaw, there is unrolled an incident in the lives of two happily married White Russians of royal birth, who now after the Revolution live in the poverty of a Paris garret. Boyer, the husband, is custodian of some forty billion francs entrusted to him by the Tsar, but idealistically saves the fortune. He and Claudette, to be able to eat, hire out as butler and maid to a wild family. Then ensues a merry and highly amusing interlude when the employer, a loony banker, his gabby wife and two youthful offspring all fall variously in love with the two new domestics. In the end both drama and buffoonery are climaxed at a dinner party at which Boyer and Miss Colbert are recognized by guests, and a Soviet Commissar makes a desperate plea for the imperial millions.

Melville Cooper impresses solidly and Isabel Jeans does fine work. Basil Rathbone is morbid, with polish, as the Commissar. You must see it.



★ NOTHING SACRED—Selznick-United Artists

AIDED by color, an extremely smart Ben Hecht script and the competent direction of William Wellman, Carole Lombard and Fredric March have turned in a wild comedy drama that for this reviewer tops "My Man Godfrey."

It may seem unbelievable to say that a plot featuring Carole and Fred punching each other on the chin has a delicate theme, but it really has. Seriously dramatized, the plot might be grim indeed; but, satirized, it is packed with irrepressible laughter, novelty and strange tenderness.

Unable to diagnose accurately Carole's temporary ailment, Doctor Charles Winninger tells the press she has incurable radium poisoning. Fredric March, a reporter temporarily in the "doghouse," promises his editor to develop the situation into the season's biggest sob story. Playing the benefactor, he brings Carole and the doctor to New York for a round of gay parties to tempt tears, public sympathy and increased circulation. Then he finds himself in love with the girl. When she plans a fake disappearance to end it all she merely pours rich oil on the comedy.

Miss Lombard is at her most scintillating and her darkened hair becomes her. March has not been so delightfully cast since "The Royal Family." Winninger and Walter Connolly contribute much to the picture's importance and the wrestling match, the Frank Fay tableaux honoring heroines of history and the Sultan's dinner are brilliant nonsense.

It's among the ranking laugh-films of all time.



★ THE GOLDWYN FOLLIES—Goldwyn-U. A.

NOW comes "The Goldwyn Follies" to set a new high in cinematic, satirical extravaganza. Long known as the dream of sponsor Samuel Goldwyn, it now reaches you as a show within a show—a distinguished tapestry of beauty, color and comedy. Exquisite settings, gay situations share footage and appeal with the talents of an exceptional cast.

The story has to do with Hollywood's original "no" girl (Andrea Leeds), and a producer whom nobody "noes" (Adolphe Menjou). Andrea Leeds has the picture's biggest rôle. She plays the youngster who dares to criticize Menjou's production, is overheard by him, and is suddenly vaulted to the position of his chief friend and mentor. Through her pertinent observations, she enables Menjou to produce a successful show. Romance reaches its peak when Andrea falls in love—not with Menjou, but with a hot-dog salesman.

Menjou, as the producer, is polished and perfect. Miss Leeds takes another big step towards certain stardom. Goldwyn's showmanship has further glorified his "Follies" by bringing to you, from the Metropolitan, Helen Jepson. Balanchine's American ballet, so beautiful in Technicolor, dances the famed Water Nymph Ballet sequence with Vera Zorina as première danseuse. Phil Baker races the Ritz Brothers for comedy honors to the tune of Charlie McCarthy's deadly sallies, the songs of radio's Ella Logan and Kenny Baker, and the poignant Gershwin music. A production you will never forget.



THOROUGHBREDS DON'T CRY—M-G-M

THREE youngsters with distinctly different viewpoints meet in a jockeys' boardinghouse and later find their experiences at the race track do much to fit them for the years ahead. Mickey Rooney walks away with a picture planned to introduce Ronald Sinclair as a new star. Judy Garland and Sophie Tucker look after the feminine interest and the music. The racing sequences are grand.



BLOSSOMS ON BROADWAY—Schulberg-Paramount

THERE will be no bouquets for "Blossoms." The plot was nipped in the bud. Overelaboration makes one forget the theme; furthermore, a bunch of capable actors runs helter-skelter. Edward Arnold is a likeable rogue who keeps within the law only to find the heiress he was promoting is a phony, too. Bill Frawley wins laughs; Shirley Ross sings well; Weber and Fields are well presented.



BIG TOWN GIRL—20th Century-Fox

A HAPPY little tale of an overzealous press agent, Alan Dinehart, who makes a great radio star of Claire Trevor, a small-town song plugger. The things that happen to Claire on her rise to stardom, instigated by Dinehart, furnish most of the laughs. Donald Woods, as Claire's beau, turns in a grand performance as do Miss Trevor and Dinehart. A cozily snug little picture that you'll like



STORM IN A TEACUP—Korda-United Artists

ONE of those gems that pop up with no advance ballyhoo to prove that the English have a definite flair for comedy, particularly that involving what they call "the lower classes." This is an extremely funny, at times hilarious, piece about the deflation in ego of a pompous Scotch politician brought about by a newspaper man who falls in love with the Scot's daughter. The cast is perfection.



HIGH FLYERS—RKO-Radio

WHEELER and Woolsey's farewell as a movie team is one of their gayest pictures in a blue moon. The boys are aided in the nonsense by Lupe Velez who sings several peppy songs and mimics well-known movie stars. The boys themselves set off in a seaplane to capture jewel thieves and their mad antics in the air furnish most of the laughs. You'll find it's fun for the whole family.



SH! THE OCTOPUS—Warners

WITH the mysterious "Octopus" head of a spy combine as the object of search, screwball detectives Allen Jenkins and Hugh Herbert escort you through rapid and chill adventure in this. Most of the action takes place in a deserted lighthouse full of cobwebs and bodies and electric monsters, but the persistent comedy saves you from heart failure if you frighten easily. (Continued on page 96)



LOOK OUT FOR LOVE—GB

TULLIO CARMINATI has not been seen enough lately by his many admirers, who will, therefore, welcome him as the hero of this complicated tale concerning the rise of a street singer (Anna Neagle). Through Tullio's sacrificial efforts, and despite the skullduggery of Robert Douglas, Anna becomes a famous dancer. Miss Neagle's song-and-dance, "Jingle of the Jungle," is a knockout.

PHOTOPLAY *Fashions*

BY GWENN WALTERS

Green woolen styles Janet Gaynor's dressmaker suit created for her personal wardrobe by Omar Kiam.

High revers and neck scarf of henna top a single-breasted jacket and flared skirt with front godets.

Janet's henna felt hat is a Robert Galer model





Across the page: Smart new lines distinguish this suit of dusty-pink woolen designed for Ann Sothern by Edward Stevenson for "She's Got Everything." The wrist-length, boxy jacket with full draped sleeves and flap pockets closes to an untrimmed neckline with black disc buttons. Beneath, Ann wears a black cashmere sweater to match the shadow thread that is woven into the suit fabric which also boasts a cream stripe. The skirt, straight in back, has a double kick pleat finishing the front

Ginger Rogers wears this contrast suit, also designed by Edward Stevenson, in "Having Wonderful Time." The beige crepe hand-tucked peplum blouse with wing collar and tab breast pockets is worn over a brown woolen skirt, and the two colors are repeated in the plaid of the three-quarter length collarless coat. The slightly upturned brim on Ginger's brown felt hat has a smart quill





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RAIN AND SHINE

Rose Stradner's waterproof coat of moss-green burberry (left), for wet weather. Leather-belted with deep inset pockets and flowing sleeves, its interest centers in a parka which crosses under the chin to fasten on either shoulder. When not worn as a head covering, the parka falls into a soft cowl collar. She appears in "The Last Gangster" with Edward G. Robinson

Claire Trevor's diagonal grey and white tweed coat designed by Herschel for her to wear in "Big Town Girl" is a stunning model to copy for early spring. It will top your town or casual frocks with equal chic. Black antelope fashions the back collar which is attached to high, stitched revers. Note the triangular buttons and the piping around the large patch pockets

Photograph by Frank Powolny



PHOTOPLAY'S



THIS TAG IDENTIFIES AN ORIGINAL
PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHION
LOOK FOR IT

WHERE TO BUY THEM

*The smart advance PHOTOPLAY
Hollywood Fashions shown on
these two pages are available
to you at any of the department
stores and shops listed on Page 98*

Fashion Club STYLES



Harriet Hilliard, RKO star of "Broadway After Midnight," puts gayety into her winter wardrobe with a floral pattern on black crepe (opposite page, far left). The design grows from a slender skirt to the left shoulder of a simple high-necked blouse. The tie sash repeats the predominant colorings, emerald green and wood violet

In another multicolor print (opposite page, center) Harriet's straight skirt and softly draped blouse, which is held by a tie of the dress fabric, assures a silhouette neat as a paper of pins

Embroidered collar and cuffs of white piqué lend a crisp note to Harriet's black alpaca frock (opposite page, right). The dress is styled with a shirtmaker blouse and twelve-gore skirt and trimmed with self-covered buttons and a fabric belt with buckle of the same material

A wide red suède belt and matching zippers that release soft gathers on the blouse add a colorful note to Harriet's light-weight woolen frock checked in two shades of grey beige (directly above). Stitched sunburst tucks give interesting detail to the front and back of the skirt. And—all these dresses are priced under \$25.00



Gayly colored hats give dark costumes a new mood and suggest approaching spring. To complement a black dressmaker suit, Frances Drake, appearing in "She Married an Artist," selects a grey-blue felt hat trimmed with bands of black straw braid

To highlight a brown street frock, Frances Drake chooses this new high profile hat of canary-yellow felt with a wide-crown band and side trimming of brown grosgrain



As alternate color interest for her brown frock, Frances wears an off-the-face hat of coral felt with a band of brown grosgrain ribbon that finishes in back with double tab ends. Vertical stitching adds interest to the novel high crown

PHOTOPLAY PRESENTS A
PRE-VUE
OF HOLLYWOOD HAT FASHIONS



TOWN AND COUNTRY

Ultimate chic for formal days and informal evenings appears in Simone Simon's suit of black broadcloth designed by Royer for her to wear in "Love and Hisses." A flexible diamond flower ornaments one side of the black velvet collar which is a distinguishing note of the square-shouldered, short jacket. The dainty blouse of white crepe is smocked with black French knots. A double silver fox scarf is perfect complement for Simone's costume

Photograph by Hurrell

Annabella (right), appearing with William Powell in "The Baroness and the Butler," poses for her first fashion picture, exclusively for Photoplay, wearing a silk corduroy suit in bright burgundy from her own wardrobe. The jacket features large flap pockets (they drop below the hemline of the jacket), leather buttons and welt seams. The skirt has a front kick pleat stitched to the hipline. A scarf of heavy white silk hides a grey cashmere sweater

Photograph by Frank Powolny



ON THE STUDIO LOT



Cocktails at six and then a dinner date! Not a minute to run home and dress. So Mary selected this frock of black silk alpaca with draped blouse and under-skirt of the same fabric in steel grey, and topped it with one of Hollywood's famous "beanies" of black antelope

Mary's two-piece sport frock (far right), gayly skirted in stripes of red, black, pink and grey, was donned for a "Before Dawn" breakfast and golf engagement. The black flannel gaucho shirt has a slit pocket banded in red and grey. Mary purchased these frocks from Josephy of Beverly Hills



What to wear when social engagements crowd closely into business hours! Paramount photographed these fashions of Mary Carlisle exclusively for Photoplay to show you how the stars dress at work—for they, too, have "career girl" problems



A frock of blue-green woolen (left), and absinthe-yellow tweed coat and a twin hat and scarf set of rust suède (above left) assured Mary the perfect grooming for an important luncheon engagement during the shooting of "Doctor Rhythm." The frock laces up the front to a tailored collar with self-fabric cording. Matching bows trim the sleeves. The insert shows how the novel scarf reflects the treatment of her chic hat



FASHION LETTER



Aprile, Hollywood's famous shoe designer, modeled the boot at the left for dressy wear on rainy days. Black antelope with vamp, front motif and heel of patent leather, it closes with an invisible zipper. The two-piece unfinished spectator sport shoe (right) is of brown kid-skin. A matching leather tongue remains to be placed over the instep

BY GWENN WALTERS

FOR the past few months I've been so busy telling you the news about Hollywood gowns, hats and accessories that I've overlooked the very important item of shoes.

To gather news of coming shoe trends that the stars will follow, I went straight to the salon of Aprile—Hollywood's famous shoemaker who designs and creates footwear for such famous stars as Marlene Dietrich, Kay Francis, Carole Lombard, Grace Moore, Jeanette MacDonald and Constance Bennett.

Aprile, a native of Italy, learned his trade under the illustrious Yantorny who never accepted a shoe order under \$5000. Aprile is now the shoe dictator of Hollywood.

"A beautifully shod foot should go unnoticed," was the first comment he made to me.

What then, I questioned, of the shoes people are wearing today—those that climb the instep, boast multiple perforations and cut-outs, expose heel and toe.

"They are ugly, grotesque and heavy looking, and find no place in the shoe wardrobe of the well-dressed woman," was Aprile's immediate reply.

Aprile feels that the cutout toe (and merely a very small cutout, at that) belongs only to the dressy cocktail or evening shoe (or to the "play clothes" shoe which he does not make). As for shoes that climb the in-

step—he makes them only for a special foot, and considers them fitting only when they complement a heavy tweed suit.

This means that the well-dressed stars of Hollywood are to wear simple shoes this coming season. Navy, grey, beige and black, styled in leathers (Aprile does not favor fabric shoes except for evening slippers), will be color favorites.

FOR resort and early summer dress wear, the all-white shoe is a Hollywood favorite. For sport costumes, Aprile introduces two color combinations. He trims his all-white shoes with a contrast leather, such as lizard or calf on antelope. He never makes a sport pump, as he feels a sport costume calls for a strictly tailored shoe.

According to Aprile, there are only four types of costumes and each one of the four needs its own shoe—street; spectator sport; late afternoon; and evening. The first group calls for a tailored shoe; the second, for a strictly sport oxford or a shoe with an instep strap; the third, for a pump or dressy oxford; and the last, for any shoe that becomes the foot and is in keeping with the influence of the gown.

Aprile will feature kidskin in the coming season, and will continue to use antelope for dressy shoes.

I ALSO visited Joyce of Hollywood, a renowned manufacturer of play shoes. He makes those gay and colorful shoes that do

so much to accent slacks, shorts and the play dresses that are so popular.

For the coming season, his shoes will be in two and three color combinations and will feature a new leather made particularly for him, called "duckskin." His little shoes have cutouts here and there; some are toeless, to allow red toenails to peek through; and all have diminutive heels or practically none at all. One of his most important shoes has a padded sole that leads into a half-inch heel.

Joyce has had two interesting and novel motifs printed for his shoes this coming season. One, the market print, is scattered with tiny vegetables. The other, the cock and bull, has the cock adorning the vamp of one shoe, the bull the other. You'll see these play shoes in every major city in the country.

MENTION of play togs reminds me to tell you of the wardrobe designed by Herschel for Dolores Del Rio to wear in "Shanghai Deadline."

One costume is a suit of white serge with matching topcoat. The short jacket is outlined with a padded roll which also serves as top edging for two breast pockets. Beneath the jacket is a white-silk jersey surplice blouse that crosses high on the neck. The full-length topcoat draws its styling from Chinese influence. It closes to the left side at the waistline, with a scroll motif fashioned of a padded roll that extends upward to outline the opening of the coat blouse. This coat has a large patch pocket on the left hip.

A second ensemble is of silk jersey. The frock of white has a square neckline shirred two inches deep across the front, thereafter releasing the fullness into the blouse. This fullness is caught in again at the waistline by an inset belt of the dress fabric, and released again below the belt to flow into the skirt front. Atop this frock is a redingote of paisley printed jersey in shades of black, green and white, styled with princess lines and belted with green suede. A flat choker necklace of silver fills in the square neckline of the frock, and a matching bracelet jingles on Dolores' arm. Josephy of Hollywood designed this fascinating Oriental jewelry.

June Lang appears with Dolores Del Rio in "Shanghai Deadline," and Herschel has also created some attractive clothes for her.

One frock of powder-blue wool with a wrist-length jacket boasts a bias back, straight front and bell sleeves styled in shades of blue Rodier tweed with a brown stripe.

GWENN WAKELING designed two smart town frocks for Annabella to wear in "The Baroness and the Butler."

One is a dressmaker suit of pink beige. The slim skirt has a matching jacket that is edged with moss upholstery fringe which also fashions a military chest motif. A scarf of white crepe, monogrammed in brown yarn, crowds the neckline.

A tailored frock is of interest because of its touch of color and its leather trim. Fashioned of sheer brown wool highlighted by a shadow thread of beige, the frock opens to a deep V-neckline which is filled with a yellow chiffon scarf matching a large pocket kerchief. The skirt has a double inverted bias front pleat. A brown pigskin belt with a triple tassel closing matches tiny cuffs on the five-eighth length sleeves which also have hidden underlay cuffs of sheer beige woolen.



"HI, GEORGIE"

THE LIFE STORY

*Hollywood branded him a bad boy
—but few know or have tried to find
out what lies behind the unemotional
surface of George Raft's personality*

BY EDWARD CHURCHILL

The story thus far:

GEORGE RAFT, born on Forty-first street, New York City, son of a German father and an Italian mother, always wanted to be well enough known to be greeted by passers-by with "Hi, Georgie!" Running away from home at fourteen, after knocking out a schoolroom bully who taunted him because he was smart enough to skip a year, he "bummed" for a while, got

Raft refuses rôle in "Temple Drake" . . . Raft fells producer in fight over line . . . Raft walks out on "You and Me" . . . such have been the headlines that have marked this actor's career and labeled him "hard to handle." But it's not just love of battle that makes George fight



Jack Oakie turns up at the circus with the three who know George best. Mack Gray, ex-fight manager; Virginia Pine, the only woman in Hollywood with whom George's name has ever been linked; and her daughter Joan, whom Raft idolizes

OF A MYSTERY MAN

daytime jobs as grocery boy, electrician's helper, clerk, longshoreman. But these jobs were only a means to an end, for he wanted fame. In order to get it he fought twenty-two times in the professional ring, quitting after his seventh knockout, tried professional baseball for one spring, saw that he wasn't fitted for this kind of stardom, began to develop his dancing.

Now continue the story:

DANCING? George couldn't get enough of it. Gradually, by a trial and error method of his own, he conceived interpretations, memorizing odd steps which came to him.

"I never had a lesson," he says. "I've learned everything I know by watching and listening. By book and school standards I'm not educated. I seldom crack a book."

By this time changes were taking place in the family. Grandfather Christopher, retiring, left his business to his three sons. He returned to the fatherland with his wife. They died there within a month of each other. The brothers moved the carnival equipment to Hastings-on-Hudson, started "Little Coney Island," operated it with some

success. Later they moved to Clason Point, sold out.

"I never monkeyed around the parks much," George says, "because I didn't like that kind of life."

George Raft, dancer, began winning trophies with and without partners at the Audubon Ballroom, Corrigan Hall, the Clarendon, the Dance Caprice in Brooklyn.

"I started to click at the Audubon," he says. "I did solo numbers. Eccentric routines. I was about twenty-one when I started winning. A couple of years later I was picking up extra money with stage engagements."

"They had a colored band at Audubon. I entered contests staged by Willie Hardy, the manager, on Tuesday and Thursday nights. One night a man named Taps, who was in the music business, saw me. He offered to get me regular engagements at theaters, and I told him to go ahead."

"Pretty soon I was getting as high as a hundred dollars a week making the theaters, dance halls and clubs. I had what I wanted at last, and I gave up everything else and concentrated on dancing."

He toured the country, playing leading theaters, thrilled to see his name in lights. As his fame grew his salary mounted, and soon he was given the vaudevillian's chance of chances, booking at the Palace Theater on Broadway. He was billed over Ben Bernie, Paul Whiteman, Ted Lewis and other stars. For seventeen weeks, as his name became a bright-light byword, he appeared in four places a day, netted himself nearly fifteen hundred dollars a week.

"I worked at the Rivoli Theater, at another theater in 'The City Chap,' a play, at the El Fey Club run by the late Larry Fay, and at the Parody Club," George says. "People began yelling 'Hi, Georgie' at me when they passed me on Broadway, and I was where I wanted to go."

He'd done it all by himself, just as he'd promised. In a locality a few blocks from the apartment where he'd been born in very modest circumstances, a few miles from the school and the basement bed he'd deserted at fourteen, he was a public figure—a celebrity with a vague background hidden by the lights of a wide, wild street.

IN 1923, when still climbing toward his goal, he met Grace Mulrooney, daughter of a probation officer at Welfare Island. After a friendship of several months they drove to Wilkes-Barre, Pa., where he had an engagement to dance, and were married.

Two years later, without the establishment of a home intervening, they separated because of differences in outlook as to friends and social activities.

It was in 1926 that George reached the peak of his popularity as a dancer. He toured England, received the highest salary ever paid to a dancer up to that time. He got a tremendous kick out of this reception.

"I think," he told me, with the echo of that applause in his ears, "that I began to feel I was too good. That I could go on forever, making more and more money."

He returned to Broadway to find that the soles of his popularity were wearing thin. The pay-off boys had forgotten his ability, his acclaim. He was offered, and offended by, a smaller salary than he had received in England. He admits that he couldn't take it. He staged a one-man strike.

George was on strike for two years, while Broadway already began to feel the approach of the financial debacle. For nothing can change George Raft if he feels he's right. That includes dynamite and the United States Supreme Court. He investigated the running of sundry race horses at Saratoga, Aqueduct and Miami. He studied the interiors of railroad trains on several different lines. Travel made him an authority on climatic conditions. He was always expecting someone to come up and say:

"Hi, Georgie! You'd better come back and hoof for me."

He wasn't annoyed by such propositions. The boys who had extended the glad hand along Broadway began looking straight ahead or in the other direction as George marched by. "Hi, Georgie!" became a mocking echo.

"I took stock of myself," says George. "I said, 'Georgie, you're just as good as you ever were. But something's gone wrong. If they think you're slipping, it's time to find yourself another career.'"

(Continued on page 90)

PHOTOPLAY'S

OWN Beauty Shop

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.



*Glamour belongs to Hollywood, but
it can belong to you—if you want
to be the woman other women envy*

If you're Clivia De Havilland's type,
you'll be smart enough to know why you
shouldn't try to change yourself

If you're the Ann Sothern type, you'll
take your lipstick and eyebrow pencil
in hand, and make yourself over

The right flick of the polish brush—
and Connie Bennett has smart long nails



GLAMOUR GIRLS—I think that one thing we all have in common is the desire to be glamorous, to be one of those lucky girls who carry an aura of glamour with them everywhere they go. Glamour is such an elusive quality that we don't know just what it is, but we can definitely recognize it when we see it. With the true zeal of the scientist, I started tracking it down; and with the aid of Ann Sothern and Olivia De Havilland I discovered that there are two ways of acquiring it. Ann did it by developing a new artificial personality, and Olivia by simply remaining herself. And they're letting me give you the benefit of all their experiences.

Ann realized with a cool detachment that she was a very pretty girl. She had a cute little baby face with no particular distinction to it, a lot of charm, but definitely no glamour. Obviously, something had to be done. Look at the study in glamour that is Ann now, and you can see that she did plenty.

First, she lightened her hair. Then she saw that that wasn't the answer. Glamour isn't just a matter of hair or eyes or color of rouge. It's a combination of your own basic personality and the dramatization of your features. She also saw that it wasn't something she could do overnight, because it isn't all done by make-up, but rather from the inside out.

For a frankly artificial personality and glamour, the first thing to be done is to develop your good points and kill the bad ones. Nervous habits, for example, are sure to destroy your glamour. The insidious part

about such habits is that you don't realize you have them. Twisting a strand of your hair, playing with beads or rings, patting the back of your head—all such gestures are made unconsciously. You'd better ask a member of your family (they're always so brutally frank) and have him tell you of little mannerisms or habits of yours that annoy him. Then get rid of them. Watch your voice and manner of speaking, and don't talk too much—chattering destroys glamour. Improve your posture, and the way you walk.

Ann says that your new personality should be part and parcel of you. You should develop it to fit your type and to improve yourself. If you're a large girl, for example, it's absurd to develop a kittenish personality and think you're getting glamour that way. "Don't copy anyone else," says

Ann, "but develop your own personality."

You can be frankly artificial on the outside. You can paint over the outlines of your mouth, you can arch your brows in an exaggerated manner; but the important thing to remember is to let the artificiality stay on the outside. Don't let it get into your soul. Underneath all her sophistication and glamour Ann is as sincere and honest as a child—a quality that makes for charm.

IN developing your new artificial personality, dramatize one feature. It can either be your best point or what you consider your worst. Katharine Hepburn's cheekbones are not beautiful, but by accenting them she has made them fascinating. Merle Oberon lived up to her unusual eyes before she changed

(Continued on page 80)



CHOOSE THE BEST PICTURE OF



Each year Hollywood watches for PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal Award. Once again our readers are invited to select the winner. Vote now!

1937

OUTSTANDING PICTURES OF 1937

IT'S voting time again—time for you, the movie-goers of the nation, to decide which was the most outstanding picture produced in 1937—time to speak up and tell the world which picture merits the most distinguished award in the motion-picture industry—PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal.

All the studios produced a number of pictures which, in the light of history, will be regarded as epics. The year ushered in a blaze of color, too, which must be reckoned with, and comedies are getting faster and funnier by the minute. Naturally, the first thing that often comes to your mind when you must decide what picture you like best is the fine performance of the star. But you must also consider the expertness of direction, the beauty and effectiveness of the photography, the settings, the realism of the story, the work of the supporting cast.

To jog your memory we list here outstanding pictures of 1937. Space does not permit us to list every fine picture, and we wish to emphasize that any picture released during 1937 may be voted upon.

We have always pointed with pride to the pictures which have won PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal in previous years. Not only was each winner the outstanding picture of the particular year in which it was chosen, but all the winners still rank in the first line of "miracles of motion pictures." We have great faith in the judgment of our readers.

There are no rules, no restrictions in this election. All you need to do to vote for your favorite picture is to fill out the ballot below or write your choice on a slip of paper and send it to the Gold Medal Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, New York.

This shining medal symbolizes the highest honor that can be given a studio. Your choice this year helps producers decide what type of pictures to make next year. To know what the "public wants" is important to every producer, as naturally he wants to please you. So—if you had a favorite picture during 1937 (and who didn't)—vote for it! Mail your vote today!

PREVIOUS GOLD MEDAL WINNERS

- 1920
"HUMORESQUE"
- 1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
- 1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
- 1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
- 1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
- 1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
- 1926
"BEAU GESTE"
- 1927
"7TH HEAVEN"
- 1928
"FOUR SONS"
- 1929
"DISRAELI"
- 1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
- 1931
"CIMARRON"
- 1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"
- 1933
"LITTLE WOMEN"
- 1934
"THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET"
- 1935
"NAUGHTY MARIETTA"
- 1936
"SAN FRANCISCO"

- | | |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Adventures of Marco Polo, The | Lost Horizon |
| Ali Baba Goes to Town | Love Is News |
| Angel | Make Way for Tomorrow |
| Awful Truth, The | Marked Woman |
| Barrier, The | Maytime |
| Black Legion | Merry-Go-Round of 1938 |
| Blossoms on Broadway | Night Must Fall |
| Call It a Day | Nothing Sacred |
| Camille | One In A Million |
| Captains Courageous | 100 Men and a Girl |
| Conquest | Parnell |
| Damsel in Distress | Perfect Specimen |
| Day at the Races, A | Plough and the Stars, The |
| Dead End | Prince and the Pauper, The |
| Easy Living | Prisoner of Zenda |
| Ebb Tide | Quality Street |
| Firefly, The | Road Back, The |
| Fire Over England | Rosalie |
| Good Earth, The | Second Honeymoon |
| Head Over Heels in Love | Stella Dallas |
| Heidi | Stage Door |
| High, Wide and Handsome | Star is Born, A |
| History Is Made at Night | Souls at Sea |
| Hurricane, The | Shall We Dance |
| I Met Him in Paris | Stand-In |
| I'll Take Romance | Swing High, Swing Low |
| It's Love I'm After | They Won't Forget |
| Kid Galahad | Topper |
| King and the Chorus Girl, The | Tovarich |
| Knight Without Armor | Three Smart Girls |
| Last Gangster, The | Victoria the Great |
| Last of Mrs. Cheyne, The | Vogues of 1938 |
| Life of Emile Zola | Wake Up And Live |
| | Wee Willie Winkie |
| | Wife, Doctor And Nurse |
| | Woman Chases Man |

PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT

GOLD MEDAL EDITOR,
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

CHANIN BUILDING, 122 EAST 42nd STREET,
NEW YORK CITY

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1937

NAME OF PICTURE _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 51)

never fired the thing but felt it brought him good luck on his hunting trips. Now, whenever a batch of weapons is brought in to the local sergeant's desk, Clark goes down and looks it over. It's a slim hope but he still thinks he may find his missing gun among the captured arsenals. . . .

The Basil Rathbones tell us that in building their new house they let the servants plan their own quarters. The cook said her only requirement was a kitchen with only one door, which would open outward. . . .

RKO's Joan Woodbury, ill with the flu, came back after three days, raging fever and all, because she didn't want to delay production. But the weight she had lost forced the company to hold shooting another day while all her clothes were refitted; this tired her so she had a relapse. . . .

Margo and husband Francis Lederer say they'll have an "important announcement" soon. It will be that they are planning to do a legitimate stage play together. . . .

That Wayne Morris-Priscilla Lane romance is one of those "don't-let-'em-kid-you" things, sponsored by his studio. He's still too intrigued by Eleanor Powell, although she won't wear the ring he gave her on the correct finger. . . .

Anna May Wong took a complete set of 16mm movies of Shanghai just a week before hostilities started there. Her idea was a purely sentimental one, but now the reels of film have historical significance and are worth a good deal of money. A big studio is offering to release them as a news-travelogue. . . .

And as an example of the way rumor builds on a Hollywood lot: we were on the south side of a studio property last week and heard that a tall and very handsome Kentucky Colonel was visiting Sally Eilers. When we got to her sound stage on the north side, we discovered the visitor was her four-year-old son, Harry Joe Brown, Jr., youngest Kentucky Colonel in the world. . . .

Fickle Fan

CESAR ROMERO tells this one on himself. At a recent preview an autograph fan hastily shoved book and pencil into Romero's obliging hand. Just as the pencil was poised for signing someone yelled, "Oh look, Clark Gable!" Like a shot the book and pencil were snatched from Cesar's hands and there he stood—and no one in sight.

Charity and Chickens

SIG RUMANN, who has played many a villain rôle on the screen, is really just a softie at heart. Take that recent case of his Jap gardener.

When the man came to Rumann with the complaint that he was getting too old to do heavy gardening work and would have to give it up, the actor drew him into friendly conversation. He discovered that the Jap's ambition was to live on a chicken farm. So Rumann next purchased a twenty-acre chicken farm on the outskirts of San Diego, packed the Jap gardener, his wife and nine daughters, into two cars and, much to their surprise, drove them to their new home.

Because Rumann is making it possible for the man to repay him out of his earnings, Mori, the Jap, has named the chicken ranch "Rumann and Mori, Inc." But that's just a way the old man has of showing his gratitude.

Short Shots

MARY ASTOR in her new Santa Monica home . . . Jon Hall will go native again in his next picture, and do native dances . . . Milton Berle, the comedian, will soon open a production agency for radio in Hollywood . . . Mae West passed out \$5000 worth of gifts to cast and crew on completion of "Every Day's a Holiday" . . . Jean Rogers is



Time out for a wedding! Work on "College Swing" was halted as Betty Grable and Jackie Coogan said "I do."

wearing a five-carat emerald engagement ring from Danny Winkler, her agent . . . Don Ameche selected the University of Iowa's beauty queens for their year book . . . Hedy LaMarr (Metro's new rave) sold that new Ford she bought and has taken to an expensive town car equipped with colored chauffeur. . . .

That 20th Century-Fox dramatic school is turning 'em into real actresses: (1) Marjorie Weaver (2) Jayne Regan, lead in "Thank You, Mr. Moto" (3) Lynn Bari, second lead in "The Baroness and the Butler." All within a month, too. . . .

Lee Tracy is glad about that New York play he's doing, "The Gag Stays In" . . . Sonja Henie has taken up roller skating . . . Don Wilson, radio announcer, has signed another picture contract with Universal . . . Jane Withers spends her spare time in the Hollywood dime stores . . . The romance between John King and Frances Robinson goes on ablaze. . . .

Bruce Cabot's jaunt into the desert had his studio frantic. They needed him for retakes but couldn't locate him . . . If you heard that yarn about Lili Damita and Errol Flynn feuding at Chico location, with Lili leaving in a huff, you can forget it. Lili left to oversee a Caesarian operation on her husband's African Lion dog, "Stella," during which seven puppies were born. . . .

Jimmie Stewart had a close call at March Field air show, when he took off in the path of three of the Army's best stunt flyers at maneuvers . . . Nancy Brill was a courtesy guest at that studio dramatic school which she ran down in the papers. . . .

Freddie Bartholomew edited an issue of the Hollywood Children's Hospital paper for them . . . Bing Crosby promoted that charity football game staged between his Alma Mater, Gonzaga, and Loyola in Los Angeles, December 5th . . . Phil Baker is settling permanently in Hollywood. He has leased the house vacated by Walter Winchell. . . .

Ilona Massey, Metro's new Hungarian singer, found an old conservatory of music pal of her Vienna days singing in a chorus at her studio. His name is Ed Constantine . . . Don't let anyone

tell you Leo Carrillo really wouldn't like to take those Governor rumors seriously. . . .

Few of Jeanette MacDonald's Hollywood friends knew she was the mascot of a Greensboro, N. C., football team . . . Claire Trevor gets a chance at stardom in her next picture . . . Mrs. Jack Oakie is serious about publishing that magazine for dog lovers . . . It's even money in Hollywood that Charlie Chaplin, when he sells his rights in U.A., will never appear on the screen again.

Big Fine Doin's

CLARK GABLE: Good old Clark, who for many years contritely played every rôle shoved his way, at last has his back up over a script which has caused his studio a major headache. "Test Pilot," announced as his next picture many months ago, is still being announced for "immediate" production with Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy in the supporting cast. Meanwhile, Clark demands more rewrites to polish up his rôle for "Test Pilot" and remains at his valley ranch enjoying life.

Robert Taylor: Bob will be back in Hollywood at Barbara Stanwyck's side by the time you read this. It's Barbara's hunch that Bob will want to settle down to a retired sort of "gentleman's existence" on his newly completed (by Barbara in Bob's absence) ranch home. So unless Babs is all wrong, Hollywood won't be seeing much of this Taylor idol in the after-dark night spots.

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers: Fred Astaire popped up with an unexpected talent this month when he secretly left Hollywood with his wife on a week's hunting trip to Mexico. From there he flew directly to New York where he has been visiting and seeing the sights. Fred will be starting work on his new costarring picture with Ginger Rogers immediately after the first of the year. Ginger Rogers, keeping out of the public eye in Hollywood, has been winding up "Having Wonderful Time" and visiting the homes of her friends. (Continued on page 96)



At the marriage of Betty Furness to orchestra leader Johnny Green, Allan Jones isn't losing his chance to kiss the bride. Chic Betty designed her bridal dress

"Why have I used this care for years?"

says lovely **IRENE DUNNE**

"I'll tell you..."



"I use cosmetics, but I always depend on **LUX TOILET SOAP** to remove them thoroughly..."

"Its **ACTIVE** lather guards against unattractive **COSMETIC SKIN**"



"**T**HIS business of complexion care is serious," says Irene Dunne. "No woman should use a soap that isn't pure and gentle." And because Lux Toilet Soap's lather is **ACTIVE**, it guards against the *choked pores* that cause dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores—Cosmetic Skin.

Use cosmetics all you like! But be sure to remove them *thoroughly* with this gentle care. Use Lux Toilet Soap before you put on fresh make-up during the day—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night.



•
STAR OF
THE COLUMBIA
PRODUCTION
"THE AWFUL
TRUTH"
•

9 OUT OF 10 LOVELY SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP

Second Chance at Love

(Continued from page 24)

life at that time. She told it to me, as I recall, rather indirectly as she talked about her plans for work—the work that she had been happy to abandon for marriage with John Gilbert. Uppermost in her thoughts then was one thing—the resumption of that career. The very fact that a contract was hers again, that it was possible to start where she had left off seemed incredible to her. And wonderful, too. Nothing else seemed even worth thinking about. Certainly not another marriage.

A FEW nights after her divorce, Virginia's telephone rang. It was Jack Ruben. He wanted to take her out to dinner. Virginia said no. She was living with her family and her family didn't think it looked right to start going out so soon after her domestic crack-up. That was what she told him. The truth was, she just didn't want to go out.

A few nights later her telephone rang again. Once again it was Jack Ruben. He still wanted to take her out to dinner. And again Virginia said she was sorry—but—

He never called after that.

The other day, up in the high plateaus of Utah, Jack Ruben and Virginia Bruce remembered those two telephone calls. Virginia wondered why he had never tried again.

"I never ring up more than twice," Jack replied. "What's the use?"

Not much, really. In those days Virginia Bruce only faintly recalled a man by the name of Jack Ruben. They didn't know each other well—although both had been on the same lot at Paramount. Jack a writer-director, Virginia a taffy-topped nobody from Fargo, North Dakota, a little confused at finding herself in the movies instead of the University of California at Los Angeles where she had meant to be. All that Virginia remembers is that J. Walter Ruben was much too important a person for her ever to worry about.

It was probably just as well, Virginia admits now, that nothing came of those two telephone calls then. It was just as well that the man who was to bring her love and happiness for the second time kept out of her life at that point. Because she knows now that she was not ready for him or for his love. There was still no capacity within her for the real thing again—there was still no heart for any positive step toward her personal future.

THIS she knew even after the months of "respectable retirement" dropped away and she let herself go again. With her beauty blooming like a golden rose, Virginia Bruce stepped into the Hollywood social whirl and literally knocked them dead. She was the lovely showpiece of every movieland function. Suddenly lovelier than anyone had remembered.

The most clever single men, the most attractive bachelors, the gayest playboys fought for the chance to beau her around. Virginia smiled her sweet smile, but to herself she laughed. It was so much fun—so different, for Jack Gilbert had kept her to himself. His Hollywood was the old Hollywood and he had distrusted the new. Virginia had never really known Hollywood until now. But Cesar Romero showed it to her, and David Niven and Jimmy Stewart and a dozen others.

In all this Jack Ruben had no part.

There were some in Hollywood at this time who said Virginia Bruce was try-

ing to forget with frivolity the tragic course of her marriage. That was not true. As she told me, she was young, human, naturally lighthearted—and free. The good times of Hollywood were exciting and pleasant. They were good times she had never had. She was flushed, too, with the thrill of a career that had begun at last to unfold with importance. So while she played she also worked, and it was in this stage of her life that she really, for the first time, made progress. Now Virginia Bruce began to mean something on the screen. It was as if everything had suddenly been released within her—everything except her heart.

For none of these gay affairs ever

hadn't been John Gilbert's wife at the time of his death. But the memory of that incident lingers, accented, because another woman who had never been his wife, Marlene Dietrich, showed up at the same party in deepest black—and all evening she didn't smile once.

J. WALTER RUBEN came along not long after this. He didn't enter Virginia's life spectacularly. He didn't enter it at all in Hollywood. Perhaps the memory of those two rebuffed attempts at friendship lingered; perhaps he thought the competition was altogether too tough and too numerous.

They were thrown together, at last, preparing for the picture, "Bad Man of



Bill Powell comes home at long last to Hollywood, to work with Annabella in "The Baroness and the Butler"

reached down into her heart. Something was in the way.

Then, one morning, they found Jack Gilbert dead.

I asked Virginia Bruce if the ashes of Jack Gilbert's love was what had kept her from love again—if it were his death that had freed her heart. She said she didn't think Jack's death had anything to do with it. The right man just hadn't come along.

But I wonder. I know that the full measure of Jack Gilbert's love for Virginia was revealed only after his death when the bulk of his estate went to her and their daughter, Susan. I know that Virginia never suspected that a will such as that existed. Whether or not she, too, at the bottom of her heart still cared for John Gilbert as he evidently cared for her, I don't think she, herself, could have said. Certainly, by that time, Virginia considered her marriage a phase of her past.

I know that several days after Jack died she appeared at a party given by Countess Dorothy di Frasso. She was dressed in white. It was characteristic of Virginia to make no pretense. She

Brimstone." Jack had written the story; he wanted Virginia in the lead. That pleased her. He read it to her and she liked it. That pleased him. They became better acquainted and had fun in a purely professional way, strictly business, right on the lot. He made her laugh, and Virginia likes to laugh. People saw them around the studio together, but thought nothing of it. Jack Ruben had always held an attraction for the feminine stars he directed. Jean Harlow, Luise Rainer, a dozen actresses had nursed soft spots in their hearts for him. Not even Virginia and Jack themselves thought anything of it, until the day he left to go on ahead with the location company.

"I'll see you up there," he told her.

"Not unless you promise to give me a big kiss when I get there," she replied.

"It's a deal," he said. They both laughed.

The first thing Virginia did when she reached location at Kanab, Utah, was to hunt up Jack Ruben. He was in the shower, but he dressed quickly and came out.

"Pay off," she said. He did.

Maybe that started it. But there were a lot of other things to help it along. Kanab is right next door to Zion National Park in Southern Utah and the scenery is enough to make any heart skip a beat. The mountains hang near and the air is like sparkling wine. The nearest railroad is at Cedar City and Cedar City is a hundred and thirty-five miles away over rough mountain roads. The one general store, the one main street, the one tiny movie, the one church, the one hotel with the hitching post out front offer no gay diversissement. When you're in Kanab, you're there and no mistake.

LOOKING back at that rough, remote little Utah cow town, it still seems to Virginia like some romantic paradise. The sky at night was as black as a beetle's wing and the stars seemed only just out of tiptoe reach. The moon bathed the mountains in silver. And there was nothing to do at night but walk in the moonlight. There was nothing to talk about except what they saw and what they felt and about themselves.

Jack Ruben is a Columbia man. When he was in school he played basketball and football. He developed an athletic heart which has kicked up on him now and then. He doesn't believe in waiting for life, but in living it while you have the chance. If there was any relic of Virginia's old resolve for five years of loneliness dedicated to a Hollywood future, it melted away with the moonlight and Jack Ruben's philosophy of life.

And, "Thank goodness," Virginia confessed now.

"When we believe that just because we're in Hollywood and on the screen we're not human, not affectionate and not lonely—well, we're just kidding ourselves," she smiled.

"But she had to get clear away from Hollywood to find that out."

Virginia thinks she and Jack will be very happy—and so does Jack—and so, incidentally, does everybody else. "And if you won't criticize me for coldly analyzing the man I love," grinned Virginia, "I'll tell you why."

In the first place, Jack Ruben is intensely ambitious and completely wrapped up in pictures. He's eager in his desire for Virginia to keep on with her career. As a writer, he thinks too, he can help. So does Virginia.

He is crazy about children, but though married twice before, Jack Ruben has never been lucky enough to experience fatherhood. It makes a wonderful setup for Virginia because, naturally, a big part of her heart is parceled out to Susan Ann, and no man impatient with kids could bring her happiness for long. Virginia hopes there'll be another baby to bless their marriage. She told me this frankly. She's only twenty-six now. Susan Ann is four and there's no reason in the world why the family shouldn't expand. Both Virginia and Jack are financially well fixed.

There are some other little items too. They both love sports—Virginia, her tennis and Jack, his string of eight horses and his polo. They both love to dance, they both like people, and Virginia thinks there's nobody in Hollywood with quite the sense of humor that Jack has.

All in all, the shadows of the past seem to have vanished completely for Virginia Bruce in the bright light of the right love affair that was bound to come to her sooner or later.

This New Cream with "Skin-Vitamin"

Brings more direct aid to Skin Beauty

*"Smooths lines out
marvelously — makes
texture seem finer"*

MRS. HENRY LATROBE ROOSEVELT, Jr.



A NEW KIND OF CREAM is bringing new aid to women's skin!

Women who use it say its regular use is giving a livelier look to skin; that it is making texture seem finer; that it keeps skin wonderfully soft and smooth!

And the cream that these women are talking about is Pond's new Cold Cream with the important "skin-vitamin"!

Essential to skin health

Within recent years, doctors have learned that one of the vitamins has a special relation to skin health. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer, become undernourished, rough, dry, old looking!

Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams for over 3 years. In animal tests, skin became rough, old looking when the diet was lacking in "skin-vitamin." But when Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream was applied daily, it became smooth, supple again—in 3 weeks!

Then women used the new Pond's Cold Cream



Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt, Jr.

famous for her beauty here and abroad: "Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' Cold Cream is a great advance—a really scientific beauty care. I'll never be afraid of sports or travel drying my skin, with this new cream to put the 'skin-vitamin' back into it."

(left) Mrs. Roosevelt with her hunter, Nutmeg.

(right) On her way to an embassy dinner in Washington.

with "skin-vitamin" in it. In 4 weeks they reported pores looking finer, skin smoother, richer looking.

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it the usual way. In a few weeks, see if there is not a smoother appearing texture, a new brighter look.

This new cream brings to your skin the vitamin that especially aids in keeping skin beautiful—the active "skin-vitamin."



**SEND FOR THE
NEW CREAM!**

**TEST IT IN
9 TREATMENTS**

Pond's, Dept. 15-CO, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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Ze Name Eez Spooks

(Continued from page 31)

American might have ignored the letter, or answered it with a forbidding note of regret. Lily liked its frankness, its obvious sincerity. She decided that, odd as his gesture might seem to her, it was typically American. And if only to explore the American personality, she would investigate further.

Tiri phoned the young man, pronounced him O.K., and, at Lily's behest, invited him and his wife to tea. Now they are "very nice friends."

In a dozen ways her happy adjustment to a less ceremonious world makes itself apparent. For daytime wear at home she has adopted the Californian custom of slacks, because "nevaire I feel so comfortable." When, somewhat fearfully, the suggestion was made that she do a hot dance in her first picture, she replied firmly: "I like." She posed for what is technically known as leg art and, when for some reason the pictures weren't used, demanded to know what was wrong with the Pons legs.

EXPONENT of a sophisticated art, she remains a creature of instinct. In her reactions, she suggests the child of a primitive race, eager, spontaneous, untouched by the complexities of modern life. The glow of a sunset or a visit to the circus—where, regardless of a million-dollar voice, she consumes with gusto peanuts, popcorn and pink lemonade—brings her home sparkling with excitement and filled at the same time with a deep content.

She loves the vivid, life-giving colors. "Dress Lily in yellow and she's happy," they say at the studio. In the wardrobe room, she once caught sight of a crimson cape, hanging on a rack of antiques. Nothing would do her but to use that cape to protect her from the drafts of the set. Ordinarily, she forgets the necessity for such precautions, so that someone's forever trailing her with, "Here's your wrap, Lily." But during this era she needed no monitor. Draft or no draft, wherever Lily went, the red cape went with her.

She's frankly superstitious. Thirteen is her number, and though she doesn't mind having fun poked at the attachment, she clings to it. She was born on April 13, and clapped her hands in glee on discovering that John Howard, her current leading man, was born on the same day. She likes to start all important new ventures on the 13th. Her chair on the set is adorned with her name and a small 13, and every year the state of Connecticut issues a special license plate, L P-13. She wears a bracelet, the gift of Kostelanetz, hung with thirteen charms.

This same elemental strain is evident in her feeling for animals, more evident in their feeling for her. Many of us are animal lovers. Few have the gift to win the friendship of animals, effortlessly, as Lily does.

They're making a picture at RKO called "Bringing Up Baby."

"Baby" is a leopard and playmate of the leads. Assertedly tame, he is yet unsuccessful in dispelling a certain prejudice against him and, when not actively on duty before the cameras, he's kept in a cage.

Lily went to call on him. "Be careful," they warned her. "You never can tell what a leopard may do."

Lily opened the cage door and said, "Nice cat." The leopard bounced straight into her lap and lay there, doing whatever a leopard does when he wants to purr.

A COCKATOO figured in one of her pictures. "He's got a mean disposition and a mean set of claws," his owner announced, "so keep away from him."

Lily happened not to be present when the announcement was made, and, by the time she arrived, the cockatoo had been forgotten in the press of other matters. Being called for her first scene, she appeared with the mean-tempered bird perched on her shoulder.

Eyes widened, jaws dropped. "Watch your step, Lily," they murmured, while the cockatoo's owner approached her warily.

"What eez eet?" she cried, impatient of so much mystery.

"It's the bird, Miss Pons," his tiptoeing owner explained. "He's liable to hurt you."

"Pooh!" said Lily, and marched past him to her place on the set.

She and the cockatoo became such friends that John Cromwell, directing the picture, bought and presented him to her. The cockatoo lives outside the window of her bedroom in Connecticut. And his owner was right. He's an ugly character, screeching and snapping at all who come near him. Only to Lily does he show his softer side.

A charming story is told of a concert she once gave in Buenos Aires. In the middle of a song, a titter ran through the audience. Unruffled, continuing to sing, Lily glanced about for the cause of the disturbance, and found that a cat had ensconced himself on the piano. She picked him up, settled him in the crook of her arm, stroked his fur and finished her song, which to the cat must have sounded like a lullaby, for by the time it was over he was fast asleep.

It's safe to say that no audience ever found a song and its setting more enchanting. But, in the wings, those who didn't know Miss Pons waited for the

thunderbolts. They heard instead a peal of laughter, as she lifted the intruder high, looked into his blinking eyes and spoke to him in French. "Congratulations, monsieur. You have courage. Me, I should not have dared without a rehearsal."

Her present four-footed retinue consists of two cats and two dogs, whom she was unwilling to leave with the caretaker in Connecticut. Three of them she acquired by gift and purchase. The fourth had the wit to adopt her.

She was returning from one of her beloved walks through the woods near her Connecticut home, when out of a dilapidated barn ran a white-pawed black kitten and fell into step beside her. She picked him up and carried him back to the barn, where for all she knew his owner might come hunting for him. A few minutes later she looked down to find the black tail waving calmly at her feet again. Three times she carried him back, three times he pursued her. At last she gave it up. He escorted her to her doorstep and planked himself down outside. She knew that a saucer of milk would finish what fate had begun. "What can I do?" she shrugged. "E 'as made up 'ees mind to be White Socks Pons."

WHITE SOCKS—known for obscure reasons as Meena—holds a special place in her heart. She tells stories about him, as one tells them of a favorite child. "Last night I wake up. I 'ear scr-r-ratch, scr-r-ratch on ze window. I say: 'Come in, Meena.' 'E jumps on ze bed. I talk wis 'eem. I play wis 'eem. I comfort 'eem. First 'e purr, zen 'e push me. I say: 'What do you want, Meena? Do you know what you want?' I put him sroo ze window, and I go to sleep. I 'ear scr-r-ratch, scr-r-ratch. I take 'eem in, I comfort 'eem again. 'E push me. Zis

is too much. I get mad. But mad. I put 'eem under ze arm, I take 'eem downstairs, I open ze door, I srow him in ze garden. 'Go 'unt,' I tell 'eem."

When she settles down in Connecticut, as she ultimately plans to do, she wants to make her home a refuge for animals. Her dreams all center round this home of hers. She'd like to make three more pictures. She'd like to give five more years to her career. Then, without any lingering farewells, she wants to quit, retiring in "Lucia," as she made her professional debut in "Lucia."

The fact that she's built in America is evidence of what America means to her. Her house has given her the sense of stability and permanency that she's always longed for. "Ere I 'ang my 'at," she said when it was finished. She spends her spare time at auction sales, frequently overbidding herself in her eagerness, and laughing instead of growling when she finds she's been her own competitor.

The house is French Colonial, set in ten wooded acres, and supplemented by a guest house, because she loves visitors. She also admits that she wants four children, if possible "and no nurses. I take care of zem myself."

WHICH brings up the matter of a husband. Lily refuses to talk about her personal relationship with Andre Kostelanetz. Her marriage, she contends firmly, is her own business. Then, softening, she lifts her lashes. "So much I tell you," she murmurs. "Some day I marry."

Whom she will marry is no secret, despite the refusal of either to discuss the subject. Kostelanetz is conducting the music for "Hitting a New High." To see them together when business brings him to the set tells the whole story. Her dressing room is bright with the roses he sends her every day. "They talk in French," grinned one observer, "which for all practical purposes puts them on a desert isle. But I do remember what *cheri* means, and I do notice that every sentence begins and winds up with *cheri*, not to mention a few dropped in along the line."

Kostelanetz's frequent trips to New York are marked by an unbreakable rite. At seven exactly, each is at the telephone. One evening he calls her, the next evening she calls him.

He had come to bid her good-by one day on his way to the airport to catch a plane for New York. The company had moved in the course of the afternoon from one set to another, so Lily and Kostelanetz went to her dressing room on the deserted set to make their farewells in peace. Vivienne, Lily's six-year-old niece, watched them go off and, in an idle moment, followed, shot the bolt of the dressing-room door and returned to her mother.

It was a good twenty minutes later when someone caught the sound of far-off shouting and pounding, and traced it to its source. With just enough time to make his plane, traffic permitting, Kostelanetz grabbed his hat and ran. Vivi, now that her sin had caught up with her, showed a tendency to tears.

Aunt Lily "comforted" her. "When I was six," she declared, "I would have done the same."

"But if he misses the plane," her sister fretted.

"Well, then, he'll come back—"

Vivi caught at her chance to make amends. "To see Spooks," she guessed, smiling up through her tears.



Kay Francis gazes soulfully up at he-man Pat O'Brien who, in Warners "Women Are Like That," at last gets his long denied wish to go romantic

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beauty-giving*

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THE beneficial action of milk of magnesia on the skin has long been known to many skin specialists. They have used it in facial packs for years.

Now, after years of laboratory experiment and tests, the Phillips Company, original makers of the famous milk of magnesia, has perfected a way to hold this beauty-giving ingredient on the skin long enough to be truly helpful—in these new-type face creams!

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A perfect foundation cream. You've never seen a cream that takes and holds make-up as Phillips' Texture Cream does! Preserves that fresh-powdered look for hours. This is because the milk of magnesia *prepares* the skin, smoothing away roughness and freeing it from shine so that powder and rouge go on evenly and adhere more closely.

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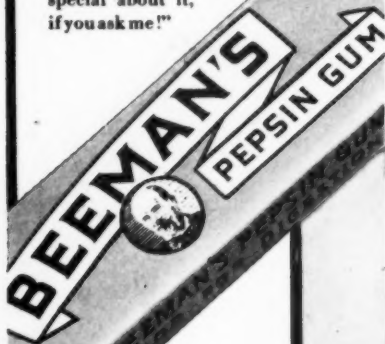
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Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

Hollywood, Hunter—and the High Seas

(Continued from page 32)

and consists of four members. First, the Alley Cat, christened Coca-Cola; second, the well-bred Siamese, Tah-quit, known as Quitzy, and proud mamma of several kittens; third, an adorable Welsh Terrier, Callan Fach, which is Welsh for Little Sweetheart, but the name to which that dog responds is anything that sounds like Cal; fourth, a youthful Dalmatian, Suzy, who is Kennel Dog to the establishment. And a very clever, alert kennel dog, too.

Since his boyhood in South Africa Ian has managed to crowd quite a lot of adventures into his life. He has a deep, Scottish sense of humor which hands him many chuckles, especially when things go wrong. Although he has become so popular on the screen—and on the stage—as a romantic actor, to me he is a grand comedian, and handles light comedy scenes better than anyone since our celebrated Charles Hawtrey. Film audiences who have laughed at his performances in "Call It a Day" will probably agree with me on this.

BORN in Kenilworth, near Cape Town, on June 13, 1900, Ian Hunter was the baby of a family of seven brothers and sisters. Five, counting Ian, are alive today. His two elder brothers, Kenneth and Colin, are in Hollywood with him now.

One of the oddest adventures in Ian Hunter's life is the strange fact that he had to be introduced to his own eldest brother, Kenneth, when they were both on leave during the War. Kenneth left South Africa when Ian was still a child, and the two tall brothers never met until somebody said, casually, to a uniformed Ian—indicating another uniformed man who smiled at him—"Oh, by the way, this is your brother Kenneth." The brothers looked at each other, realizing that they would have passed shoulder to shoulder in the street without having any idea of their relationship.

"Hullo!" said Ian.
"Hullo!" said Kenneth. And they shook hands, solemnly.

One by one, the Hunter family left South Africa, until Ian was left alone in Kenilworth, at a house on Kalk Bay, which he says was so like Santa Monica that he had quite a shock when he first beheld the Californian ocean town. He spent most of his time sailing in Kalk Bay with the Malay fishermen who became his friends; school at St. Andrew's, in Grahamstown, filled the rest of his existence. Then, at Christmas, 1914, he followed the rest of the family to England, traveling all by himself through what he describes as a "terrific voyage," arriving to find the War in full swing.

He went to school at Aldenham, and stayed there until 1917, when he decided to tell a lie about his age, and so managed to join King Edward's Horse. All his life Ian has been keen on riding; and, as he was as tall at seventeen as he is today, he did not find it difficult to get into the army.

The beginning of the year 1919 found three of the Hunter brothers in London, living in the same boardinghouse in Notting Hill Gate, and busy hunting for jobs on the stage. Kenneth and Colin had done some acting already; to Ian it was something quite new, but he did not see why he should not have a shot at it, since the others found it a way of earning a living. But he said to

himself:—"I must be careful. We can't have three Hunters all on the stage at once. That would be an awful mess. I shall have to change my name!"

So when his first professional engagement came along it was as Ian MacDonald that the future screen star burst on the public. Hidden away among his treasures, he has some programs that mention Ian MacDonald as one of the gentlemen of the "also-ran" variety, whose names appear at the end of the list of characters in a play. Only when Colin Hunter had started on a trip round the world and Kenneth had gone to New York to appear on Broadway, did Ian feel he would be wise to use his own name in the theater. From that time on, he became Ian Hunter.

ALTHOUGH one of Ian's most charming characteristics is a vague casualness that simply refuses to let anything become a worry, he has managed to get a great deal of amusement out of his up-and-down stage and screen career. It has not been plain sailing, by any means, but Ian has wandered along cheerily, feeling at his best when things have been at their worst. He's like that. And Cash, mercifully, has the same happy temperament.

He did a good deal of work on tour, in England, and finally landed in London through the astuteness of Basil Dean, the stage producer who gave playgoers "A Bill of Divorcement," "Autumn Crocus," "The Constant Nymph," and "Call It a Day," in which Ian gives such a grand performance on the screen.

He had just finished making the film version of the latter when I was last in Hollywood, and he said to me, "I wish I could have played that part for Basil Dean on the stage. It's a gorgeous character. If you get a chance, ask him to have a look at me in it, when it gets to London, and remind him of the days when he gave me my first London job in 'Loyalties,' in which he handed me no less than three different speaking parts, to say nothing of the rôles of two silent policemen."

WHEN Ian was in "Loyalties," and some other plays that followed it at the same theater, he began to collect a little money, which he decided to spend on things he really liked. One of his first purchases was a car.

English actors, at the time Ian first went on the stage, did not indulge in cars unless they had reached really high positions; in short, a car was a luxury in "The Profession." So, bursting with pride, he drove the vehicle to the stage door, before a matinee, and presented "My Car" to the rest of the company.

It sat outside all through the performance; and then, as the day was nice and summery, Mr. Hunter felt it was a sin not to give some of his pals in the show a run, just to prove how well the new possession worked. So into the car climbed Ian, Edmond Breon, and Ronald Squire.

"We've got oceans of time, chaps, so why not go up to Hampstead Heath?" said Ian, gaily.

To Hampstead Heath they went, Ian driving his car with a beaming grin on his face, and a pretence of "This-is-nothing-new-to-me" in his manner.

To get to Hampstead Heath from the theater section of London, you have to drive up a decidedly steep hill. Ian had his car going at twenty miles an hour. It wouldn't do more than twenty,

anyway. At that pace he started to climb the hill. He kept the car at its maximum speed, hoped he would get to the top, found he couldn't, changed gear abruptly—and the engine seized! They had to sit and wait until the engine cooled down—which took a long, weary time—and then the only thing to do was to turn right around and beat it back to the theater, where they were all three long overdue.

They arrived to find a frantic stage manager telling understudies to get made up; and were greeted with an agitated chorus of "Where have you three been?"

"Oh, just trying out my new car!" said Ian, waving a careless hand. "Don't worry, we'll be on in time."

When I drove with him in Hollywood, in his swift, silent dark-blue monster of a car, we talked about those old days in London. I asked Ian if he remembered a certain wet and greasy night when, during the drive home, he put on his brakes suddenly, and skidded right around an "island," which is a thing we have in England in the middle of the road for pedestrians to cling to when they want to prevent motorists from committing manslaughter.

Ian shook his head at my question. He had forgotten the skidding episode. "What happened? Did I smash into something?" he wanted to know.

"You didn't," I told him. "You just shouted—'Oh, I like that!,' drove back to the other side, and did the skid all over again!"

WHEN Ian went to Hollywood in 1934 he was making his third visit to America. After his first voyage to New York in 1925, for a stage play, he hurried back home and married Casha Pringle. With Casha and their two-year-old son, Jolyon, Ian returned to New York in 1928; that was the time he played in one of the first talkies, called "Syncopation." At that time, the screen had not discovered Ian's real charm; so he appeared as a terribly heavy "heavy," and says he was lousy.

Hollywood took a good view of Mr. Hunter's work in that film, however; offers came along, but Ian wanted to go home. So off he went; and his next adventure was—buying a boat. He had been longing for a boat ever since he had left South Africa. At last he saw the one he wanted; twenty-three feet long, with a motor and a wee cabin, just large enough for Casha and himself to go sailing and fishing whenever the mood caught them. "Etain" was the name of that memorable boat.

When I asked Ian to tell me what he considers the best time he ever spent in his life, he did not hesitate. "That's easy! It was the time when I had no work, no money, and a snowstorm of bills. Cash and I took the boat, and went roaring up and down the South Coast of England, darting into queer little harbors, living on eggs and bacon and the fish we caught, enjoying every minute of every day. Bills? Let 'em wait, was our motto. Work? Let it come and find me. Gosh, I can see Cash armed with the frying pan, waiting for me to haul a mackerel straight out of the sea—yank—and slap it into the pan to make a breakfast for a king. Best times like that take a whale of a lot of beating, believe me."

Which seems to sum up Ian Hunter, the man who has spent his life sailing along.

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Many women think they have a shiny skin, when the shine is due entirely to their powder!

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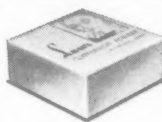
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your shade. A large box is 55c at drug and department stores; 10c sizes at the five-and-ten stores.

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COSTUME GESTURE

As easy to put on as your glove—as necessary for a smart ensemble as your gown—these new La Cross costume colors for finger-nails are being worn everywhere by the country's smartest women. For one thing, there's a new shade to give added glamour to every dress you own. For another—La Cross polishes are the finest, longest lasting—so easy to change between manicures you enjoy doing it. (La Cross new polish base, Stazon, ensures professional smoothness and lasting luster. La Cross new Glycerated Polish Remover will not dry your nails; helps keep cuticle soft when used frequently.)

Ask your manicurist to apply a new La Cross costume polish. And take home several (50 cents each bottle).

VINEYARD

shown here, is the new pigeon's-blood red to dramatize black costumes.

REDDY

is Schiaparelli's shocking cerise to wear with black or purple frocks.

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Palm Beach approved. Plays wicked flatterer to high-shade tweeds and to your furs.

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BE SMART TO YOUR FINGER-TIPS!

Photoplay's Own Beauty Shop

(Continued from page 70)

her type from the exotic beauty and glamour she affected to a more natural one. When you think of Garbo, you remember her eyes; Dietrich dramatized her eyebrows; Crawford accented her mouth.

If you've been wearing just a touch of lipstick in a dark, dull color because you think your mouth is too large or ugly, try painting it a bright vivid red; deliberately dramatize it and see if you don't look much more striking and unusual that way. A pretty face with no vivid feature seldom stands out or is interesting. Dramatize a mobile feature like your eyes or your mouth, rather than your hair.

Ann dramatized her round face by arching her brows high, for the straight-across brow shortened her face. She bowed her mouth full in the center and dropped the line of the middle of her lower lip.

To guard her very fair skin, she uses a rich protective cream that can be diluted to any desired consistency with a special skin tonic. It safeguards her skin against sunburn and freckles and is the ideal foundation for her outdoor activities. For evening wear it gives a velvety finish to her arms and neck.

Clothes have a lot to do with developing your new personality. Ann says that if you've worn girlish clothes and simple naïve dresses all your life, and then suddenly walk into a party of all your friends with a long tight-fitting sophisticated black dress, you're only going to be laughed at. You can't change your type too suddenly. It must be a gradual, subtle change, not only in your clothes but in your make-up, in your mannerisms and in you, yourself, in order that the change be really a part of yourself. Ann worked faithfully to develop her personality and sophistication; she's no longer just a pretty, attractive little girl, but a woman of glamour. And you can do it, too.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND'S glamour is a result of her natural loveliness and charm. She typifies girlish beauty and unsophistication, which has a glamour all its own. She is completely unartificial.

Olivia says for her type that freshness is such an important element of beauty and glamour that she never lets anyone see her when she is tired and exhausted. There's no glamour in circles under the eyes or a mouth drooping from fatigue. She restores her energy by quick alternated hot and cold showers followed by a cologne spray. She uses nothing but lipstick and eyebrow pencil for daytime make-up, and her lipstick follows the exact lines of her mouth.

Olivia's beauty treatments consist of simple daily care. She leaves her eyebrows in their natural lines and says that a tiny eyebrow brush gives her a better brow line than if she used tweezers. She brushes her lashes also, to help promote their growth. Even

her fingernails carry out her naturalness, for she uses natural colored lacquer.

There we have two girls utterly different in type, two separate personalities, two types of beauty; but both have glamour—one a frankly artificial glamour, the other natural. Decide which type you want to be, and if you need any advice in obtaining your own glamour, I'll be glad to help you.

HELPING HANDS—Good grooming, of course, is an integral part of glamour, and hands are such a vital point in grooming that I've been keeping an eagle eye on everyone's hands and fingernails, and I've found that extremely long fingernails are smart again. Constance Bennett accents her hands and the length of her nails by painting the nails a deep color and carrying the polish out from her cuticle to the very tip. She doesn't even leave the half-moon white. Mrs. Darryl Zanuck applies her polish the same way. It gives your hands a beautifully finished effect. If this is too extreme for you, just carry the polish out not quite to the tip. This, too, makes your nails look longer and more oval.

Irene Dunne keeps her hands soft and smooth by rubbing a softening hand lotion into her hands every night before going to bed. She also told me that she never gardens or plays golf or drives without gloves, and whenever her hands are in water she protects them with rubber gloves.

Ann Sheridan keeps her nails smooth by buffing them before applying liquid polish. A famous make-up salon in Hollywood features a nail cement, so that if you break your nail or tear it across, you can very easily cement it together again and not have the appearance of your hands marred by a broken nail.

Jane Wyman used to be a secretary before she started her acting career, and she gave me a grand tip to pass on to those of you who spend your time tapping typewriters. She said that her main beauty problem was how to keep her nails from breaking and the polish from chipping off, so she used an extra coat of colorless polish over her regular polish and carried it out to the ends of her nails and around and under the tips.

A coating of liquid paraffin over the nails before putting on your polish is also excellent to keep them from breaking or splitting.

Jane also said that warm cuticle oil or a cuticle cream massaged into the base of the nails made them less brittle and less liable to break. So now there's no reason for secretaries to spoil a perfectly good manicure whenever they have a heavy day's work.

If you wish personal advice on your beauty problems, write directly to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY magazine, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. Be certain to enclose a STAMPED self-addressed envelope.

NEXT MONTH:

THAT FOURTH BARRYMORE MARRIAGE—

Was it a mistake?

Were those headline tiffs and reconciliations, those Ariel-Caliban messages, those partings and reunions done for publicity?

THE FACTS ARE NOW TOLD—

by John Barrymore himself, in his candid and honest discussion of Elaine Barrie, his fourth wife.

The Reformation of Jane Withers

(Continued from page 25)

pens that such treasured dives, rolls, flip-flops and hedgehops are strictly taboo without special orders. Jane's special orders sent pursuit planes zooming happily in death-defying aerial contortions and—no doubt about it—there was fun for one and all.

But, unfortunately, at that very moment a plane winged over the horizon bearing a major general, divisional commander of the Pacific Coast air force, more or less the Big Boss of things, and quite unaccustomed to any foolishness. When he saw his command cutting up the sky his feelings were a bit mixed, to put it mildly. With a falling heart Jane saw her pals peremptorily plopped into the doghouse—and all because she had wanted to do them a good turn!

IT'S like that, it seems, whenever Jane Ruth has enlargement of the heart. Maybe the sudden switch from screen scampishness to a helping-hand home life is too violent a change, like drinking ice water in the noon sun. At any rate, consider the case of the minister's boy.

He was a wistful little guy, and he was hanging around the front of the Withers' house when Jane first saw him. Wide-eyed kids sucking thumbs and tracing toes in the dust are no unusual sight outside the Withers' gate. But this one had an unusually forlorn and longing look on his sad face, so Jane had him come into the house.

It turned out he was as green as paint in the culture that really counts—such as knowledge of the latest exploits of Dick Tracy and the gory solution of the Flaming Firebrand Murder Mystery. In fact, the kid practically hadn't lived at all. Jane was touched. She loaded him up with paper-backed novels from her own personal library—Red Barry, Tim Tyler, Annie Rooney and a few choice gang-war shockers, and then, with a warm feeling of a good deed well done, sent him home.

Very soon—in fact, right away—the forlorn kid was back, his face longer than ever. Back with the books. His father, he explained tearfully, was a man of the cloth; he didn't approve of such—er lurid fiction—so here they were, and thanks just the same. A great tear welled and spilled on his dickey.

It was a challenge, nothing less, to Jane. Could she stand by and see the more abundant life stunted by parental tyranny? Well, hardly! So now the kid is fast getting caught up on the Devil-dog Series, thanks to a sort of underground railway for hot literature, flourishing with the co-operation of various chauffeurs, maids, cooks and sundry accomplices.

Being a little devil with wings—or little angel with horns, if you prefer—is a strain which is putting Jane on a par with the chameleon on the plaid blanket.

THE Withers recently moved into their new home out on Sunset Boulevard skirting Bel-Air. The new house was Jane's idea.

She happened one day by a new "model" home, hooked to the side of a hill out on Sunset. It was a small, rambling Mexican ranchhouse type place and it clicked at once with Jane. So much so, that she sat down and wrote to the real estate company, "I liked your house very much. It is colossal!"

Naturally, a salesman called and before the Withers knew it, the house was

theirs. One of the strongest attractions, Jane announced at the time, was the location. It overlooks the campus of the University of California at Los Angeles. Said Jane, "Fine! I can watch football practice."

Usually, everything else being equal and equable, the Withers, père and mère, follow Jane's lead. Not particularly because she's the only child and they're inclined to spoil her, but because the older she grows, the more horse sense she seems to develop. They count her in on all financial consultations and discussions of family problems.

Jane had been promised a swimming pool when the new house became a reality. But with the multiplying zoo and an eye to the day when additional house space would be needed, the purchase of another adjoining lot seemed more important. It was put up to Jane. "Let's buy the lot," she said. "Swimming pool next year."

When the planting of the new ground came up for a decision, Mr. Withers had a happy thought. Why not plant the land in a vegetable garden? Oddly enough, this ordinarily intriguing suggestion left Jane cold. She held out for flowers—and stubbornly. Her parents were puzzled and asked her why.

"It's right off from the kitchen," Jane explained, "and Willie has to look out at it all day. She sees vegetables all the time in the sink."

The lot was planted in flowers. "Willie" is the Withers' cook, a Southern darkey, black as the inside of Mammoth Cave. Consideration for Willie's esthetic sensibilities is only a small side of Jane's expanding heart. When Willie left on a visit to Atlanta last year, Jane saved up for a new outfit as a going-away present, and just the other day when Willie was booked for a raise, Jane asked her mother if she could be the bearer of the glad tidings.

"Yes," said Mrs. Withers; but a moment later regretted saying it. For, listening in as Jane broke the news, she was horrified to hear her declare,

"—and pretty soon, Willie, you'll get another one, bigger too!"

So far, Jane's overflowing heart hasn't touched the rosy shores of Romance. She's taller and a few baby teeth have succumbed to the doorknob and string, but boys are still just pals. To date, her bouts with the opposite sex have included a few riding lessons with Jackie Searl and one picture where she had to kiss Jackie (she blushed like a parboiled beet). The only indication that any romantic zephyrs stirred within her was a "scenario" which Jane came out with not long ago. It consisted of a succession of terrifying situations, in all of which Jackie manfully rescued her at the very last moment from extremely dreadful fates.

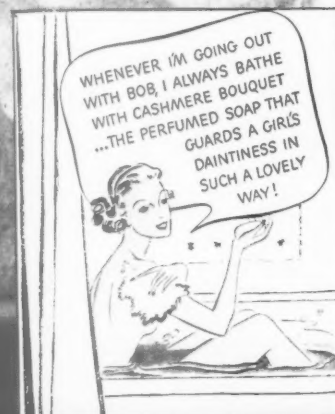
In delicate situations so far, Jane Ruth's intentions have been sterling, but the results, frankly, not so hot.

Just the other day, a photographer snapped her with Miss Lola Figland, whose strenuous lot is to teach Jane her three R's in-between scenes. When the shots were printed, they showed Jane fullface, as usual, but poor Miss Figland drew a disappointing study of the back of her neck.

Jane felt very bad about it all. The situation, she felt, called for tact.

"Never mind," she soothed, "everybody will know you anyway because, see, that hairpin sticks out just like it always does!"

I'M "STEPPING OUT" TONIGHT!
SO I'M BATHING WITH FRAGRANT
CASHMERE BOUQUET
SOAP...IT'S THE
LOVELIER WAY
TO AVOID
OFFENDING!



NOW LET'S SEE HER THROUGH BOB'S EYES



**MARVELOUS FOR
YOUR COMPLEXION, TOO!**

This pure, creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics—leaves your skin alluringly smooth and radiantly clear!

NOW ONLY 10¢
at drug, department, ten-cent stores



**TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP**

I might have checked
this bloomin' COLD
If only I'd been wise
And done what
other people do,
Alka-Seltzer-ize

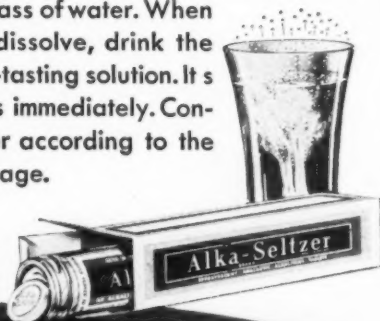


THE first thing you should do when you catch cold is—alkalize with Alka-Seltzer. Since it is a recognized fact that most colds are accompanied by an over-acid condition which may be retarding nature in her battle against the complaint, Alka-Seltzer is especially helpful because it acts to restore your normal alkaline balance.

And because Alka-Seltzer contains an analgesic (sodium acetyl salicylate) it gives prompt relief from the stuffed-up-grippy feeling of a cold. Thus Alka-Seltzer gives relief in **TWO** ways—relief from the distress and discomfort of a cold and relief from the excess acid condition.

At the first sign of a cold, just drop one or two Alka-Seltzer tablets into a glass of water. When they bubble up and dissolve, drink the crystal clear, pleasant-tasting solution. Its beneficial action starts immediately. Continue using Alka-Seltzer according to the directions in the package.

**For That Cold—
Be Wise—Alkalize
With Alka-Seltzer**



Alka-Seltzer
AT ALL DRUGGISTS 30's & 60's PKGS.



Mrs. Brown had a pain in her head. Mr. Brown said "Get right into bed." "Not I!" she replied as she pushed him aside. And she took Alka-Seltzer instead.



Mrs. Brown's Sunday dinners are good. And Mister ate more than he should. But Mrs. was wise, she said "Alkalize!" "It would make you feel good if you would

Also sold by the glass at all Drug Store Soda Fountains

In the Palm of Your Hand

(Continued from page 29)

take into consideration a person's race, and also the type of work he does. Above all, be sure you are seeing the natural red or yellow and not a bad case of sunburn or a hangover.

Skin texture is more difficult to decide upon than color.

Fine skin is soft and delicately woven. It is white in color, and when found on any hand, no matter what other characteristics may be displayed there, it will have a softening influence. If your skin is very fine you may be too refined for your own happiness.

Coarse skin looks rough and is rough to the touch. It may be any color but if red or yellow the bad characteristics of these two colors are increased. Whatever the color, coarse skin warns you that the person you are reading is a good deal more physical than mental. Do not, however, confuse elastic skin with coarse skin.

In elastic, or medium skin, the skin is soft to the touch but the weave is wide. Tyrone Power's hands are a good example of the elastic skin, which shows, by the way, originality, intelligence and courage.

Other noteworthy characteristics of the Power hands are:

NAILS:—very broad. This shows frankness, honesty, good health and vitality.

FINGERS:—short. This indicates that Tyrone is impulsive, quick-witted, impatient, and dislikes details.

FINGERTIPS:—first finger and tip of little finger conic, giving Tyrone the benefit of the conic qualities such as love of beauty, quick perception, the ability to feel and play romantic parts and an appreciation of the arts.

The two middle fingers of Tyrone's hands are rather square. This makes Tyrone exacting in many ways, thorough in his characterizations. When he is too old to play the rôles of romantic young men he still will be popular as a character actor.

KNUCKLES:—knotty. These knuckles cause Tyrone to look before he leaps, think at least once before he speaks and to think over the thoughts and actions of others before he judges them.

I might add one further comment while we are still on the elastic skin. Though this type of skin indicates refinement, it also indicates that its possessor can adapt himself to conditions.

THE flexibility of your hands shows how adaptable you are. If your hands and fingers bend backward easily, you can adapt yourself to conditions and people.

If your hands are stiff, refusing to bend backward, and the fingers are hard to open, you are cautious in every move you make. You distrust everything new. You will not adapt yourself to others. However, you of the stiff hands can keep your own secrets as well as the secrets of others. You are hard workers and whatever money you make will come to you through work and thrift.

The medium-flexible hand is the best type to have. This hand opens easily and the fingers bend backward when pressed. It shows a person well-balanced in all things. You are neither stingy nor too generous. You weigh all matters, giving each your careful attention and, having weighed them, you reach a wise and fair decision.

Now, I want you to note carefully how your hands fall on the table. This

is very important. Let them drop before you in a natural position.

If there are wide spaces between all your fingers, you are generous to a fault—unconventional, modern in your viewpoint, Bohemian in your preferences for people and places, very much of a "good fellow." You cannot hang onto your money. You are inclined to live entirely in the present, forgetting that tomorrow must be faced. You are independent in actions and in thought.

Narrow spaces between all the fingers show you to be well balanced in your point of view, careful of your reputation, reasonably generous but seldom foolhardy in your expenditures. You prefer to follow rather than to blaze the way.

When your little finger and first fingers are widely separated, with the second and third fingers lying close together, you dare say and do what you please. If occasionally you happen to be indiscreet in your actions, you always manage to have an excellent alibi.

If all your fingers are held tightly together, you are probably formal, stingy, narrow-minded and hard to get along with. You hate new ways of doing things, you dislike any rearrangements of your daily routine and whatever money you have will come through scrimping and saving.

If your thumb is set low on your hand and there is a wide space between it and your first finger, you are generous, but also independent in every way.

Another thumb characteristic to check up on and remember is whether your thumb bends inward toward your palm. Alice Faye's hands show a thumb of this type, which indicates repression.

Other noteworthy characteristics of the Faye hands are:

COLOR:—white.

FLEXIBILITY:—this makes Miss Faye easygoing and adaptable. She is apt to sacrifice her own wishes and desires.

CONSISTENCY:—soft. Alice is very feminine. She loves comfort and luxury. She hates a fight and is miserable if her surroundings are inharmonious.

FINGERS:—medium length. This indicates that Alice is well balanced, neither too impulsive nor too fussy about details. She loves pleasure and romance. Conic tips tell you this.

If you will look carefully at the top of each of Alice's fingers you will discover small pads or cushions. This tells you that Miss Faye is very sensitive, and considerate of the feelings of others.

KNUCKLES:—smooth. Smooth knuckles show intuition and inspiration.

THE next point to consider in the study of the physical attributes of the hand is finger length. This is important.

First, note carefully whether the fingers on the hand you are studying are in proportion to its size. Deciding upon the varying degrees of finger length will come to you through practice, so merely note if, in proportion to a person's general size, the fingers look exceptionally long, unusually short, or just about right.

Short fingers mean that you are impulsive, quick-witted and hasty in your actions and in your judgments. You loathe details, except when you are vitally interested. You enjoy a big job which can be put through in a hurry. Because you are always in a hurry,

you are inclined to be careless about your appearance, nor do you always take time to be tactful or considerate.

You make good newspaper reporters and short story writers, because you visualize a thing as a whole. If you are an artist your work will be lacking in details. You are after the effect, not perfection of technique.

Short fingers with smooth knuckles make you brilliant in the extreme, and in this particular instance it is better for your fingers to lie close together, and for your hands not to be too flexible. Without these restraining influences, you will be the victim of your impulses, and your natural brilliance and generosity will be without a guide.

Long fingers belong to persons who move and act and think slowly. A long-fingered person loves details, and often makes a fuss over small things, overlooking something of importance.

You of the long fingers are cautious, easily offended and suspicious and you rather like to dwell on your slights.

You have a good memory, are careful in your dress and appearance and you have an amazing amount of patience, though you are not always tolerant in your viewpoint. You are far more tactful and courteous than your short-fingered acquaintances.

You make good novelists, excelling in descriptive passages. You make wonderful secretaries and trustworthy clerks, for you neglect nothing. In music, painting, acting or directing your technique is perfect.

Fingers of medium length show you to be well balanced in every way and easy to get along with. A careful study of the rest of your hands will tell you to what degree you possess these qualities.

BELIEVE it or not, the joints of your fingers give away a lot of secrets about you. Knotty joints (do not confuse these with rheumatic joints) stand for analysis. If both the knuckle and second joint are knotty you are orderly in mind and person. You are intelligent, honest, systematic and skeptical.

If the knuckles (or first joint only) are knotty, you are orderly in your mental processes, but inclined to be careless in your personal appearance. If the second joint is well developed, you are systematic and neat in everything and if with this development you have square fingertips you are probably a fuss-budget, if not a positive crank about system and order.

You knotty-fingered people make good lawyers, investigators, philosophers, scientists, historians and character actors or actresses.

Smooth fingers do not bulge at the knuckles or at the second joint. Smooth fingers denote intuition, impulse and inspiration. If you have such fingers you think and act quickly. You love beauty and harmony in all things. You make good actors, musicians, advertising men and women, radio announcers and entertainers and salesmen.

Thick fingers belong to the person who loves physical things. He who has thick fingers likes to eat and drink and has difficulty resisting a pretty face. He is inclined to be slow, easygoing.

Thin fingers belong to the mind rather than to the body. If you have these you are probably nervous, alert and a trifle nosy. If there are spaces between your fingers where your fingers join your hand you are a born investigator.

NOW for an analysis of your fingertips. Your fingertips influence all your other characteristics markedly.

There are four types of tips—spatulate, square, conic, and pointed. The average hand has a variety of tips, so don't expect to find all of any one kind of tips on your hands.

The spatulate tip is the broadest. It is shaped like a druggist's spatula and it denotes energy, love of action, realism, originality, practicality and a love of animals and the outdoors. Spatulate tips belong to explorers, adventurers, writers of action stories, soldiers, sailors, athletes—and also to a little movie star named Jane Withers.

Jane is the perfect example of the hand with the spatulate tips. These tips add to Jane's originality, love of action and her fondness for animals. She would sacrifice anything for one or all of her various pets. But coupled with these spatulate tips are well-balanced fingers of medium length, wide spaces between the fingers themselves denoting generosity and independence, and the perfect example of short wide nails, which tell as plainly as day to the initiated that Jane is quizzical, argumentative and extremely clever.

The next type of fingertip to watch for is the square tip. At first, you may find it difficult to differentiate between a square and a spatulate tip, so remember that, while spatulate tips are very broad, they are also slightly oval at the ends. Square tips are usually straight across. To get this fixed in your mind think of a box edge.

If you have square tips, method and order are your gods. You are exact in everything you do and you expect others to be just as exact. You are always on time and woe betide the person who keeps you waiting.

You square-fingered people make good organizers, practical businessmen, bookkeepers, historians, mathematicians, architects, exact scientists, and composers of marches and other rhythmic music. Square tips are helpful to short smooth fingers but with long, knotty fingers square tips produce a crank of the first water.

Conic tips are pointed but not pointed in the extreme. If you have conic tips you are impressionable, intuitive and artistic. You dislike exactitude in anything; you love harmony and are miserable if your surroundings are unpleasant. You prefer beauty to usefulness. You are sympathetic, emotional and an excellent lover, though not always a faithful one. You excel in painting, music, writing of romance, acting and decorating but in order to be outstanding in any of these arts, you need other characteristics to strengthen and push the brilliance of your conic fingers. You must have a good-sized thumb, set low or medium on your hand, a not too flexible hand and medium-length fingers, with your second and third fingers lying close together.

Pointed tips belong to the dreamer rather than to the doer. You are an idealist, and you live in a world of your own. If you are allowed to exist in this world, you will be happy; but you are too sensitive and introspective.

Pointed fingers belong to the poet and to the nun. Pointed fingers write beautiful or weird poetry, fantastic stories and plays and religious works. But these fingers are never practical. Frequently their owner is so contented in his dream world that he cannot force himself to put his dreams on paper.

Anita Louise's fingers have the pointed tips such as I have just described. However, no one point can be judged alone in determining hand characteristics and their relation to their owner. Below is a complete reading of the backs of Anita's hands.

SKIN:—very fine of texture and white in color. This shows refinement and conservatism—a dislike of crudeness, exhibitionism, all forms of coarseness.

NAILS:—wide. Anita is fundamentally frank and honest.

**LIGHTS!
ACTION!
CAMERA!**



Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer, Basil Rathbone, and the remainder of the distinguished cast who appear in the forthcoming Warner Bros. production "Tovarich" are typical of the group of artists who prefer this glamorous refreshing make-up created for them by Miss Arden.

The great stars of Hollywood have found their answer to the relentless cameras, the hot lights, the demand for glamour and loveliness at any hour of the day or night . . .

They have discovered the new

SCREEN and STAGE MAKE-UP

by *Elizabeth Arden*

A complete line of preparations are available for professional—and taking a hint from the stars—for private use too. They are priced at a dollar (\$1.00) each, and sold by exclusive Elizabeth Arden retail distributors everywhere.

The booklet "Professional Information" P-3, containing procedure of make-up application for effective use, may be obtained by writing Screen and Stage Laboratories, 5533 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

NEWS FLASH!

Men Look First at a Woman's Eyes; Women Notice Masculine Nose

NEW YORK, N. Y.—(U.P.)—When a man looks into a woman's face the first thing he notices are her eyes.

When a woman scans a man's face she pays most attention to his nose. These conclusions were drawn by the beauticians of America after a three-month survey in which 25,000 men and women were asked to explain what interested them most in the facial features of the opposite sex.

Forty-three per cent of the women said they looked first at a man's nose, 19 per cent at the mouth, and the remainder scattered votes for the eyes, hair, ears and appearance of the skin.

Approximately 51 per cent of the men said they looked first at a woman's eyes.

Courtesy: United Press and Milwaukee Journal

**NOW...
who Dares
be without
Maybelline
Eye Beauty Aids**



Maybelline

A few simple touches of Maybelline Mascara instantly transform pale, scanty, unattractive lashes into natural-looking, long, dark, luxuriant fringe. Harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting. Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Shade lids softly with Maybelline Eye Shadow. For beautiful eyes, demand the world's largest selling Eye Beauty Aids—Maybelline.

FINGERS:—held close together. This shows Miss Louise to be conventional and reserved. She can hang on to her money, hates to make a show of herself or to be with anyone who is making himself conspicuous. Her fingers curl inwards toward the palms which indicates that she allows very few persons really to know her or to get close to her.

FINGERTIPS:—pointed. Anita Louise is idealistic, rather spiritual, intuitive, romantic, a lover of beauty and perfection in all things. Any man in real life who makes love to her must appeal to the romantic side of her nature.

FINGERS:—long. This makes her thorough and particular about details.

KNUCKLES:—knotty. This increases her caution and causes her to analyze everything with extreme care.

FINGERNAILS will assist you in discovering health defects and will point out many characteristics.

Broad nails, wide at both tip and base, indicate that you are honest, robust, frank sometimes to the point of brutality, and if they are a clear red or pink in color, you have excellent health and a tremendous amount of vitality.

Narrow nails, wide at the tip and narrow at the base, show that you are more tactful than the blunt, broad-nailed person, a bit more subtle and, though you appear to have a great deal of vitality, you go on your nervous energy, and it is soon exhausted.

Short nails are critical nails. If only fairly short you are more quizzical than critical. If very short with no moons, you are scrappy, argumentative and often critical to an unpleasant degree. If you have yellow skin, knotty joints and very short nails, heaven protect your mate, providing you are fortunate enough to have one. You are clever, and amusing, too, but how often is it at the expense of someone else?

THE healthiest nails are a clear pink without spots or ridges.

White spots on your nails indicate severe nervous strain. If the spots start at the lower part of the nail, the strain

has been going on for six months at least. If the spots start near the center, the strain began about three months ago. If the spots continue all the way to the tip of the nail you must guard your health from further strain.

Ridges or flutings warn you of a breakdown of some sort and when they cause your nails to become cloudy, thick-white, or yellow, you had better consult a physician about your health.

Blue nails, especially at the base, indicate some form of obstruction in circulation and may even signify a heart condition. However, let me warn you never, never to take it upon yourself to tell someone that he has a heart condition. You wouldn't want him to drop dead at your feet, would you?

Curved nails curve over the end of your finger and they warn you of a tendency to throat or bronchial ailments. You should be very careful about taking cold. Never neglect a cold, for the result might be serious.

Bulbous nails curve down over the end of your fingertips, and the fingertips themselves are shaped like bulbs. Such nails indicate a decided weakness of the lungs or chest. This warning should never be ignored and if you have nails of this type you should be under the care of a reliable physician.

THAT completes our study of the backs of your hands. In going back over the points, please remember that in order to give an accurate reading of hands, every indication mentioned must be given careful consideration, because each characteristic—such as color, skin texture, flexibility, nails, length and type of fingers, fingertips, etc., has its especial effect on all the other traits. If you will give this your careful attention you will surprise everyone, including yourself, with the acumen of your character analysis.

Miss Trotter's next article, in March **PHOTOPLAY**, will be the study of the palms of your hands. As she did this month, each point will be illustrated by pictures. Study these pictures under the microscope. Learn to read your own hands accurately.

Diamond Pin Money

(Continued from page 23)

Joel McCrea, Randolph Scott and Joe E. Brown, raise horses. Heaven knows that everyone who raises horses loses money.

The reason for all this outside activity seems to be that losing money is one of the few things you can do and make the government pay for it. It is a little matter of the income tax, where a thumping deficit in one operation reduces your super-tax. You have the fun of experimenting on a ranch or in a hat shop and most of the fifty thousand dollars you lose is the government's loss, not yours.

The men and women who represent grace and glamour and adventure on the screen—I like to think of them as manufacturers, shopkeepers, farmers, restaurant-keepers, and garage men. I know they don't often work at these jobs, but it's pleasant to think that, after a hard day at the studio where they have earned about five hundred dollars an hour by actually facing the camera, they go home to find their hamburger stand or fruit farm or furniture store has turned in a profit of eight dollars and sixteen cents and they'll have to hire a new cashier.

What's more, the movie stars who make chow mein (that is Mae West); or

bottle lemon juice (that is Mr. Cagney, who lost only five thousand dollars on it the first year); or manage prize fighters (that is Al Jolson and the prize fighter is Henry Armstrong)—all of these are getting some knowledge of the give-and-take of normal human interests, the sort of thing that you and I run through every day. It is bound to be a good counterbalance against the fantastic things they do on the screen and the slightly more extravagant things they do as part of the life of Hollywood.

THESE outside wage earners are really divided into several classifications. The boys and girls who merely triple their movie salaries by radio work are having a lucky break and they know perfectly well that it can't last; that in spite of our positively wicked government (which has only given them liberty and the fairly successful pursuit of happiness) they ought to make a lot of money and save a lot for a rainy day. To me, the radio and the movie salaries are in the same bracket; some people get more for one than for the other, but it is substantially the same sort of income.

Naturally, there are radio stars to whom the movies are "velvet." Burns

and Allen picked up only \$92,000 in 1935 from the pictures; if they were annoyed, a \$10,000-a-week radio salary must have consoled them.

Fred Allen wouldn't get \$416,000 a year in the movies—but he can count on it on the air. And so on. But straight stage-and-screen stars, like Bill Fields and Eddie Cantor, run way ahead of their movie income in their radio work.

Cantor pays for his company and extra talent, but that still leaves him a fair part of \$15,000 a week; and Fields got a contract at five thousand dollars a week, but it didn't seem to hold him.

Jack Oakie gets forty-five hundred dollars for a radio show—a little more than for showing up at the movie studios. Jeanette MacDonald asks for, and gets, five thousand dollars.

Just by way of contrast: Garbo doesn't earn a nickel on the air.

All of these financial giants have business managers. They can't act for the cameras, go on the air, run a shop or a ranch—and still have time to watch the ticker. So they get a man who kicks promoters downstairs, straight-arms self-discovered relatives, and runs the business generally—at a fee.

It is hard, however, for these business directors to decide on this one thing. Is this quick earning all to the good? Won't the dear American audience turn fickle if it gets Miss Wonderful in nine pictures and on fifty-two broadcasts a year? Would it be better to spread it out? Or—then the doubts begin. Maybe if you spread it out, you'll not have the chance next year. And so it goes—a vicious circle.

MOST of the movie players seem to have decided to get it while they can. And there has been no lack of opportunity. In the good old days of testimonial advertisements one little star arranged to spend two days being photographed with a variety of objects, from clothes and cosmetics, to jewels and motor cars—all of which she would endorse—and her agent called all the great manufacturers and offered her endorsement to the highest bidder.

Those days have gone, but there is still pay dirt in the game. The better line is putting your name on a commercial product—or your face, if you are Mickey Mouse.

Eddie Bergen is in for a tidy sum—unless his agent missed a cue—from the sale of Charlie McCarthy dolls this year. But you have to be pretty special. For instance, there are no Joan Crawford's dresses—if a woman didn't like the dress, she might take a dislike to Joan Crawford. It's safer to endorse what someone else is already selling.

Radio, endorsements, testimonials—these are the sources of big money. But for "human interest," the things stars do on a smaller scale are more rewarding. Why does one raise orchids and another finance a pearling ship? Why does one invent a new motorcar brake in his spare time and another grow walnuts? Why do some go in for real estate and others for raising cattle? Difference of temperament, maybe. But it is remarkable that after their work in the make-believe movie world, they go in for something substantial, something you can put your hands on and say "here it is," or "this is mine." A few have bought stock in movie companies; generally, they go into "serious business."

And if they bother to look about them, movie stars find ample reason for having a business on the side. There are dozens and even hundreds of players who were once in the big money and who now are lucky if they get fifty dollars a week instead of seven and a half dollars a day two or three times a month.

The brothers Frank and Ralph Mor-

gan are really the Wuppermans who were born to the family making Angostura Bitters in this country. Naturally, they have not given that up, but they also are proprietors of a furniture store in Palm Springs. Furniture is solid and is not made of breakaways or balsa wood. Mr. Reginald Denny's enterprise is not quite so substantial in its products—but to have the largest factory in the world producing model airplanes (with two million dollars in advance orders for next year) is something that you really can count on.

THE passion for the land I have already mentioned. Mr. Cecil De Mille was a sort of pioneer in the movie business of California and perhaps it was automatic that he should own one of the largest fruit ranches in that state; but he backs it up with one of the largest cotton plantations in Arkansas. Mr. Robert Taylor may have heard that fame and beauty are both fleeting, so he breeds horses and, in addition, is a real-estate operator.

It is reported that in one single deal in real estate last year he made more money than his entire year's salary in pictures.

Also on the substantial side is Jean Hersholt, who used to be a director in two banks and has invested in industrial establishments here and abroad.

Charles Bickford has a whole string of gas stations, but apparently there is a touch of romance in him because he has also invested in a pearling ship.

I don't consider horses a really safe investment, but Al Jolson apparently does because he runs a stable and, if you look hard, you will find him at the better tracks.

Bing Crosby owns the Del Mar track which took most of a year's picture salary at the beginning, but is expected to pay off in time.

There are a dozen owners of buildings from apartment houses to markets.

The movie people run hamburger stands and raise bees and manufacture perfumes and neckties and medicines and breed trout. Mr. Noah Beery is the trout specialist and he has the business pretty well in hand. You may fish in his stream and pay him thirty-five cents for every fish you catch—but he also runs a restaurant near by to which your fish must go if you want it cooked.

A QUICK glance (by an expert glancer) revealed no less than ninety stars who have "outside activities" and more than half of these were in business enterprises. It's hard to believe that all of them are "working" at some other business as a form of insurance. Many of them have been wise and put by enough to live on the rest of their lives. They aren't scared, but they know, as well as we do, that their place at the top is not permanent. (A Hollywood lawyer is trying to get their income tax reduced by an allowance for exhaustion of popularity, as the government allows for the exhaustion of an oil well.)

They also know that the time will come when they will want something interesting to do—when they are through with pictures. Many would rather leave the pictures altogether than take the long hard road down to small parts and bits and extra work. So they have provided an interest in life against the future.

For myself, I still think that Miss Temple's ten cents is the best money in the world. It was earned by straight business methods (the little girl is a rugged individualist) and she probably would be a great executive if she weren't so busy being an actress. The other money on the side is velvet—her dime for the pony is earned—and, I hope, well spent.

New Cream brings to Women the Active "SKIN-VITAMIN"

"HELPS SKIN IN MORE WAYS THAN EVER.."



Mrs. Eugene du Pont, III

"Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' Vanishing Cream is as good as ever for smoothing off flakiness and holding my powder. But now it does so much more! My pores seem so much finer, my skin clearer and brighter."

Yes, really a new kind of cream!

Only 4 years ago, it was hardly thought of! Doctors had just learned that a certain vitamin *applied direct to the skin* actually healed the skin quicker in burns and wounds, and in such cases prevented infections.

Then, Pond's started research on what this vitamin might do for the skin when put in Pond's Creams.

Today—you can have its benefits for your skin—in Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream!

Helps nutrition of skin

You've always known that Pond's Vanishing Cream would smooth off flaky skin for powder and soften overnight.

But now!—by bringing the "skin-vitamin" right to your skin, this fa-

mous cream helps your skin *more directly*. Its use now nourishes the skin. Women who use it say it makes their skin look clearer; pores seem finer; it keeps skin faults away more surely.

Same jars, same labels, same price

Just get a jar of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream. It is in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

Use it regularly night and day for 3 or 4 weeks. Then consult your mirror! You'll say this really is a new kind of cream!

The vitamin it contains is not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. It is not "irradiated." But the actual "skin-vitamin." Use it and see how it helps your skin.



SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM! TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

Pond's, Dept. 15-VO, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

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HOW DID WE EVER GET ALONG WITHOUT KLEENEX?

SEEMS LIKE EVERYONE HAS A "KLEENEX TRUE CONFESSION" HAVE YOU? WE'LL PAY \$5.00 IN CASH FOR EVERY ONE PUBLISHED! MAIL YOURS TO KLEENEX, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago



DID MY EARS BURN— WHEN I HEARD GUESTS WHISPER THAT MY TOWELS WERE STAINED WITH MAKE-UP! NEW KLEENEX LIPSTICK TISSUES NOW END ALL THAT!
(From a letter by Mrs. H. E. B., Pasadena, Cal.)

I USED TO BE A TISSUE FUMBLER ...BECAUSE OTHER BRANDS HAVEN'T THAT PEACHY KLEENEX PULL-OUT BOX THAT MAKES IT EASY TO GET ONLY ONE DOUBLE-TISSUE AT A TIME! NO MORE FUMBLE AND JUMBLE FOR ME!

(From a letter by Mrs. W. P. S., Chicago, Ill.)



I USED TO BE A "TERROR" WHEN I HAD A COLD, WITH MY NOSE SO SORE AND RED. "SINCE KLEENEX"—HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN!
(From a letter by Mrs. W. T., New York, N. Y.)



I WAS IN THE DOGHOUSE, PLENTY ...WHEN MY LITTLE WOMAN CAUGHT ME CUTTING TOWELS AS I DRIED MY RAZOR. THANKS, KLEENEX, OLD PAL!
(From a letter by Mr. E. L. M., Dayton, Ohio)

• Do as millions are doing—adopt the habit of using Kleenex Disposable Tissues in every room of your home, at the office and in your car. Once you start, you'll wonder how you ever got along without Kleenex, the disposable tissues that come in handy in a dozen ways each day.

When sniffles start . . .

During colds, it's good policy to put aside handkerchiefs and use Kleenex instead. See how it soothes your nose and saves money as it reduces handkerchief washing. What's more, Kleenex tends to hold germs, thus checks the spread of colds through the family. You use each tissue just once—then destroy, germs and all. You'll cheer that you don't have to wash dozens of handkerchiefs whenever there's a cold in your family.

Dozens of other uses

Use Kleenex, too, to remove face creams and cosmetics; to dust and polish; as a kitchen help; for baby; and for countless other uses. In the car, Kleenex comes in handy to

wipe hands, windshield and greasy places.

Don't be a tissue fumbler!

To end tissue waste and mess, be sure to buy Kleenex in the Serv-a-Tissue box. You pull a double tissue easily, quickly, with only one hand and another pops up ready for use. Only Kleenex has this patented feature. 200 sheets in the Serv-a-Tissue box now 2 for 25c at drug counters everywhere.



KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 4)

male costar for her fame.

A couple of crisp salutes to these two grand girls for making monkeys of their accusers!

T. SWAN,
San Francisco, Calif.

\$1.00 PRIZE

FOR MEN ONLY!

A big bouquet to you for the introduction of the new, enlarged and greatly improved PHOTOPLAY. But I would suggest to you that you add one more department, "For Men Only." Your October issue seems perfect in all respects but one—there is nothing substantial in it that can be of material help to your MALE readers. There are various departments that include make-up, beauty hints, body building, latest Hollywood fashions, etc., all for ladies.

Hence, I, on behalf of all your male readers in India and elsewhere, would suggest a new department. There you should give us pictorial articles from male fashion authorities advising us what the well-dressed man should wear, details for correct clothes for sports, formal and informal affairs. Studio trainers could give full descriptions of the exercises that keep the top-notch stars like Gable in the pink of condition, and other articles dealing with the proper care of the hair, skin, etc. If we get some of these useful hints regularly I say without fear of contradiction that the sale of PHOTOPLAY will increase fifty percent. I should like this letter published in order that I may know the views of thousands of other male readers.

RATOO MISTRY,
Bombay, India.

We, too, are anxious to know what our male readers think of this idea. Will you write and tell us?

\$1.00 PRIZE

A CRACK AT CRAWFORD

What have they done to our once lovely Joan Crawford?

After seeing "The Bride Wore Red" I was wondering! She looked so callous (in her last few pictures it has been the same) I could hardly believe it was Joan Crawford. The hair style may have been the reason, for it was anything but nice, since it was continually hanging in her eyes. Please don't let Joan wear her hair that way any more—it is too horrid. She looked so very unreal. Not the glamorous Joan. No! But just a picture someone had painted to make fun of her too-large eyes and too-much make-up.

Please, for her public's and her own sake, have Joan take off some of that hideous make-up, fix her hair in soft feminine curls and be just the same Joan Crawford we have always loved.

SHIRLEY M. TEMPING,
Seattle, Wash.

\$1.00 PRIZE

WE ARE WITH YOU

How I would enjoy seeing Greta Garbo in another "Anna Christie" rôle. Why, oh why do they persistently cast her in costume pictures? I'm sure a great many people will agree with me when I say that she was more popular in those days than now.

First it was "Queen Christina," then "Anna Karenina" followed by "Camille" and now we have "Conquest," another picture with our Garbo all dressed up in mousseline de soie, lace, velvet and

what not. In fact, there is too much costume and not enough Garbo. And where is the famous Garbo bob?

And another thing. Why is it that in all her pictures she either dies in the end or gets the worst of it, anyhow? I vote for a happy Garbo in "plain clothes." Are you with me, or "agin' me?"

E. DIEROFF,
Quebec, Canada.

\$1.00 PRIZE

FOUR-ALARM FIRE!

I'm tossing away the torches I've been carrying for those great lovers, Taylor and Gable, that daring adventurer, Errol Flynn, and that prince of leading men, Ray Milland. I'm lighting candles to their memory, and joyfully lighting a flaming torch for a boy singer.

His is a personality and charm as refreshing as a cool movie on a hot Texas afternoon. His is the voice of Dick Powell, Jack Haley and Nelson Eddy rolled into one glorious tenor. His are the mannish good looks.

Have you guessed whom I'm ranting about—the delightful hero of "Mr. Dodd Takes the Air" and "52nd Street"—Kenny Baker.

He is the timid lovable boy we've listened to, chuckled and laughed with, who's been a notable addition to Jack Benny's radio laugh riot. One has to be good to make a place for himself in that array of talent and Kenny has carved a niche that no one else can fill. I hope they don't try to make a sophisticated lover out of him; he isn't one. He's just—Kenny.

JANICE AUBREY,
Gainesville, Texas.

Kenneth L. Baker has a lilting lyric tenor voice, exceptionally curly hair, an ingratiating grin, is six feet tall, was born in Monrovia, California on Sept. 30, 1912. He attended Polytechnic High School in Long Beach, Calif., began his singing career in the church choir at the Santa Anita Scientists Church. His first important engagement was as a solo singer at the Los Angeles Biltmore; he won the Eddie Duchin Open Radio Championship in 1935, was singing at the Coconut Grove when Mervyn LeRoy, impressed with his charm, signed him for pictures, groomed him for the stardom he won in "Mr. Dodd Takes the Air." Baker is very retiring in private life, idolizes tenor John Charles Thomas, married his childhood sweetheart in 1933.

\$1.00 PRIZE

AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD'S IDEA OF SHIRLEY

A great big bouquet of orchids to PHOTOPLAY and to Miss Dixie Willson for the lovely story on "The Sweetheart of the World"—my own special favorite, Shirley Temple. I never miss a single word written about my idol, and of all the things I have ever read I do think Miss Willson's article was one of the loveliest.

You see, Mr. Editor, I am a little girl just about Shirley's age, but of all the many gifts the fairies have bestowed on this adorable child, I have none—that's why I love her so. She can sing sweetly—and I can't even talk. She dances and I have never walked, but when I watch her I forget about me. I am a new person; I am the person Shirley is playing—do you wonder I adore her? May I thank PHOTOPLAY and Miss Willson again for an extra ray of sunshine for a shut in.

JOSEPHINE O'BRIEN,
Flint, Mich.

\$1.00 PRIZE

FLYNN'S FLAIR FOR FRIENDSHIP

At last! A prayer answered! We people who live hundreds of miles from Hollywood have had our chance at coming in close contact with the movie colony. We have crowded every spare moment into visits to Bidwell Park for a glimpse of Errol Flynn's new picture "The Adventures of Robin Hood" in the making. We have truly enjoyed the intensity of the scenes, the courtesies of the directors and cameramen, and, most of all, the congeniality of Errol Flynn himself. By his naturalness, sincerity and good fellowship he has added many friends to his already countless thousands. Many thanks from Northern California to Warners for bringing us a bit of Hollywood. We hope that others, too, will have the good fortune to witness their favorite stars on location.

RUTH CARTER,
Marysville, Calif.

\$1.00 PRIZE

TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR—OR ELSE!

It is thrilling to watch a falling star—from the sky. Yesterday I witnessed the first signs of a cinema star's slip and it was pitiful. The subtitle of Bing Crosby's new picture "Double or Nothing" ought to be "Upward or Downward," for Bing cannot continue on the same level much longer. He is evidently resting on his er, mmm, shall we say laurels?

On the screen he really looks the family man that he is in reality, and that's letting his personal life interfere with his career! He has a decidedly stodgy appearance, the twinkle has left one eye (he still has it in the other one) and where, or where, is that mischievous glance that made him look as if he meant something Will Hays didn't allow him to say? As for the straw hat and bow tie our singing hero wore, well, if Bing has the say in selecting his own wardrobe, he had better speak up.

I hear that that hilariously funny titled Englishwoman, Beatrice Lillie, will be in Bing's next picture. Miss Lillie will set the pace! "Double your efforts,—or Nothing," Bing!

ANN GOLVIN,
Los Angeles, Calif.

\$1.00 PRIZE

A GREAT ACTOR SCORES AGAIN!

Hats off to a truly great actor—William Powell. It is remarkable in itself that Mr. Powell becomes more popular as the years roll by, instead of being

forgotten after a few successful years. But the real proof came when he was filming "Double Wedding." Knowing how the tragedy of Jean Harlow's death had affected Mr. Powell, I expected to notice some difference in his acting, but, although I made a special effort to detect a difference, I was unable to do so. His fine hilarious "acting" never varied throughout the picture.

Bouquets to a man who could make the nation laugh while he was experiencing a great sorrow.

MRS. C. E. JONES,
Los Angeles, Calif.

After finishing "Double Wedding," Mr. Powell left for Europe for a three months' vacation. On his return he went to 20th Century-Fox on a loan, to star in a picture with Annabella, their pretty new French star. The title of the picture was "Jean," but the name was changed to "The Baroness and the Butler."

\$1.00 PRIZE

YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE!

The door opened. A rather tall young woman with lovely reddish hair and silver fox furs down to her knees entered hesitantly. I looked up. She wasn't beautiful—but there was something in her face that made me wish—I don't know what.

"May I see Mr. F—?" Her voice was nice.

A short time later I was in Mr. F—'s office busy with daily duties (I'm a secretary). Mr. F— was talking.

"Can you dance? They want someone versatile." The young woman said "Why of course," and, turning away from us both with a little embarrassed smile, she very slowly raised her leg 'way up over her head and held it there a few seconds. It was the most graceful motion—and executed with the utmost ease and charm. The young woman smiled at our applause, pleased as a kid.

A few days later she got a contract with one of the major studios. They kept her around as atmosphere, gave her a couple of small bits, and then didn't take up her option. She was very unhappy. Then another studio signed her. She kept getting better and better rôles and I kept getting smugger and smugger. I had seen her potentialities the very first time I saw her. Now she is to be starred in her own picture.

She's grand, don't you think? Who? Why the girl you laugh, and laugh and laugh at—Joan Davis!

FLORENCE HOLMES,
Los Angeles, Calif.

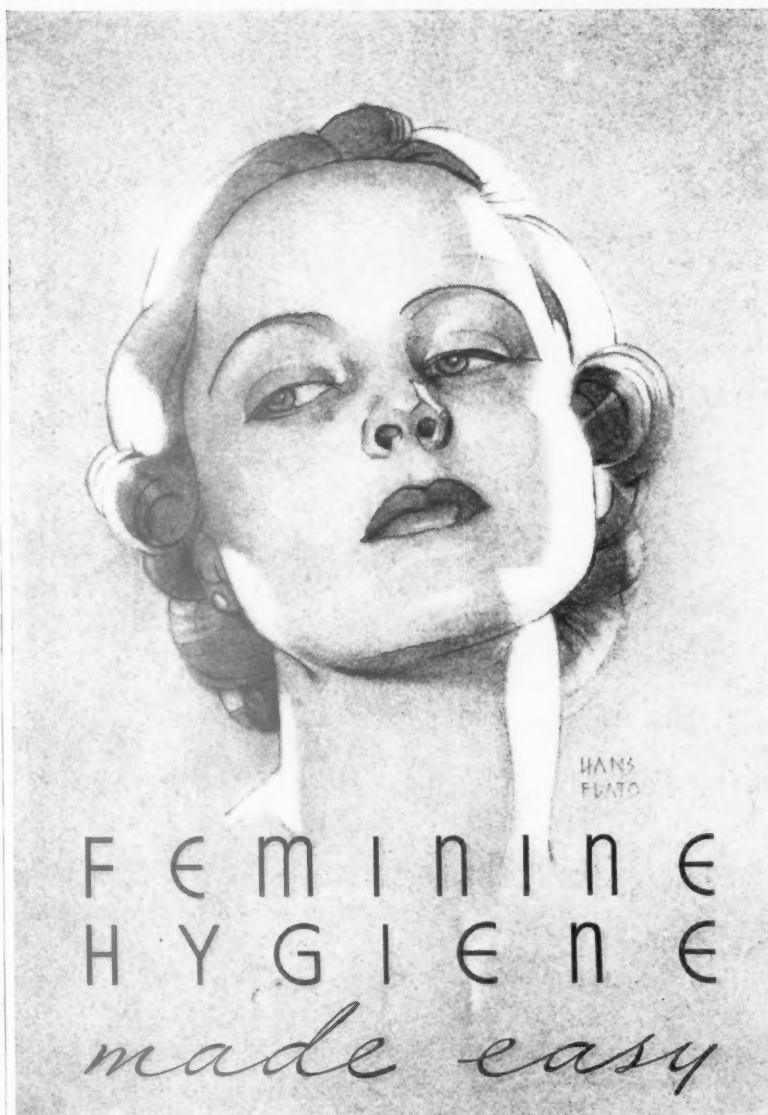
HARK! HARK! THE CRITICS BARK! THE MARCHES ARE COMING TO TOWN

The Marches being those two grand Hollywood personalities, Freddie and Florence, who are at long last appearing opposite each other on the New York stage.

Here's a spoonful of wisdom from one of the sanest young men in the business.

Here's also the reason for his success both as a husband and an actor.

Read "MARCH TO THE STAGE"
In March PHOTOPLAY



NORFORMS ACTION EXPLAINED

Norforms are easy-to-use antiseptic suppositories that melt at internal body temperature and spread a protective, soothing film over delicate internal membranes—an antiseptic film that remains in effective contact for hours. They are deodorizing as well as antiseptic and soothing.

FIVE REASONS WHY WOMEN PREFER NORFORMS

Every day, more and more women are adopting Norforms for Feminine Hygiene, because:

1. Norforms are so easy to use. They require no awkward apparatus for application. They come in a small, convenient package of one dozen.
2. They contain Parahydrecin—a powerful and positive antiseptic developed by Norwich, makers of Unguentine. No danger of an overdose or "burn" with Norforms.
3. They leave no embarrassing antiseptic odor about room or person. In fact, they are deodorizing, and many women use them for this purpose alone.
4. They remain in effective, antiseptic contact for hours.
5. Norforms can be used as often as necessary. They are soothing and beneficial as well as antiseptic.

MILLIONS USED EVERY YEAR

Send for the new Norforms booklet, "Feminine Hygiene Made Easy." Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, complete with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York, makers of Unguentine.

NORFORMS

KNOWN TO PHYSICIANS AS "VAGIFORMS"

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How to win against SKIN TROUBLE

**IF YOU HAVE ANY OF THESE
COMPLAINTS, DON'T DELAY,
BUT START NOW TO FIGHT
THEM WITH A PENETRATING
FACE CREAM**

BLACKHEADS?

YES..... NO.....

These hateful little specks hide in the corners of your nose and chin, and don't show their faces until they have deep roots. Even one blackhead may prove your present cleansing method fails in these corners. To see how quickly blackheads yield to a penetrating cream, send the coupon below to Lady Esther, today.

DRY SKIN?

YES..... NO.....

Move the muscles of your face. Does the skin seem tight? Can you see any little scales on the surface of your skin? These are symptoms of DRY skin. A dry skin is brittle; it creases into lines quickly. If your skin is dry now, then let me show you how quickly you can help it.

COARSE PORES?

YES..... NO.....

Your pores should be invisible to the naked eye. When they begin to show up like little holes in a pincushion, it is proof that they are clogged with waxy waste matter. When your skin is cleansed with a penetrating cream, you will rejoice to see the texture of your skin become finer, soft and smooth.

OILY SKIN?

YES..... NO.....

Does your skin always seem a little greasy? Does it look moist? If this is your trouble, then be careful not to apply heavy, greasy, sticky mixtures. Send the coupon below to Lady Esther and find how quickly an oily skin responds to a penetrating cream.

TINY LINES?

YES..... NO.....

Can you see faint lines at the corners of your eyes or mouth? If your skin is dry, then these little lines begin to take deep roots. Before you know it they have become deep wrinkles. The coupon below brings you my directions for smoothing out these little lines *before* they grow into wrinkles.

DINGY COLOR?

YES..... NO.....

If your general health is good, then your skin should have a clear, healthy color. Very often the dingy, foggy tone is caused by clogged pores. If you want to see an amazing difference—a clearer, lighter, fresher looking skin, then let me send you, FREE, a tube of my penetrating cream.

Have you a Lucky Penny?

Here's how a penny postcard will bring you luck. It will bring you FREE and postpaid a generous tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, and all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 7118 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Madam: I would like your directions for (check)

Blackheads..... Dry Skin..... Oily Skin.....
Coarse Pores..... Tiny Lines..... Poor Color.....

Please send me a tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, and ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name..... Address.....

City..... State.....

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

(39)



Rudy Vallee abandons his baton for a camera and snaps pretty Columbia star, Joan Perry, on the veranda of the Palm Springs Racquet Club

Hollywood's Case Against Monogamy

(Continued from page 17)

Many of them do not keep their hearts. They fall in love with other ambitious youngsters, naturally and sweetly and inevitably, and they marry. And life goes on, work goes on, and the girl grows older and so does the boy. And perhaps one is more successful than the other, and the other can't take it. Or perhaps they were simply too young for marriage, too dazzled and too much in love with love to know what it was all about. So they part; and eventually are divorced.

ANOTHER type of marriage which takes place in an early stage of development is the marriage of ambition. Many girls in Hollywood have married, shortly after their first contract, in order to get ahead faster. They marry men with money, or influence, or good jobs; they marry established players, directors, producers. And this type of marriage also goes on the rocks.

Then there's loneliness. And don't think you can't be lonely in Hollywood. Or there's the boy or girl back home with whom the aspirant star was in love before he or she came West, and old love and old loyalty not yet outgrown, but soon to be, perhaps. Oh, there are all sorts of reasons for these young, early marriages—love, ambition, loneliness, propinquity, loyalty, and sometimes fear—fear of failing, fear of being alone, fear of missing happiness.

In a land, almost legendary, where love-making is bread and butter, it is natural that the dividing line between fantasy and reality sometimes grows very faint. You keep on acting and you keep on making love even after the cameras have stopped grinding.

The climate in Hollywood is stimulating, the talk in Hollywood—almost entirely of pictures and picture people—is stimulating. Everything is fast-moving, and exciting and hurried—and artificial. You don't talk about hundreds of dollars, you talk about millions of dollars. You don't say that Mr. So and So is rather in love with Miss Whoosit—you say that Mr. So and So is madly, passionately in love with Miss Whoosit, that it is The Great Love of His Life. And after a while, he believes it.

The studios help along the illusion, in

various ways. For instance, when they have a promising couple of young featured players under contract, they are delighted, for publicity purposes, to suggest, hint and foster a romance between the two. Sometimes this artificially engendered, make-believe romance turns into something real... at least for the time being.

Another way in which the studios play Cupid is through the clauses inserted in some of the younger stars' contracts, which forbid them to marry for a certain number of years. It's the old story of Adam and Eve and the apple. Tell a youngster that he or she can't marry and it's the one thing in the world he or she wants to do!

It has often been asked, cynically, why do the stars bother to marry so often? Why not a love affair and be done with it? Why all these elaborate elopements—advance notices given to the papers? Why take on even the semblance of the solemnity of vows before God and man—or at least a judge or someone at Las Vegas?

The answer is simple enough. We all want domesticity, a home, children, a place apart from the white lights. And certainly when one of our many marrying stars marries for the third or fourth time, it is still with the idea that he or she is an average human being and domesticity and slippers by the fire-side is the real thing.

The trouble is that most stars *aren't* average human beings. For that reason the rôle becomes difficult to play after a while.

Yet, in a great many cases, the second or even third marriage of some of the stars has turned out—as far as we know, and as far as they have gone—to be happy and to give every promise of endurance. This definitely goes against our average belief in monogamy—and it is the interesting contribution to human behavior that Hollywood offers the world to consider. This is, possibly, because, having experienced failure, these exotic people have at last found success, in perfectly complementing each other. In other words, they have achieved a marriage of maturity that happens to be the right one after sev-

eral marriages of fumbling immaturity.

Now and then, we find the case of a star—usually a woman—who grows up in phases. She may marry several times, she usually does, and each time she marries the man who complements that phase . . . she runs possibly the whole gamut which I mentioned earlier. She marries first for young love, secondly, for ambition; and then, perhaps, for intellectual companionship; and after that for something else again.

A great many average women have wished, in their secret hearts, that they, too, could change husbands with their moods or with the development of their own personalities, but the average woman can't manage several marriages during her lifetime.

Certainly there is no reason for us to condemn or to praise the all-change-partners method.

What the everyday boy or girl or man or woman must realize is that just as imported cars, twenty-carat diamonds, swimming pools, race horses and trunks of clothes are not to be his or her lot, neither are many marriages.

The average home is not run on a Hollywood basis. You can't be excused by temperament or talk of genius or of being above the average man-made law.

Every man or woman reaches a point when he or she says "I can't stand it another minute!" The thing which precipitates this feeling is not always a big thing—it isn't always brutality or drunkenness or adultery or dishonesty—it's more than likely something quite trivial—the way a man whistles through his teeth, the way a woman lies about the cost of her hats. It may be too much mother-in-law, or too much money or plain incompatibility or anything at all. But such moments of I-wish-I-were-free come very often in all marriages. Only the routine of daily life forbids rushing out to a lawyer. The children, lack of money, what people will say—those points must be considered.

But the Hollywood stars, when they feel this mood coming over them, are in a position to rush to lawyers. In the first place, they don't have to think about what the neighbors will say, and they don't have to think about money and they don't, as a rule, consider the children, if any.

From the Hollywood star's viewpoint, then, they thus avoid monotony. For many of them, the women particularly, it does seem to mean that the

overthrowing of monogamy in favor of many marriages creates stimulus and development.

I have watched a few of these women stars, past forty, who seem to be, in their reaction to several marriages, still young girls. In each new love they seem to find the eternal promise of their girlhood.

There is another thing to be said for them, too. By refusing to hold to marriages that make them unhappy, by not turning a hypocritical face to the world and murmuring that all is well with their love when the opposite is true, the stars do get a kind of realistic honesty.

I do not believe this makes them happy. I feel that the lonely shoals we often see them landing on at the middle years of their rather hectic lives may come from this very attitude; yet the sheer honesty of it is, and should be, somehow admirable.

A GREAT many men and women—almost all of us in fact—have all the less paying potentialities of the stars. That is to say, most people have temperament in some form or another. The average Mr. and Mrs. can't express it, that's all . . . not, that is, on the screen or stage, in words or with paint or music. They get just as fed up, of course they do, and they have moments in which freedom from all bonds appears the most desirable thing in the world.

But public opinion is not so lenient with Mr. and Mrs. as with Star and Starlet. Nor is money usually so plentiful. And besides, there's the office to go to in the morning—and so the mood passes, is forgotten and married life goes smoothly on until the next time.

People who live through these minor crises together have achieved a real marriage. There are lots of them—growing up together, growing close, growing into a companionship of give and take, of tolerance and honor.

Stars rarely have to learn, or do learn tolerance, or the joy of give and take. After all, they are, essentially, the darlings of the gods. They were born with more than most of us have—more beauty, more energy, more charm, more temperament.

But because of these very reasons they are denied the simpler joys of the rest of us. So thus they learn how to remain the world's great lovers, without ever quite attaining the simple peace by which they could become married friends for life.

The Calendar said "GIVE IN"

MIDOL
said—
"GO ON!"



At his Biltmore Bowl broadcast, Joe Penner presented Hyman Fink, Photo-play's crack cameraman, with a badge and a title to end all titles—"Honorary Cameraman of the California Forestry Medical Reserve Corps!"

DO you feel miserable certain days of every month? Do you still give in to such suffering, letting those around you sense what's wrong?

Doctors have discovered that severe or prolonged periodic functional pain is not natural to most women. And thousands of women now know it isn't necessary. So—don't live in dated dread of pain, or let the calendar regulate your activities. Unless you have some organic disorder requiring a physician's or surgeon's attention, Midol in all probability can help you.

Most women who try Midol find it permits them to go through the days of menstruation physically and mentally carefree. Midol is offered for this sole purpose. It acts quickly. In all but unusual instances it brings definite relief. Many women declare they have no pain at all—or even discomfort—since they learned to rely on the help of Midol.

Get Midol, and "be yourself". Instead of favoring yourself, saving yourself, let Midol take care of the pain. Two tablets should see you through your worst day. Drugstores have Midol on the counter. Handy purse-size tin, 50¢—and well worth it when periodic suffering must be relieved.





ardent
color

Yes!

lipstick
parching

No!



Every girl knows that bright lips tempt. But some girls forget that rough lips repel.

So choose your lipstick for two reasons... its sweet, warm color...and its protection from Lipstick Parching.

Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick is enriched with "Theobroma," a special softening ingredient that protects the soft, thin skin of your lips...encourages a moist, lustrous look. In 5 thrilling shades, Coty "Sub-Deb" is just 50¢. "Air-Spun" Rouge is new! Blended by air...its texture is so mellow-smooth, it seems related to your own skin! 50¢.



SUB-DEB LIPSTICK

50¢

Eight precious drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb". That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.



"Hi, Georgie"

(Continued from page 69)

Then, one day, George smiled. "I was smiling," George relates, "at the thought that my grandfather had found gold out in California. I figured that there was still gold in California, but that the best place to make a strike was in Hollywood."

George's smile exploded into a laugh and he bought a one-way ticket to the Pacific coast. Now, he thought, if California will just say—"Hi, Georgie!"

But he found himself just another guy around town, even if he did frequent the better places, even if he did lay out much of the remainder of his savings for a lease on a home on the correct side of the tracks in Beverly Hills. He was not even a guy about town when he moved into a modest hotel; became someone to dodge when he was forced to lodge in a third-rate dive, run up a bill, and wonder if he were going to have to sleep on potato sacks again.

THEN the fates stepped in.

One day in 1930 George scraped up enough money to have lunch in the Brown Derby in Hollywood. Bob Perry, a friend of Broadway days, met him there.

"I want you to meet a guy," Bob said. "He'll use you in a picture."

"Does he know I can't act?" asked George.

"I told him you were better than Arliss."

The man was Rowland Brown, director. His quick, appraising eye saw the pictorial value of Raft's hard, white face and flashing eyes. He put George in "Quick Millions." Gangsters were needed badly, so George worked next in "Hush Money," and this was followed by his big break and sensational smash in "Scarface."

Paramount tested him, signed him. That was six years ago.

Mack Gray came to town, managing a fighter, went to Georgie to say hello.

"What's in managing fighters?" George asked him.

"Nothing," admitted Mack. "Then work for me."

Today, Mack and George are still pals. Mack, ex-trainer, ex-fight manager, has appeared in ten pictures, will work in some more.

"Imagine that guy!" explodes George. "I hire him as a trainer—and I've been training him ever since. Now he wants to be a big shot."

Mack, credited with giving Hollywood a laugh when he took driving lessons and proved his resultant skill by cracking up George's car, denies the charge of wanting to go big time.

"Georgie and I have been together too long for me to up and leave him," protests Mack. "I still look after him."

Whereupon George laughs.

Since "Scarface," George has weaved his turbulent way through a score of productions. He has been branded a "bad boy." George isn't bad. As originally chronicled, he's sensitive. That hard surface has a high polish, but it's thin. The slightest scratch goes through, stings the man beneath. Nearly every clash he has had with the studio can be traced to this characteristic.

"I don't want to fight," George says, "but a fellow has to stick up for his rights."

He adds, and you find this hard to believe until you know the inside story of his encounters, "Most of the fights I've had have been for the good of the studio."

The usual procedure is this: the

studio tells George he must do something. An innate logic tells him it isn't the thing to do. With the good of the studio in mind he protests. He's charged with seeking his own ends. This hurts his feelings. The real fight begins, with George never giving in until he's shown he's wrong.

George walked out just before the ill-fated "You and Me" was to go before the cameras last year. He'd just been given a new contract at more money, most of his demands had been met, and the studio thought he should be very happy. Here's his explanation:

"A name is an asset, whether it's Cooper or Taylor or Temple or MacMurray or Raft. I was signed because my name meant something. What happened? I was given an inexperienced girl for leading woman and presented with a director who was making his first start. Was that sensible?"

"I don't know everything. Far from it. I'm still in a fog after six years. I need bright people around me, experienced people, if I'm to make good pictures, and live up to a name that has value. Rather than perhaps make a bad picture, I walked out."

Similar circumstances prompted him to take a breath of fresh air several years ago when he was presented with the lead in "The Story of Temple Drake."

"The character was too heavy," George says. "He wasn't me."

In "Bolero" he believed sincerely that his lines made mock of his religion. He tried to point this out to a producer. The producer didn't think so. What was worse, he wouldn't listen to the Raftian arguments. That hurt George's feelings.

"I blew up," says George. "I had to. I was on the defensive. And I won my point."

George has little ego about his work. He's willing to listen to suggestions because he's gotten where he has by listening. But he shoots at the bull's-eye. The minute he finds anyone not playing fair he crosses him off the list.

"Tell me what's good for me, show me why it's good for me, and I'm grateful," he says.

TODAY, more than ever before, George is a sort of Hollywood ghost. For instance, he seems to appear from nowhere to attend Hollywood boxing matches, or Los Angeles baseball games. Debonair. Silent. White of face. Sleek of hair. Then, after the show is over he vanishes. When he leaves, or where he goes, is mystery.

Few people ever have invaded his penthouse atop an exclusive apartment hotel in Hollywood. Virginia Pine. Bert and Sally Wheeler. Harry Akst, the composer. The ubiquitous Mack Gray. Perhaps one or two others. Business callers are directed to his dressing room.

He has gratified that ambition to go it alone, be alone. Perhaps, right now in this period following the death of his mother, he is too much alone, for the armor which surrounds his instinctive friendliness has been hardened by the years. The glazed front is mistaken for the man behind it.

George met Virginia Pine, who has a daughter, now five and a half years old, at a cocktail party given by Edith Wilkerson several years ago. He fell in love with her. Years and complications have not dimmed the romance on his part.

And George's heart has opened to little Joan.

His last present to her was a miniature but practical organ. George is sure she'll be a musician. Clothes, toys and other gifts he has showered abundantly on this child. The affection between the two is as great as that between Wally Beery and the famous Carol Ann Beery, his adopted daughter.

"George is silly about the kid. Nuts about her," says Mack. "What does he do when he's home? I walk into the house and what do I see? Georgie down on his hands and knees playing hide-and-seek. Can you imagine Georgie sitting on the floor playing Old Maid and Casino? Boy, that's something!"

When George works, Joan comes onto the sets. Joan goes to lunch and to dinner with George and Virginia.

She represents to George something the fates have withheld.

"There's nothing I've got," he says, and means it, "that that kid can't have."

That's George's sentimental side at work again.

He's finding release for emotions which have been checked for an entire lifetime. One of the penalties for this fellow who has gone from Grade 6-B to international acclaim is that he has not filled the dream of having children of his own.

GEORGE is charity personified. When a picture is finished, the men who've worked with him find rewards. Too, there are men in Hollywood who once had things they haven't now. But they have George's help because, somewhere in the dim and distant past, they've helped him.

And his charity takes more than monetary form.

Mae West has made millions in Hollywood. All was quiet on Broadway for her when George read the script of "Night After Night."

He insisted:

"Get Mae West for that part. She's the only one who can do it."

How she did it, proving his judgment, paying tribute to his faith, is legend.

George demanded Olympe Bradna for "Souls At Sea" because he felt she, too, should have a chance. He argued with Henry Hathaway, the director, got her, and she fulfilled his hopes.

Once he employed Margo as a dancing partner. He begged Paramount to sign her, got no action.

The company paid her five times the figure she'd asked, much later, to work in "Rhumba."

George is inherently a gentleman. He has a consideration of others, and their rights, which lifts him into that class. For instance, when he protests he isn't working, he adds:

"Fifty other guys aren't working, either. Give me a job and give them a chance."

As he sketches the plans for his home he points out:

"Here's the room for a child, if there is one. It'll be quiet. The kid won't be disturbed if the older people stay up at night."

Hollywood today hasn't scratched the surface of its mystery man. His comings and goings are still wraithlike. Few know, or have tried to find out, what lies behind that set, unemotional surface.

Sentiment? A sensitive nature? A dislike of being alone?

Hollywood smiles its disbelief.

Yet, deep in his heart, the man who walks by himself wants to be hailed—"Hi, Georgie!"

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 53)

on an 18-day diet. They finally have to drag him off the set before he starts munching the camera. The scene is a complete success.

Columbia is also making "Penitentiary," with Walter Connolly, Jean Parker and John Howard—a 1938 version of one of the first prison-play hits, "The Criminal Code." We step inside a prison.

Three hundred men, all dressed in convict uniforms, stand in the prison yard, yammering. Connolly, as the warden, comes out on some steps, then slowly walks down through the mob of rebellious men. As he walks along, they bark, monotonously, threatening, "Yah! Yah! Yah! Yah!" Time and again, the scene has to be made. The men have to cultivate a sense of yammer.

AT Paramount, where we stop next, we step into a Parisian department store. It is the set of "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," costarring Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper.

Gary is standing at a haberdashery counter. (He will meet Claudette here, later.) A sissified salesman is trying to interest him in neckties, shirts, socks, what-have-you. Gary listens, pained; finally suggests he'd like a pair of pajamas. "Cut," says Lubitsch, who has been unconsciously mimicking the expressions of both players.

Next door, on the set of "The Big Broadcast of 1938," we find ourselves on the deck of a modernistic ocean liner captained by W. C. Fields (back in films again). Most of the musical-comedy talent of Paramount is aboard, including Martha Raye, who is really suffering for her art today.

To her posterior section is attached a square board, with roller-skate wheels at its four corners. Six sailors pick her up by arms and legs, swing her in the air one-two-three, then send her rolling across the deck. They roll her too far the first time, not far enough the second time. Martha looks pained as they line up for a third try. We tell her so. She says, "I feel pained."

We go out to Hal Roach Studios to see the picture with which he hopes to top "Topper." Its title is "Merrily We Live." Again Constance Bennett is starred, this time with Brian Aherne. Also present are Alan Mowbray, Billie Burke and Bonita Granville.

Inside a huge sound stage we see the exterior of a big Colonial mansion. At the far right is the mansion's garage, also Colonial in design.

There are living quarters here, pine-paneled. And it is here that Connie has temporarily housed Brian. She likes him, though the rest of the family, including the butler (Mowbray), thinks he's crazy. We see Mowbray approach Aherne's door, carrying a newly pressed suit. He knocks, starts to enter, then pauses, shocked, on the threshold. Aherne stands before a mirror shaving

—at the same time shouting theatrically and flourishing his razor.

The audience, who will not see Aherne, has to read Mowbray's mind by looking at his back.

AT 20th Century-Fox, on the set of "Sally, Irene and Mary," there is news. Her name is Marjorie Weaver. After her performance in "Second Honeymoon," Marjorie Weaver looks like one of the next stars. She plays *Mary*, the rôle that made Joan Crawford famous in the first version. Alice Faye is *Sally*. Joan Davis is *Irene*.

The real story behind Marjorie Weaver is the story of her stand-in, Judi Parks. The two girls roomed together in college. It was Judi who sent Marjorie's picture to the beauty contest that led, in time, to the movies' finding her. Judi talked Marjorie into accepting the offer of a screen test, then accepting a screen offer, then staying in Hollywood when her first option wasn't picked up. "If she had my ambition for her, plus her looks and her talent, where would Garbo be?" asks Judi.

We ask Fred Allen in what ways the new version of this backstage musical comedy differs from the old. "This," says that demon ad-libber, drily, "is the streamlined version. They've changed everything but the title, and they're thinking of leaving the comma out of that."

This ad-libbing is contagious. When the cameraman signifies he is ready, by dinging twice on his bell, Director William Seiter pipes up, "Don't ring two bells. Ring four. This is a four-bell picture."

AT the far end of the M-G-M lot, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy are christening a gigantic new sound stage with "Girl of the Golden West," from the operetta of the same name (new music added). Director Robert Z. Leonard is putting the pair through their paces.

The locale is the gold-rush country in 1848. Today's setting is the barroom over which Jeanette holds sway. Its architecture is rough and ready. Robust signs decorate the wall.

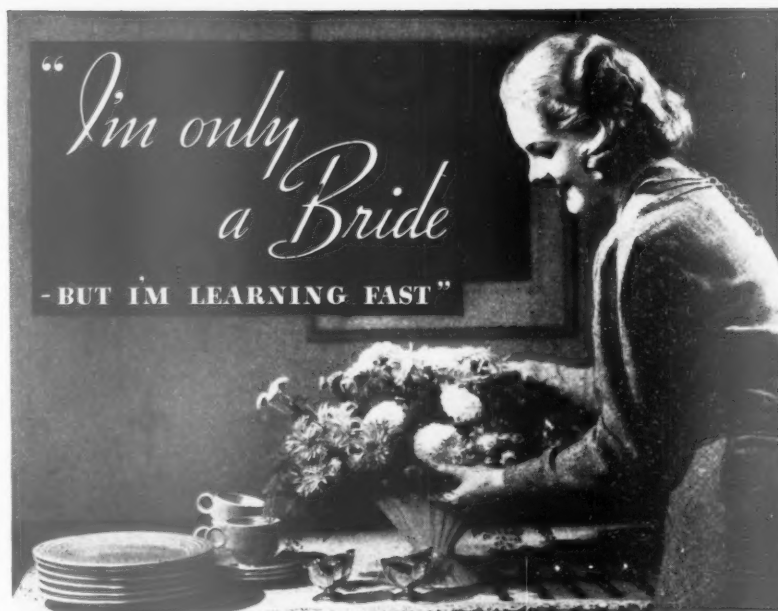
The air in the room is blue with smoke. A special kind of smoke, we discover. It comes out of a hose, not from pipes, cigarettes or cigars. It is medicated smoke. Singers cry for it.

Jeanette, very beautiful in rough Western garb, is behind the bar, serving customers. Beside her is the barkeep—Billy Bevan, old-time comedy star. In front of the bar stand two tall grizzled men. One is Francis Ford, onetime "serial king." The other is Walter James, onetime big name on Broadway. The scene is finished without any trouble, and we back out, dash to our trusty typewriter to get the news off to you. More next month!

"I met them as I drove along a country road . . . the farmer, his wife and the boy . . . the boy was drunk . . . he babbled . . . I stopped and offered assistance . . . Said the father sternly, 'He is in no fit shape to get into anyone's car'; said the mother, 'He's only a little sick'; said the boy—"

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The **COPLEY-PLAZA** Boston
ARTHUR L. RACE, MANAGING DIRECTOR

The Romance of Claudette Colbert's Second Honeymoon

(Continued from page 21)

she picked up a movie magazine that had not a single picture of her, or any mention of her name, in it) she was in a kind of unthinking, jellylike state—content to browse endlessly in places like Shanghai and Bali. But for the last part of the tour she worried like mad; in Vienna and Budapest and Prague and Naples she fretted until, when finally she arrived in Boston, she was convinced that both the theater-going public and her own studio were through with her as an actress.

She was almost right on both scores. America, without being at all vicious, had simply forgotten her. As for her employers, they had been thoroughly annoyed at her for taking the trip anyway.

DURING the next seven years Claudette's life changed completely.

By work and clever showmanship she not only saved her career but made herself one of the greatest stars in Hollywood.

Her marriage with Norman folded for personal reasons. She discovered Jack Pressman, married him, built a lovely house to live in (you can see the picture of this house on page 44), and was content again.

But now, after so many years of slaving to make both her professional and private life successful, she wants—and deserves—a reward: this trip is the present she is giving herself as a symbol that she has finished a good job, and done it well.

There is another reason. Jack has never been to Europe, has never had a vacation in all his fifteen years of doctoring; and Claudette, for the first time since she married him, has taken things into her own hands.

It is she who has talked him into this trip. And it will be her own great personal pleasure to show him the Continent she knows so well.

THEY will be away three months. The itinerary, as they planned it before they left Hollywood and as Claudette explained it to me, goes completely backward from that other trip made seven years ago.

The change is based on no sentimental motive.

She and Norman were interested in Bali, as a Pacific Paradise, then; it was a younger, less sophisticated reason for a journey.

She and Jack, this time, will go directly to New York, spend a day there—but not to shop: shopping is taboo during the entire three months—and then take a fast steamer for Genoa.

This stage of the trip is known territory, to be covered as quickly, and with as much diverting luxury, as possible; so it will be the *Super Chief* and the *S.S. Rex*, then, as far as Italy.

At Genoa, into the car and out to oblivion—for, in Europe, when you come rolling through a town and stop for petrol the last thing the natives believe is that you are a famous actress. Stars travel by plane, encumbered by maids and secretaries and publicity agents; seldom by husbands.

It will be a glorious interlude, that drive to St. Moritz. There will be no hurry, no necessity for anything except to see all there is to see and taste every kind of food available and sample all the wines. If a rutted side road branches suddenly from their highway

and loses itself in a fascinating little valley, they'll follow it; if a village possesses some special charm for them, they will give it a day—or a week—of their personal attention. Time, during that period, will have ceased to be valuable.

At St. Moritz they'll store the car, because of the snow, and push on, in whatever conveyance is available, to St. Anton in Austria.

A man named Hans Schneider keeps the world's most famous ski school in St. Anton, and Claudette and Jack have already enrolled there for three weeks of study.

"We both know a little about skiing but we've got to learn how to fall correctly," she explained to me. "Jack's quite convinced he'll never be able to learn how to stop except by plunging into the snow—his idea of skiing is to get at the top of a hill, slide down, and fall at the bottom. That's about what I do, too—except that both of us tumble differently."

"I land on my face and he goes backwards."

"Then, after the three weeks are up, we'll go back to St. Moritz and show off, because we'll be so wonderful by then—"

Back through Italy by motor again, and thence to Cairo: "Or bust," said Claudette. "Jack's still a little uncertain about the idea of going to Egypt but I'm holding out. I want to go up the Nile."

THERE is something a little ironic—and amusing—in the picture of Cecil B. De Mille's *Cleopatra* in a *dahabeah* on the ancient Nile; a *Cleopatra*, clothed by Banton, visiting the ruins of a temple where once the lovely queen dissolved her pearls in vinegar.

There, along that trail where once the daughter of the Ptolemy's messengers rode their horses to a lather, a motorcycle speeds bringing radiograms to *Cleopatra* Colbert, world-famous movie star of 1938. . . . Ah well!

When the Pressmans become bored with crocodiles, they will return to civilized Marseilles, where their car will await them.

Next, they will motor through France to Paris. (As long as she lived abroad Claudette still does not know what the French countryside looks like except from train windows.) They might go by plane, because Jack wants to, but she will use her last breath protesting.

Man, feels Claudette, is not yet ready to fly.

They will have two weeks in Paris, Claudette's old home. She will be Jack's guide there, showing him the house where she was born and the parks she played in and the parts of the city she treasures; then off to London for seven days, and sail from there for New York.

If she's lucky, another Colbert picture will be started in June. To herself—with her fingers crossed—she is saying, "They won't forget me. Nice, good public—they won't forget me." They won't, unquestionably.

And where Claudette has the rub on the whole situation is that even after she and Jack have returned she'll still be on her second honeymoon, still be having a magnificent time, still be in love and loved and outrageously happy—all the rest of her life.

I Get In—and Out of—the Movies

(Continued from page 19)

"Parsons" painted across the back like Marion Davies', Norma Shearer's and other big shots' chairs. I was beginning to wonder if I could get away with a little temperament when my secretary said, "Come over here and see what you rate."

It was a portable dressing room with a huge bouquet of flowers, a typewriter, and a telephone—the only telephone ever put in a stage dressing room on the Warner lot.

"Compliments of Hal Wallis," read the card. "We hope this will make your newspaper job easier."

Bless him and the Warner executives for thinking of this temporary office! In the days that followed this little dressing room was to be a life saver because my daily column was usually written between scenes on the set.

That isn't the half of it either. Jack Warner, before his departure for Europe, had arranged for me, to have a suite of rooms—a kitchen with a refrigerator, a sitting room, bath and dressing room. My maid, Sadie, who has been with me eleven years, was so impressed with all this grandeur that she started dressing the part of a movie star's maid. Sadie had always been a little jealous of her friends who work for the glamour girls; but Sadie's field day came when \$86,000 worth of jewels were ordered for me to wear in the Orchid Room scenes—along with a couple of detectives to guard them. The news was flashed by telephone all over Beverly Hills and by night the Lombard maid was all upset. It seemed Carole has only worn \$85,999 worth of real jewels to date.

It may have been a field day for Sadie to see me bejeweled and befurred with

a real chinchilla wrap, but it was no holiday for me. I was followed by the most persistent Irish detective I ever met in my life. There are moments when a lady has to be alone, even if she's not a Garbo, but even these weren't sacred!

My most embarrassing moment, however, didn't come from the policeman's concentrated attentions, but from my face-lift that broke and went boom right in the middle of a take.

We were filming a scene supposedly taking place in front of a theater where a premiere was in progress. I had to say a few words over the microphone. I had just smirked in acknowledgment of the applause, and even signed a few autographs, when pop went the strings on my head. My face fell a foot. The roars of laughter that followed made even Busby Berkeley forget that his million-dollar picture was eighteen days behind schedule.

Buz, when I whispered my troubles to him, insisted my face, lifted or not lifted, looked just the same to him. He urged me to go on with the scene but Perc Westmore had made me glamour-conscious and I wasn't going to face the camera with a string dangling from my hair. So we took time out to fix the face.

That evening at dinner I told my sad story to Clark Gable. His laughter could have been heard all over Hollywood.

"Don't think," said Clark between gasps, "that you have a monopoly on those accidents. When I first came to Hollywood an inspired director decided my ears were too prominent to make me a popular hero so he ordered them tied back with adhesive tape.

"All went well until I had to go into a passionate love scene. Z-zzzzt went the plaster and my right ear sprang loose. You can imagine how romantic I was with one ear glued to my head and the other swaying in the breeze."

We all howled at Clark and may I add here that he is one of the few actors who would have told that story on himself. Maybe that's why he continues at the top of the Hollywood heap.

No story on "Hollywood Hotel" could be complete without describing the Orchid Room sequence, the most beautiful set I have ever seen. All my playmates from the "Hollywood Hotel" broadcast figure in this colorful finale. For almost the first time since the picture started I felt at home when Ken Niles, our announcer, said:

"And now Louella Parsons and her guest stars."

My introduction came from a table literally covered with orchids and lillies of the valley—only in the real Orchid Room we don't have orchids! My big moment in the picture was naturally in this scene and I hope the millions of listeners—in each week on the "Hollywood Hotel" program will find this scene exactly as they have always imagined it to be.

Now that it's all over I wouldn't have given up my experience in picture-making for anything under the sun. From it I learned how difficult it is to be an actress and why it is that so many are called but so few are chosen. I was really grateful for this chance to be on the other side of the camera in my one and only motion-picture appearance.

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(*Authority: "Nuggets of Knowledge"—Geo. W. Stimpson, Pub., Blue Ribbon Books.)



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Ensenada, The Land of Tamales and Tequila

(Continued from page 27)

ducer Arthur Hornblow when it was announced that they had up and done it.

You would have been even more jealous had you been in Ensenada when it happened. They had a whale of a time. No one recognized them, but all of Ensenada knew that here was a young couple about to be married. That's all a Mexican needs to declare a national holiday. They immediately gave their undivided attention to the job in hand, with all the critical friendliness of intimates.

The Hornblows were married by the Alcalde in an office that can be likened only to the bottom of an elevator shaft, so high is the ceiling, so constricted the floor space. In sonorous Spanish the Alcalde intoned the lovely ceremony, pausing appropriately for the wholly superfluous official interpreter's interjections.

There would be a flow of liquid Spanish and a pause. The interpreter would glance over the Alcalde's shoulder, gauge the place by the Alcalde's thumb and comment briskly, "Do you take this guy to be your husband?" More lingual beauty followed the response. "Do you want to marry this lady, huh?"

And then the Alcalde really got in the groove. He gave it the works and the bridal party was quite affected—only to come back to earth as the bored interpreter hurried away to his work, calling from the door, "He says it's all right now!"

But that's not the end of it. No, indeed! Meanwhile Arturo had snapped across the street to the *carniceria* for a sack of rice—and the owner refused to be paid when he learned that it was for a wedding, not eating. Not only that, he, himself, seized a sack and followed Arturo back across the street, tossing the grain about like a flower girl on a binge.

That, of course, called for drinks at the old El Rancho Grande bar. But were the newlyweds permitted to buy? I should say not! In Mexico? Don't be silly! Practically every town official stood for at least one round, and Javier, the proprietor, became so touched by it all that he wanted to give the Hornblows the bar as a wedding present.

Now, lest you think that I, myself, am on a tequila binge as I write this, let me point out that Mexico is not the Islander's idea of heaven—all free drinks, food and affection. Not at all! At least, not quite not at all. It depends upon the individual.

Many superior Nordics barge into Mexico as if on a slumming expedition and take no pains to conceal the fact that they believe the proper spelling of the word "Mexican" is g-r-e-a-s-e-r and should be prefaced by such adjectives as "lousy," "dirty," or "filthy."

They can hardly contain themselves when they arrive south of the line. They disdainfully and angrily stride about the streets like strange curs looking for a

fight, and they can usually get it—on the same basis that an intoxicated Mexican would get it in Portland, Maine, if he adopted the same attitude.

The people that really get the typical reception Mexico has to offer friends are the people who come down to Mexico because they like it . . . and, strangely enough, large sections of the Hollywood crowd fall into that category. Reserves drop. They are in a foreign and friendly land where no one is an undercover man for columnists. They are taken at their face value.

If they go on a gentle binge, no one will call from the studio the next day reminding them of the youth of America and clause four in the contract, concerning moral turpitude.

A certain very well-known leading man, who will remain nameless due to the aforementioned clause, went on what is colloquially known as "uno rondo." And, believe me, it must have been a *rondo grande*! They say that all Ensenada lined the streets in cheering thousands when he finally agreed to return to the hotel. After the last bar had reluctantly closed due to exhaustion and the serious depletion of its wares, the actor was overwhelmed with gratitude for his *buenos amigos*.

He must do something for them!

In the dawn's early light he spied the slightly soiled statue of "El Liberador" in the plaza. Now, no one knows who "El Liberador" is, other than that he came from Mexico City with a bill for



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20,000 pesos; but he does cut a lovely figure. He'd be lovelier, however, if an old family of crows hadn't been using him as a pied-à-terre these many years.

This thought occurred to the swash-buckling actor, and he instantly and imperiously demanded large quantities of soap and water.

Eager to comply with the slightest wish of a guest, the townspeople added a painter's spatula to the order and proceeded to stand about the plaza in open admiration of such industry, as the man whose profile has chiseled a million feminine hearts chiseled the accumulated dirt from the face of "El Liberador."

To the simple Mexicans, such a person is veritably el hombre y medio—a man and a half. He is vastly respected for his prowess as an imbiber of spirits.

Let it be clearly understood, however, that to gain the heart of our southern neighbors you do not have to be able to absorb two quarts of tequila on a quiet evening at home . . . but you do have to be sociable.

BUT all visits to Mexico don't end that way, though most of them have their unusual twists. George Brent and Constance Worth flew down there for their

ill-fated nuptials. They landed in the big field just out of town, and sundry natives gleefully ran over to welcome them and inspect the ship.

When they learned that it was a marriage party, they went mad with joy—as usual. While the party was filling out the sundry blanks pertaining to holy wedlock, the word spread and all roads led to the airport.

The Brents returned to the ship for the northward flight to find it completely unairworthy due to festooning from wing tip to wing tip and prop to tail with the old, familiar red, white and green crepe paper.

Surrounding the bedecked craft was a crowd of admiring and happily smiling Mexicans of all ages who hailed the bride and groom with delight and rice. Brent was in something of a dilemma. He couldn't strip the paper off the ship without hurting their feelings. His Spanish wasn't up to an explanation. He couldn't wait until dark, not having night-flying instruments. Every abortive attempt at suggesting the fun was over was met with loud and noncomprehending "Huzzahs!"

Brent knew when he was licked.

He shrugged, got in the ship, gave it the gun. With crepe paper shredding

all over the field in the slip stream, he took off like a tattered wizard of old, amid the frenzied acclaim of the multitude. The ship was badly off balance, despite the fact that Brent could find nothing wrong with the controls or surfaces. Considerably worried, they flew on and Brent trimmed her down to compensate for the invisible obstacles. He was soon rather appalled to find the ship acting in an even more erratic manner. As far as he could see, the ship was clear of festoons, but every time he'd trim her down she'd whop off center again.

It was a nervy trip back to Burbank.

When they set her down at United Airport they found out the cause. An outraged mechanic came yelling across the field after them, demanding that they take care of their own so-and-so livestock. This was an airport, not a ranch, said he! It seems that a Mexican, in the transports of matrimonial glee, had presented the Brents with their first wedding present, which was stowed well away in the tail of the ship for safe-keeping.

It was a very much alive ninety pounds of extremely indignant pig, thrashing about in the rear assembly of the fuselage!

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

★ EBB TIDE—Paramount

Robert Louis Stevenson's powerful adventure story of human derelicts in the South Seas is filmed in Technicolor with mastery direction and a notably fine cast including Britain's Oscar Homolka (he played Paul Kruger in "Rhodes, The Diamond Master"), Ray Milland, Frances Farmer, Barry Fitzgerald and Lloyd Nolan. Story, production and acting are outstanding. You can't afford to miss this. (Dec.)

EXPENSIVE HUSBANDS—Warners

Beverly Roberts plays a movie star on the skids in this tiresome pseudo-exposé of the Hollywood publicity racket. Patric Knowles is the rundown nobleman whom she first marries, later deserts for her rejuvenated career. You'll see "Expensive Husbands" at the expense of a good evening. (Dec.)

★ 52ND STREET—Wanger-United Artists

This musical saga of America's Montmartre is good entertainment. Scattered throughout the story of an old New York family's rise and fall when their street becomes overrun with speak-easies, are specialty numbers galore. The fine cast includes Ian Hunter, ZaSu Pitts, Leo Carrillo, Marla Shelton and Kenny Baker. (Dec.)

FIGHT FOR YOUR LADY—RKO-Radio

Add the rowdy comedy of Jack Oakie to the delightful singing of John Boles and you have entertainment plus. Oakie is a fight promoter who guides his charge from a broken romance into a duel, then on to a fresh love. Margot Grahame and Ida Lupino are the objects of Mr. Boles' affections. A gay and lively farce. (Dec.)

FIRST LADY—Warners

Replete with the gay situations and dialogue that characterized the stage play, this satire on Washington intrigue should amuse you. Kay Francis, multigowned as usual, does a brilliant job as the ambitious wife of politician Preston Foster, and Verree Teasdale takes honors as Kay's adversary over the teacups. (Nov.)

FIT FOR A KING—RKO-Radio

Herewith Joe E. Brown in a "you chase me and I'll chase you" comedy with all the usual Brown antics. Joe is a reporter sent to cover the story of a Kansas-born princess (Helen Mack) who is about to be assassinated. Poor Joe is scooped at every turn. Brown fans will adore every reel. (Dec.)

GIRL WITH IDEAS, A—Universal

Wendy Barrie wins a newspaper away from Walter Pidgeon by way of a libel suit and the help of Kent Taylor. Such antics can't happen in a well-run news office, but the trio provide many laughs, so who cares? George Barbier as Wendy's pa is a riot. (Jan.)

★ GREAT GARRICK, THE—Warners

Set against the colorful background of the Eighteenth Century, this centers around the personality of England's greatest actor, David Garrick, played by Brian Aherne. The plot involves the efforts of the actors of the Comedie Francaise to make a fool of David by hiring an inn, manning it with their troupe. Olivia De Havilland, as Garrick's lady love, is completely devastating. (Dec.)

★ HEIDI—20th Century-Fox

A favorite of old and young is this tender little story of an orphan who brings a new hope into the life of a bitter recluse, and health and happiness to a crippled child. Shirley Temple, more grown-up,

still retains her warmth and sweetness; Jean Hersholt, Mady Christians, Mary Nash and Marcia Mae Jones are excellent support. The best Temple picture to date. (Jan.)

★ HURRICANE, THE—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists

With a wind machine for a star and the Pacific for a set, Director John Ford has concocted a stunning picture of adventure and love among the natives of the South Seas. Newcomer Jon Hall shows ability as well as most of his excellent anatomy; Dorothy Lamour is beautiful as his island princess; the star-studded cast includes Raymond Massey, Mary Astor and C. Aubrey Smith. The hurricane is awe-inspiring. You mustn't miss it. (Jan.)

LADY FIGHTS BACK, THE—Universal

The natural scenic beauty here far surpasses the story of a girl (Irene Hervey) who fights when her favorite fishing haunt is threatened by the industrial engineering of Kent Taylor. The dam is built, the salmon are saved, the lovers are happy. Some fun, eh? (Jan.)

LANCER SPY—20th Century-Fox

If you like espionage thrillers, you won't go wrong here. George Sanders (remember him as the handsome villain in "Lloyds of London"?) all but wins the World War by impersonating a captured Prussian officer in Berlin. Dolores Del Rio betrays her Fatherland for hopeless love. Exceptionally fine cast. (Dec.)

★ LAST GANGSTER, THE—M-G-M

Edward G. Robinson returns once more to the role that made him famous in this magnificently effective but somewhat brutal picture. Returning from Europe with his bride, he discovers rivals muscling in, kills them, goes to prison, is finally forced to disgorge his hoarded gold to save his wife and son. Rose Stradner, the new Viennese actress, is exceptional; the cast, including Jimmy Stewart, Douglas Scott and Lionel Stander, extremely able. (Jan.)

★ LIFE BEGINS IN COLLEGE—20th Century-Fox

Spouting energy and madness from every pore, the Ritz Brothers literally bludgeon you into laughter in this All-American football musical built around a washed-up coach, Fred Stone, and a rich Indian who saves Stone's reputation for "dear old Lombardy." Joan Davis does a Martha Raye; Gloria Stuart pairs with newcomer Dick Baldwin for romance. (Dec.)

LIFE OF THE PARTY, THE—RKO-Radio

Joe Penner's juvenile whimsy, Gene Raymond's blond hair and a half-dozen famous comedians are high-lighted in this rather good musical. Harriet Hilliard, a socialite in search of a career, is Raymond's cookie, and you'll laugh at Billy Gilbert, Helen Broderick and Parkyakarkus. (Nov.)

★ LIVE, LOVE AND LEARN—M-G-M

A smart and wisecracking comedy which idealizes art for art's sake and scoffs at filitry lucre, this has Bob Montgomery marrying heiress Rosalind Russell. Fame and a scheming Helen Vinson almost ruin his marriage, but Bob Benchley, his faithful but boozy friend, finally rights matters. All the performances are superior. (Jan.)

LIVING ON LOVE

You'll enjoy this smart little story of a working boy, James Dunn, and a working girl, Whitney Bourne, who share the same basement room without ever seeing one another. When they eventually meet, the fireworks begin. It's fun. (Jan.)

LOOK OUT, MR. MOTO—20th Century-Fox

Our little Japanese detective, Peter Lorre, has to look out for everyone including himself in this hokum tale of high treason, murder and the mishaps of new-reel men in Siam. Rochelle Hudson, Robert Kent and Chick Chandler are around. (Jan.)

LOVE IS ON THE AIR—Warners

A new star, Ronald Reagan, makes his bow in this tale of radio. As *Uncle Andy* of the kiddies' hour, he finds himself plunged into a gangster's war. June Travis, as his girl friend, is attractive, Ronald himself is excellent, and the cast is okay too. (Nov.)

MADAME X—M-G-M

No matter how many times you have seen this famous tear-jerker you will weep again at this new version. Gladys George is simply brilliant as the misunderstood wife who becomes a dissolute slattern. John Beal as her son and Warren William as her coldly married husband are both exceptional. (Dec.)

MAKE A WISH—RKO-Radio

One of the weaker Bobby Breen vehicles, this takes the singing boy to a Maine camp where his silvery voice inspires virtuous Basil Rathbone to finish an opera. Marion Claire is Bobby's mother. You'll find the music easy to hum. (Nov.)

MAN WHO CRIED WOLF, THE—Universal

Loaded with the iron weight of faulty story construction, this "who dunnit" tale sinks to the bottom and stays there. Lewis Stone is the professional murder confessor who involves his son, Tom Brown, in his evil ways. Morbid and uninspired. (Nov.)

MERRY-GO-ROUND OF 1938—Universal

Composed of much unoriginal hokum, a few good tunes, a nice clean romance and a variety of mad horseplay, this emerges as good entertainment. The story concerns a group of vaudeville troupers who take on the task of bringing up an orphan. Bert Lahr, Jimmy Savo, Mischa Auer, Louise Fazenda, Alice Brady, Billy House, John King, and Joy Hodges outdo themselves to make you laugh. (Jan.)

MURDER IN GREENWICH VILLAGE—Columbia

With a quip on his lips and determination in his heart, Dick Arlen, artist photographer, leaps into a murder mystery to shield Fay Wray. They fight, make up, and solve everything. Stupid. (Jan.)

MUSIC FOR MADAME—RKO-Radio

Nino Martini's famous voice counteracts the weakness of this wandering story about a singer accused of stealing a pearl necklace. Alan Mowbray's satirical take-off of a noted symphonic conductor is amusing; Joan Fontaine is pretty and the Hollywood Bowl scenes are impressive. You'll like the music. (Dec.)

MY DEAR MISS ALDRICH—M-G-M

Don't see this unless you're in a tolerant mood. It's a minor newspaper hodgepodge in which Maureen O'Sullivan inherits "The Globe," falls in love with editor Walter Pidgeon, Edna May Oliver provides the only vitality. (Nov.)

NAVY BLUE AND GOLD—M-G-M

Credit for this fine football picture backgrounded at Annapolis is due primarily to the fine performances of Robert Young, Jimmy Stewart and Tom Brown. Coming from very different environments, the boys finally adjust themselves to life and to each other. Billie Burke, Florence Rice and Lionel Barrymore each contribute splendidly. (Jan.)

NON-STOP NEW YORK—GB

There's one thing this picture has plenty of—and that's suspense. Blonde Anna Lee is the English heroine wanted in America as witness to a murder. She manages by a clever ruse to outwit gangsters who seek to detain her, hops a transatlantic plane, makes life miserable for John Loder, Scotland Yard bloodhound. Desmond Tester is perfect as the inquisitive child prodigy. (Dec.)

100 MEN AND A GIRL—Universal

Here is practically a perfect picture, combining as it does an ingeniously new and fresh story built around unemployed musicians, Deanna Durbin's entrancing singing, and the superb rendition of some of the world's loveliest classical music by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra conducted by Leopold Stokowski. See this if you don't see another picture this year. (Nov.)

OVER THE GOAL—Warners

Here is an antique yarn built around a college hero, William Hopper, who is called upon to decide between June Travis and his alma mater. He manages to have his cake and eat it too. Johnnie Davis' scat singing lives things up generally. (Jan.)

PERFECT SPECIMEN, THE—Warners

Errol Flynn takes this high-voltage comedy in his stride, portraying the heir to \$30,000,000 who has been shut away from the world, educated by his tyrant grandmother (May Robson) to be "the perfect specimen" of his class. Joan Blondell lures him out of his cocoon, teaches him really to live. Dick Foran, Edward E. Horton, Allen Jenkins and Beverly Roberts all contribute. Fast, furious and funny. (Dec.)

PORTIA ON TRIAL—Republic

An engrossing modern courtroom story based on a mother-love angle, but not too maudlin about it. Frieda Inescort is splendid as the criminal lawyer who successfully defends the killer of her ex-husband, wins back her own son by her brilliance and courage. Walter Abel and Ruth Donnelly are outstanding support. Worthwhile. (Jan.)

PRISONER OF ZENDA, THE—Selznick-United Artists

This second screening of Anthony Hope's veteran adventure story will thrill you with its

colorful drama, its beautiful settings, the realistic acting of Ronald Colman as King and commoner, and the gracious beauty of Madeleine Carroll as *Princess Floria*. Raymond Massey is out-standing as the King's Machiavellian brother, and Doug Fairbanks, Jr. is a deep-dyed villain. Go and renew your youth. (Nov.)

SECOND HONEYMOON—20th Century-Fox

Charming, amusing, utterly romantic, this again teams Tyrone (what a man!) Power and Loretta Young in a modern story of what the moon will do over Miami to an ex-husband meeting his ex-wife who has since remarried. Stu Erwin and Marjorie Weaver form a hilarious secondary team. Watch Weaver's star rise! (Jan.)

SHE ASKED FOR IT—Paramount

Although as cinema, this is good hash, there is an invigorating silly angle to the murder mystery theme. William Gargan is the writer of blood-thrillers who gets himself involved in the real McCoy. Orin Heyward is pretty as his wife, but by no means another Duse. (Nov.)

SHE LOVED A FIREMAN—Warners

There are a lot of thrills in this inside story of a modern fire company. Smart-deck Dick Foran saves the life of Robert Armstrong, is brought off his high horse by Armstrong's sister, Ann Sheridan. Interesting and educational. (Jan.)

SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT—Grand National

James Cagney's latest picture presents him as a New York hooper gone Hollywood. Evelyn Daw, a charming new singer, is his bride; Mona Barrie the actress-tempest, Gene Lockhart the mulish producer. Well recommended. (Nov.)

SOPHIE LANG GOES WEST—Paramount

There is almost nothing good that can be said for this jumbled, confused, dull, utterly uninteresting picture. Gertrude Michael is the beautiful reformed jewel thief accused of stealing the Rajah's diamond. You simply don't care whether she did or not. (Nov.)

STAGE DOOR—RKO-Radio

The hullabaloo of a theatrical boardinghouse is the background of this great story of young actresses who battle Broadway for minor fame and a scant living. Ginger Rogers gives an excellent account of herself in a dramatic role; Katharine Hepburn does fine work. Andrea Leeds almost steals the show, and Adolphe Menjou as the philandering producer is highly amusing. Director LaCava deserves orchids for a brilliant picture. Don't miss it. (Nov.)

STAND-IN—Wanger-United Artists

C. B. Kelland's swell story of a narrow-minded banker (Leslie Howard) who invades Hollywood to save a studio from financial ruin. Joan Blondell is extra special as the former baby star who teaches Howard that all figures do not have mathematical connotations, and Marla Shelton as the glamour gal he compromises does grand work. Warning: don't believe all this picture tells you about Hollywood. (Dec.)

THIN ICE—20th Century-Fox

A happy combination of romance and music, spectacle and comedy, starring Sonja Henie, the dazzling little Queen of the Iceways, and handsome, gangling Tyrone Power. There are four magnificent skating sequences and you'll appreciate the humor of Arthur Treacher, Raymond Walburn and Joan Davis. Simply elegant. (Nov.)

THIS WAY PLEASE—Paramount

A nicely scored and mildly entertaining musical, this permits Betty Grable, a theater usherette, to fall in love with crooner Buddy Rogers, usurp his place as stage attraction number one. Mary Livingstone smart-cracks, Ned Sparks dead-pans, and Fibber McGee and Molly (of radio) add their bit of fun. (Dec.)

THRILL OF A LIFETIME—Paramount

A pathetically thin story of a pair of hoovers trying to marry off the dumb-dora of their act, this hotpotch begins nowhere and ends there. The Yacht Club Boys, Eleanor Whitney, Johnny Downs and Ben Blue are all scrambled together in this. (Jan.)

TRUE CONFESSION—Paramount

Enormously amusing because of the way it is played, but rather antisocial in theme, this depicts the misadventures of a congenial liar, Carole Lombard, who confesses to a murder she did not commit in order to give her struggling young lawyer husband (Fred MacMurray) some publicity. John Barrymore and Una Merkel are grand in secondary roles. (Jan.)

WIFE, DOCTOR AND NURSE—20th Century-Fox

With a simplicity and lack of melodramatics that make an outstandingly convincing portrait of hospital life, Director Walter Lang has created a superb picture. Warner Baxter is the surgeon, Virginia Bruce his assistant, Loretta Young his wife. All of them do splendidly. You'll love it. (Nov.)

WITHOUT WARNING—Warners

This chilling murder mystery is laid in an island army camp. Boris Karloff is suspected, of course, but it falls to Marie Wilson in her best dumb-cluck manner to solve the crime. (Jan.)

WOMEN MEN MARRY, THE—M-G-M

A provocative story theme—an exposé of the religious cult racket—and George Murphy's nice work make this hurried picture entertaining. George's philandering wife, Claire Dodd, plays hob with his life, and Josephine Hutchinson plays hearts with him at the finale. (Nov.)

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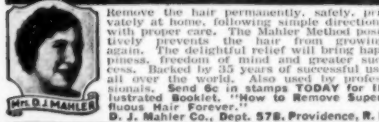
* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.



Lack of sleep frequently etches need-
less lines into beautiful faces. Need-
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Cal York's Gossip from Hollywood

(Continued from page 72)

ROBIN HOOD—OUT OF RÔLE

IT'S no use pretending, we simply can't
grow used to this movie business. For
instance, on that gay colorful "Robin
Hood" set, with romance in full bloom
and ladies and gentlemen in velvet and
tights, guess what the cast was doing?

Errol Flynn, who plays Robin Hood,
had just finished his twenty-third tele-
phone call from the set that day. All
twenty-three were about lion dog pup-
pies and cows and alfalfa for his new
ranch.

Lovely Olivia De Havilland was spar-
ring lightly with Director William
Keighley and making all sorts of comi-
cal snouts and side remarks. And Olivia
in a burgundy velvet train looking so
luscious.

A knight of the forest was off in one
corner drinking hot water and baking
soda for a hangover and Claude Rains,
who plays Prince John, was sitting
quietly by in startling silk tights, read-
ing a book entitled, "The Care and
Feeding of Babies."

I SPY

DOUG FAIRBANKS, JR., has taken
candid camera shots of Ginger Rogers,
Lee Bowman and other members of the
cast of "Having Wonderful Time" from
the first day's shooting to the last. And
now, with the aid of dubbed-in sound,
Doug is said to have the best comedy
picture in town.

For instance, as Ginger rises from the
cold waters of Lake Arrowhead, un-
aware of Doug's camera shooting, the
sound track has accompanied Ginger's
shivering with the rattle of many bones.

Doug is being coaxed to show his
masterpiece at many private parties and
Ginger threatens to annihilate him if
he does.

FADEOUT FOR LUISE?

WHAT has happened to Luise Rainer
is the question of the month. A year
ago, Luise was the most promising star
on the M-G-M lot. After three months
of idleness, her studio now admits they
have nothing ahead for the little Vien-
nese. At a recent radio broadcast, Luise
appeared briefly to announce, in short,
that she wouldn't appear at all. At least,
not in the scenes promised the public.
Her attitude was one of mild indiffer-
ence.

After her sensational work in "The
Great Ziegfeld" and "The Good Earth,"
the public expected much and are now
puzzled at her strange fadeout. While
other foreign stars such as Ilona Mas-
sey and Hedy LaMarr are being
groomed for stardom, little Rainer re-
mains idle.

GARBO IS RIGHT

A YOUNG lady who had been shop-
ping for weeks on end for a European
trip, walked in to a cocktail party and
sank down in exhaustion.

"You know, I've just found out that
Garbo is right and the rest of us are
wrong," she said. "Dead tired after an-
other shopping tour, I chanced on the
lonely Swede in Evans sport shop, buy-
ing her clothes for her return to
Sweden. And guess what she bought?
One sweater, two pair of slacks and a
reefer. And she was all ready for
Sweden."



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ticles. Your under skin is then revealed clear,
smooth and beautiful. Bring out the hidden
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A DELIGHTFULLY refreshing astringent lotion.
A Tingly, antiseptic, helpful. Dissolve Saxolite
in one-half pint witch hazel. Use this lotion daily.
Choose Phelactine Depilatory
For removing superfluous hair quickly. Easy to use.
At drug and department stores everywhere.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 56)

QUICK MONEY—RKO-Radio

FOR those who like homespun movies
woven with sincere and familiar
threads this story will be entertaining.
Its sponsors never intended it to be any-
thing but a simple, wholesome movie
and as such it is acceptable. Fred Stone
and Berton Churchill battle for acting
honors, the former defending small-
town rights against the intrigue of a
high pressure, big city promoter. Dor-
othy Moore makes a favorable screen
debut. A number of clever youngsters
are in support.

THANK YOU, MR. MOTO—20 Century-Fox

THIS complicated mixup of villains and
heroes set in a Chinese locale fail to
daunt the imperturbable Mr. Moto, Ori-
ental detective. Aided by Thomas Beck,
Mr. Moto tracks down stolen Chinese
scrolls and finishes off Sidney Blackmer.
Jayne Regan is a personable newcomer.
Pauline Frederick is splendid as a Chi-
nese princess.

YOU'RE ONLY YOUNG ONCE—M-G-M

THERE is something in these homey
little dramas dealing with simple, hu-
man emotions. A family consisting of
father Lewis Stone, mother Fay Holden,
son Mickey Rooney and daughter
Cecilia Parker set off for a Catalina
vacation. When Mickey and Cecilia
each become involved in exciting ro-
mances, it's father Stone who comes to
the rescue. Laughs and tears abound.
Mickey, as usual, gives a very fine per-
formance.

BEG, BORROW OR STEAL—M-G-M

A MERRY little mix-up with Frank
Morgan as a lovable scamp who
lives by his wits. Inviting his daughter,
Florence Rice, to come from America
and be married in his chateau, Morgan,
who owns no chateau, is in a mess un-
til Frenchman John Beal loans him his
place. Of course Beal and Florence fall
in love aiding the plot, and your enjoy-
ment thereby. George Givot, Herman
Bing, Erik Rhodes aid in the fun.

BOY OF THE STREETS—Monogram

ALL thanks to Monogram for keeping
popular Jackie Cooper on the
screen! Parents will approve this moral
lesson—and children will love the ex-
citing action provided almost entirely
by youngsters. Newcomer Maureen
O'Connor sings pleasingly, and Guy
Usher and Marjorie Main turn in fine
performances as Jackie's parents. Rob-
ert Emmet O'Connor and Paul White
are outstanding as the sympathetic cop
and the heroic colored boy.

SERGEANT MURPHY—Warners

THE attachment between Ronald
Reagan of the U. S. Army and his
horse, Sergeant Murphy, is the theme of
this mildly stirring tale of army life.
When Sergeant Murphy sustains a leg
injury and is condemned to be sold at
auction, Reagan buys the horse for his
own and with careful training, teaches
him to become a steeple chaser. Mary
Maguire, daughter of Colonel Donald
Crisp, provides love interest.

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